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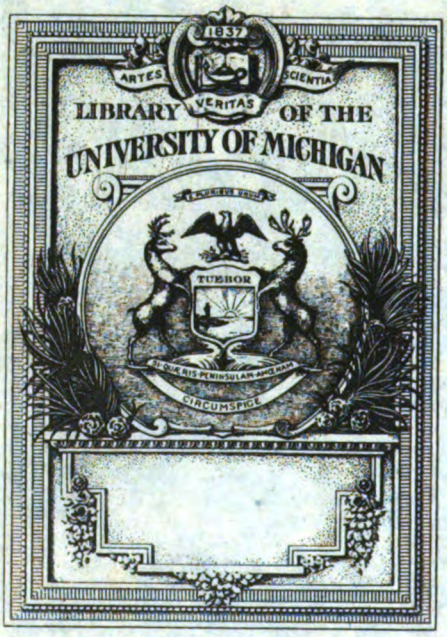

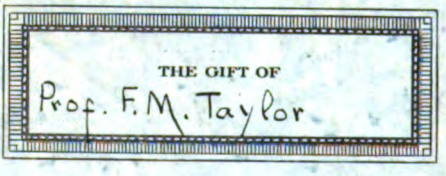

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Gift
Prof. F. M. Taylor

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR JANUARY, 1809.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An Elegant PORTRAIT of LADY LANGHAM.
2. THREE WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON, COLOURED.
3. An ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-forte; composed exclusively for this Work, by Mr. STONE.
5. Two elegant and new PATTERNS for NEEDLE-WORK.

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London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Proprietor of the* WEEKLY MESSENGER, *Southampton-Street, Strand, February* 1, 1809.

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TO OUR READERS.

IT is our intention to omit the Outline Plates (which were not well understood, and did not give a general satisfaction to the bulk of our Readers) in our succeeding Numbers; and in place of this omission, we shall COLOUR *all the Figures of Fashion, and give an* additional quantity of Letter-Press, *as our Readers will perceive in the present Number.*

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LADY LANGHAM.

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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For JANUARY, 1809.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Forty-first Number.

LADY LANGHAM.

LADY LANGHAM, whose portrait, from the celebrated pencil of Hopner, embellishes the present Number of *La Belle Assemblée*, is the only daughter of the Hon. Charles Vane, by Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Wood, Esq. of Hollin, in the County of York. Her Ladyship is married to Sir William Langham Bart. of Cotesbroke, Northamptonshire.

The materials of biography are very scantily distributed through the walks of private life. The uniform tenor of domestic duties, and the necessary seclusion of the mother of a family, leave little room for that kind of activity which attracts public notice.

It is the maxim of a great poet, that the sphere of female duty should not exceed the family circle—To man it is given to act in public, to woman is committed the more difficult task of private utility, and the example of retired virtue.

The slight sketches which, according to the plan of our miscellany, we are in the habit of appending to the Portraits of those females which embellish our Work, are not to be dignified by the name of biography. The reader who receives, or expects them in such a shape, is not warranted in his expectations from any promise of the Editor.—They are meant merely as explanatory to the Plate upon those subjects of family connection which it is necessary to relate,—They aspire to no higher honour, and no farther utility; but when the subject admits of amplification we shall follow it.

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THE CELEBRATED CORINNA.

THERE has been no biography of any authentic stamp of this celebrated woman; and our readers will perhaps feel a pleasure from the brief narrative which we now lay before them, collected with difficulty, and from no common source.

Corinna (whose real name was Mrs. Thomas), the pride of the gay world, and no less celebrated for her charms than for her genius, was born in 1675. She seems to have inherited from her father, who was far advanced in life, and whose health had been long infirm, an unhappy constitution, rendered yet more delicate and feeble by the injudicious tenderness with which she was nurtured. From her infancy she was afflicted with fevers and defluxions; but, with these physical disadvantages, she possessed a gay and lively temper, and gave early promise of a vigorous intellect. Before she had completed her second year, the death of her father, of whose circumstances his family, from his expensive manner of living, had formed an erroneous calculation, involved them in embarrassment and distress.

The Duke of Montague made flattering professions of service; and when Mrs. Thomas solicited him, as Captain of the band of pensioners, to bestow a post on a Mr. Gwynnet, a young gentleman who had long addressed her daughter, actually assented to her request, on condition that the bride-elect should apply to him in person. The guileless mother overwhelmed her generous benefactor with grateful acknowledgements, and instantly hastened to inform her daughter of their flattering prospects, when, to her extreme surprise, she received from Corinna, who had been accustomed to yield to her commands an implicit obedience, a peremptory refusal to avail herself of the bounty of the noble Duke. Compelled at length to explain the motives for a conduct so unreasonable and extraordinary, the young lady confessed that his Grace had attempted to allure her from the paths of chastity. To this she added, that in the condition he had annexed to his services to her lover, she had but too just cause to fear a renewal of his dishonourable purposes. The feelings of a mother upon such an occasion required no description.

The mind of Corinna had been highly cultivated by a perusal of the best authors, while, as her taste refined, her sentiments became delicate and elevated, and her character strongly tinctured with those virtues which

"*The sons of interest deem romance.*"

Their circumstances becoming daily more perplexed and involved, she remonstrated with her lover on the inequality of their fortunes and prospects, and the imprudence of the connection which he solicited. The attachment of Mr. Gwynnet, who was already in a great degree independent of his family, was increased by the delicacy and disinterestedness of his mistress; nor was it long before he gained the consent of his father to an union in which his happiness was so deeply involved. With this sanction he came to London, to claim the reward of his affection and fidelity.

Mrs. Thomas being at this time in an infirm state of health, her amiable daughter refused, in her own better prospects, to abandon her mother to the care of strangers. She replied to the solicitations of her lover, that as she had not thought sixteen years too long a period to wait for him, she hoped he would not consider six months as tedious, in expectation of receiving, at the end of that time, the recompence of his generous constancy. "Six months at present, my Corinna," he replied, with a sigh," "are more than the sixteen years that are passed; you now defer our union, and God will put it off for ever." His words were prophetic. The next day he returned into the country and made his will, by which he bequeathed to Corinna six hundred pounds; he sickened shortly after, and expired April 16th, 1711. To express the feelings of his mistress on this event language is inadequate:—"Sorrow," said she, "has been my portion ever since."

The deed of conveyance, by which the father of Mr. Gwynnet had empowered his son to dispose of his effects, with the will which he had in consequence made, were suppressed by his brother. She had, in the course of this suit, been obliged to sign an instrument to empower the lawyers to receive the money, and pay themselves the costs. The consequences may be foreseen: thirteen pounds sixteen shillings was the residue which these conscientious gentlemen, who sell justice very dear, paid into her hands. Reduced by this event to the necessity of retiring from her creditors to obscurity and want, she was betrayed by a pretended friend, and thrown into prison.

After her liberation from confinement, Mrs. Thomas resided in a small and humble lodging in Fleet-street, where she died, February, 1730, in the fifty-sixth year of her age. She was interred in the church of St. Bride's.

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ACCOUNT OF THE EXTRAORDINARY LITERARY ENDOWMENTS OF *MISS ELIZABETH SMITH.*

In a work confessedly written for the instruction and amusement of the fair sex, we conceive we cannot fulfil our engagement more to the satisfaction of our readers, certainly not more to our own satisfaction, than when we introduce to their notice biographical sketches of females, whose innate virtue and superior talents have added a lustre to the times in which we live. We have hitherto, from the nature of our plan, and from what we think due to rank, drawn our sketches chiefly from high life; but should we, as it is our intention in the present instance, descend a little lower, we shall perhaps exhibit a life short as it unfortunately was, more easy of imitation to the generality of our readers. The great intellectual acquirements which the subject of our present memoir attained at an early period of her existence may, indeed, be difficult to accomplish, nor is it necessary for the happiness of the female sex that all should attempt it; but the modest diffidence which she entertained of her abilities, and the great humility she shewed in every part of her life, notwithstanding her superior understanding and knowledge, will, we hope, be copied by many of our fair readers.

Miss Elizabeth Smith, the young lady of whom we are going to speak, has been brought to public notice by Mrs. Bowdler, the amiable author of the well known and greatly admired *Sermons on the Doctrines and Duties of Christianity*; and it is from her fourth edition of *Fragments in Prose and Verse, by a young Lady lately deceased*, that we profess to draw our information respecting her.

Miss Elizabeth Smith, we learn by a letter from her mother contained in the above volume, was born at B——, in the county of Durham, in December 1776. At a very early age she discovered that love of reading, and that close application to whatever she was engaged in, which marked her character through life. She was accustomed, when only three years old, to leave an elder brother and younger sister to play and amuse themselves, while she eagerly seized on such books as a nursery library commonly affords, and made herself mistress of their contents. At four years of age she read extremely well. What in others is usually the effect of education and habit, seemed born with her; from a very babe the utmost regularity was observable in all her actions; whatever she did was well done, and with an apparent reflection far beyond her years.

"In the beginning of 1782," says her mother, "we removed into a distant county, at the earnest entreaty of a blind relation; and in the following year my attendance on him becoming so necessary as daily to engage several hours, at his request I was induced to take a young lady, whom he wished to serve in consequence of her family having experienced some severe misfortunes."

This lady, then scarcely sixteen, but whose abilities exceeded her years, became the governess of her children for about eighteen months. On the death of her relation, in 1784, Mrs. Smith informs us that they returned to B——, and remained there till June in the following year, when they removed to Piercefield. In the course of the preceding winter Miss Elizabeth Smith had made an uncommon progress in music. From that time till the spring of the year 1786, the children had no instruction but from their mother, their former governess then returned to them, and continued in the family three years longer. By her the children were instructed in French, and in the little Italian which she herself then understood. These particulars Mrs. Smith says she mentions to prove how very little instruction in languages her daughter received, and that the knowledge she afterwards acquired of them was the effect of her own unassisted study.

In the year 1789, the late Mrs Bowdler spent some weeks with the Smith family, at which time, it is supposed, Miss Elizabeth Smith, by accidentally hearing that Mrs. Bowdler had acquired some knowledge of Hebrew and Greek purposely to read the Holy Scriptures in the original languages, was induced to make those languages her particular study, and to have obtained so much facility in the former language as to have left behind her a translation of the Book of Job, which a very learned divine has pronounced as conveying more of the true character and meaning of the Hebrew, with fewer departures from the idiom of the English, than any other translation whatever that we possess; to combine accuracy of version with purity of style, and to unite critical research with familiar exposition.

At the age of thirteen Miss Elizabeth Smith became a sort of governess to her younger

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sisters, her mother having then parted with the only one they ever had, and from that time the progress she made in acquiring languages, both ancient and modern, was most rapid—"This degree of information,' says Mrs. Smith, "so unusual in a woman, made no confusion in her well-regulated mind; she was a living library, but locked up except to a chosen few; her talents were 'like bales unopened,' and for want of communication were not so beneficial to others as they might have been; for her dread of being called a learned lady caused such an excess of modest reserve as perhaps formed the greatest defect in her character."

"At this time," says Mrs. Bowdler, "Elizabeth astonished us by the facility with which she acquired information on every subject. She excelled in every thing she attempted; music, dancing, drawing, and perspective were her chief pursuits, and she succeeded in all; but even at that early age her greatest pleasure seemed to be reading, which she would pursue with unwearied attention during so many hours that I often endeavoured to draw her away from her books, as I feared that such close application might injure her health. She was then well acquainted with the French and Italian languages, and had made considerable progress in the study of geometry and some other branches of the mathematics; at every period of her life she was extremely fond of poetry." Here Mrs. Bowdler treats us with a specimen of her poetic talents, in a beautiful fragment written in the year 1792, when she was no more than fifteen; and another written at the end of that year, entitled "A supposed Translation from a Welch Poem lately dug up at Piercefield, in the same spot where Llewellyn ap Gryffyd was slain, December 10, 1281.* But neither of which poems will our limits allow us to transcribe. Then follow some very interesting letters from Miss Elizabeth Smith to different friends on this and other subjects, one of which, as forming a part of our history, we shall here introduce.

At the commencement of the war, in the year 1793, many Banks in the west of England failed, and Mr. Smith's was unfortunately of that number; at which time Miss Elizabeth Smith wrote to Mrs. Bowdler as follows:—

"We were within an hour of setting off from hence, and intended to have seen you, my dear friend, to-morrow, when we were prevented; and I may say it is the only time I ever rejoiced at being prevented from seeing you. Last night, after my mother wrote to you, we were informed by a friend that there was an execution against my father. At ten o'clock at night —— came to take possession of the house. It was secured so that they could not enter; but you may imagine the horror of our situation in that night of storms. Fortunately, the next day being Sunday, we had to watch only till twelve o'clock; and to-day we were preparing to go away at eight in the evening, when we heard that my father's attorney was come from London, that the money was provided, and the execution stopped. There is to be a meeting of creditors to-morrow, who are to have an exact statement of all the concerns of the Bank. My mother supported herself wonderfully last night, but to-day she was quite exhausted till this news revived her a little. Mr. and Mrs. —— were in dreadful anxiety this morning, but I hope they too are now a little comforted;* in short, the prospect appears bright to what it did two hours ago, and we shall all, I hope, bear whatever happens with fortitude. Above all, my beloved friend, I entreat you not to be uneasy, for I trust all will be well. My only apprehension has been for my mother; and I confess it has been hard work to appear cheerful when I saw her agitated in the greatest degree, and knew I could in no way be of the least use;† but she shewed great resolution whenever it was necessary. My mother desires me to say a thousand kind things for her. The servants have behaved nobly, and she has had all the comfort that friends can give; if she had none but you she would be rich enough, and I shall wish for nothing more whilst I know you are mine.—Adieu, my dearest!"

How Miss Elizabeth Smith bore this cala-

* This poem was occasioned by the family, who at that time resided at Piercefield, reading the account of the death of Llewellyn in Warrington's "History of Wales," and from an imagination that it happened in their grove.

* In the summer of the year 1791, when the Bank was in a flourishing state, Mr. ——, who was the neighbour and friend of Mr. Smith, put his name in the firm, without advancing any part of the capital, or receiving any share of the emoluments, but on condition that his son should be taken into the house as clerk, and be admitted a partner on his coming of age. In consequence of this circumstance Mr. —— was involved in the misfortune which happened in the year 1793, to the regret of all who knew him, and particularly of the Smith family.

† We cannot conceive that a young lady can be more useful than in shewing fortitude on such an occasion, and helping to calm the mind of a distressed parent.

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mity we learn from her mother, who, in a letter to the late Rev. Dr. R——, says:—'When a reverse of fortune drove us from Piercefield, my daughter had just entered her seventeenth year, an age at which she might have been supposed to have lamented deeply many subsequent privations. Of the firmness of her mind on that occasion no one can judge better than yourself; for you had an opportunity to observe it, when immediately after the blow was struck you offered, from motives of generous friendship, to undertake a charge which no pecuniary consideration could induce you to accept a few months before. I do not recollect a single murmur escaping her, or the least expression of regret at what she had lost; on the contrary, she always appeared contented; and particularly after our fixing at C——, it seemed as if the place and mode of life were such as she preferred, and in which she was most happy. I pass over in silence a time in which we had no home, and when, from the deranged state of our affairs, we were indebted for one to the kindness and generosity of a friend; nor do I speak of the time spent in Ireland when following the regiment with my husband, because the want of a settled abode interrupted those studies in which my daughter most delighted. Books are not light of carriage, and the blow which deprived us of Piercefield, deprived us of a library also. But though this period of life afforded little opportunity for improvement in science, the qualities of her heart never appeared in a more amiable light. Through all the inconveniences which attended our situation while living in barracks, the firmness and cheerful resignation of her mind at the age of nineteen made me blush for the tear which too frequently trembled in my eye at the recollection of all the comforts we had lost."

After the distressing scene of which Miss Elizabeth Smith had written the account, Mrs. Bowdler continues her narrative by saying:—"I went to Piercefield on the following day, but I cannot attempt to describe the scene to which I was then a witness; afflictions so nobly supported make the sufferers objects of envy rather than pity; a change of fortune so sudden, and so unexpected, was a great trial, but it was received in a manner to command the respect of all who witnessed it. I had long seen and admired Mrs. Smith in the situation in which she seemed peculiarly formed to shine; in one of the finest places in England, surrounded by her lovely children, with all the elegant comforts of affluence, and delighting her happy guests by the fascinating charms of conversation. Through all the misfortunes which marked the period of which I am now speaking, I can with truth say of Mrs. Smith what she says of her beloved daughter, that I do not recollect a single instance of a murmur having escaped her on account of the loss of fortune; but there were other circumstances attending this sad event which such a heart as she had must deeply feel; and a letter which is now before me speaks the language of her heart:—'The business is again delayed. I am averse to this prolongation of our misery, but it is a duty we owe to ——, to do every thing which can be likely to save him. Oh, my dear friend! if this amiable family were but secure I should be no longer miserable; but as it is, the thought of their situation sometimes sinks me almost to despair.'—This was an affliction (continues Mrs. Bowdler) under which even conscious rectitude was not sufficient to support her; but the loss of fortune, as it was occasioned neither by extravagance nor vice, and dignified with such conduct as secured the respect and esteem of their friends, was supported by every individual of the family with truly Christian fortitude and resignation. A few days after I went to Piercefield my friends quitted it for ever, and the young ladies spent seven or eight months with us, in and near Bath. The time which was spent with my mother was certainly of great advantage to my young friends; for she was extremely fond of them, and nothing can be more just than what Mrs. Smith says of her peculiarly happy manner of conveying instruction. Many of their favourite pursuits had been interrupted; they had lost the sublime scenes of Piercefield, which furnished an infinite variety of subjects for the pencil. They drew extremely well, and Elizabeth was completely mistress of perspective. Her musical talents were very uncommon; she played remarkably well both on the piano-forte and harp, but she had lost both her instruments; the library, of which she so well knew the value, was also lost. Always averse to large parties, and with no taste for dissipation, she readily agreed to a plan of employment proposed by my mother, and we agreed on a regular course of history, both ancient and modern; at other times we studied Shakspeare, Milton, and some other English poets, as well as some of the Italians. We took long walks and often drew from nature; after my mother retired to rest we usually studied the stars, and read Bonycastle's Astronomy, which reminds me of the following circumstance:—Elizabeth told me one evening that she did not perfectly understand what is said in Bonycastle of Kepler's celebrated calculation, by which he discovered that the

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squares of the periods of the planets are in proportion to the cubes of their distances, but I confesse my inability to assist her; when I came down next morning to breakfast, I found her with a folio sheet of paper almost covered with figures; she rose as soon as it was daylight, and by means of Bonycastle's Arithmetic, had learned to extract the cube-root, and had afterwards calculated the periods and distances of several planets, so as clearly to shew the accuracy of Kepler's rule, and the method of employing it. In such pursuits as I have mentioned I could accompany her, but in others she had a much better assistant in our mutual friend Miss H——, who, fortunately for us, spent four months in our neighbourhood, and was the companion of our studies and our pleasures. She led Miss Smith to the study of the German language, of which she was afterwards particularly fond. She assisted her in botanical and other pursuits, as well as in different branches of the mathematics.

"I do not know when Elizabeth began to learn Spanish, but it was at an earlier period than that of which I am now speaking; when she was with us she read it without difficulty, and some hours every morning before breakfast were devoted to these studies. She acquired some knowledge of the Arabic, and Persian languages during the following winter, when a very fine dictionary and grammar, in the possession of her brother, led her thoughts to Oriental literature. She began to study Latin and Greek in the year 1794, when Mr. C——'s excellent library, and improving conversation, opened to her an inexhaustible fund of information. She studied Hebrew from my mother's Bible, with the assistance of Parkhurst; but she had no regular instruction in any language except French. Her love of Ossian led her to acquire some knowledge of the Erse language, but the want of books made it impossible for her to pursue that study as far as she wished. Some extracts from her letters will shew how she was employed during the following years." But here we reluctantly must refer our readers to the work itself for a perusal of those interesting extracts.

In October 1800, her mother informs us, they left Ireland, and determined on seeking out some retired situation in England; in the hope that by strict economy, and with the blessing of cheerful contented minds, they might yet find something like comfort; which the frequent change of quarters, with four children, and the then insecure state of Ireland, made it impossible to obtain, notwithstanding the kind and generous attention they invariably received from the hospitable inhabitants of that country. They passed the winter in a cottage on the banks of the Lake of Ulswater, and continued there till the May following, when they removed to their present residence at C——. "This country," says Mrs. Smith, "had many charms for Elizabeth; she drew correctly from nature, and her enthusiastic admiration of the sublime and beautiful often carried her beyond the bounds of prudent precaution with regard to her health. Frequently in the summer she was abroad during twelve or fourteen hours, and in that time walked many miles. When she returned at night, she was always more cheerful than usual; never said she was fatigued, and seldom appeared tired. It is astonishing how she found time for all she acquired, and all she accomplished. Nothing was neglected; there was a scrupulous attention to all the minutiæ of her sex; for her well-regulated mind, far from despising them, considered them as a part of that system of perfection at which she aimed; an aim which was not the result of vanity, nor to attract the applause of the world; no human being ever sought it less, or was more entirely free from conceit of every kind. The approbation of God and her own conscience were the only rewards she ever sought."

In confirmation of the above, we transcribe the following reflections taken from one of Miss Elizabeth Smith's pocket-books, dated the first of January, 1798, when the author was in her twenty-first year, and which we earnestly recommend to the attention of our fair readers:—"Being now arrived at what is called years of discretion, and looking back on my past life with shame and confusion, when I recollect the many advantages I have had, and the bad use I have made of them, the hours I have squandered, and the opportunities of improvement I have neglected;—when I imagine what with those advantages I ought to be, and find myself what I am;—I am resolved to endeavour to be more careful for the future, if the future be granted me; to try to make amends for the past negligence, by employing every moment I can command to some good purpose; to endeavour to acquire all the little knowledge that human nature is capable of on earth, but to let the word of God be my chief study, and all others subservient to it; to model myself, as far as I am able, according to the Gospel of Christ; to be content while my trial lasts, and when it is finished to rejoice, trusting in the merits of my Redeemer. I have written these resolutions to stand as a witness against me, in case I should be inclined to forget them and to return to my former

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indolence and thoughtlessness, because I have found the inutility of mental determinations. May God grant me strength to keep them!" Of this paper Mrs. Smith says:—"I firmly believe this prayer was accepted, for I do not recollect any instance in which she could justly be accused of either indolence or thoughtlessness, except on the subject of health; on that point she trusted too much to the strength of a naturally good constitution; and had so little confidence in human skill, that she neglected such means in the commencement of her last illness, as in all probability would have removed it."

In the year 1803, Miss Elizabeth Smith finished her translation of the Book of Job; and during the two last years of her life she was engaged in translating from the German some letters and papers written by Mr. and Mrs. Klopstock. In the summer of the year 1805, we are told by Mrs. Smith, in a letter to a friend, that this lovely young woman was seized with a cold which terminated in her death; and on the seventh of August, 1806, we are informed "the angel spirit fled."

We have now given a short sketch of the life of an admirable young lady whose age did not exceed thirty, but whose knowledge and whose acquirements far exceeded her years. We could, with pleasure, have made many extracts from her *Fragments*, shewing the depth of her understanding, and the goodness of her heart, but we must refer our readers to that source from whence, at the commencement of our history, we professed to have obtained it; and we shall conclude with a poem, sent by a friend to Mrs. Smith after the death of her daughter, as containing a just description of her angelic mind.

"How dark this river, murmuring on its way;
This wood how solemn, at the close of day!
What clouds come on, what shades of evening fall,
Till one vast veil of sadness covers all!—
Then why alone thus lingering do I roam,
Heedless of clouds, of darkness, and of home?
Well may I linger in this twilight gloom
Alone, and sad—Eliza's in her tomb!
She who so late, by kindred taste ally'd,
Paced this lone path, conversing at my side;
The wildering path 'twas her delight to prove,
Through the green valley, or the cooling grove.
"Can I forget, on many a summer's day,
How through the woods and lanes we wont to stray;
How cross the moors and up the hills to wind,
And leave the fields and sinking vales behind:
How arduous o'er the mountain steeps to go,
And look by turns on all the plains below;
How scal'd th' aërial cliffs th' adventrous maid,
Whilst, far beneath, her foil'd campanion staid?
"Yet whilst to her sublimest scenes arise,
Of mountains pil'd on mountains to the skies,
The intellectual world still claim'd her care—
There she would range, amid the wise and fair,
Untutor'd range;—her penetrating mind
Left the dull track of school-research behind;
Rush'd on, and seized the funds of Eastern lore,
Arabia, Persia, adding to her store.
"Yet unobtrusive, serious, and meek,
The first to listen, and the last to speak;
Though rich in intellect, her powers of thought
In youth's prime season no distinction sought;
But ever prompt at duty's sacred call,
She oft in silence left the social hall,
To trace the cots and villages around,
No cot too mean, where misery might be found:
How have I seen her at the humblest shed,
Bearing refreshment to the sick man's bed;
His drooping spirits cheer'd—she from his door
Return'd, amid the blessings of the poor!
"Oh, lost Eliza! dear, ingenuous maid,
While low in earth thy cold remains are laid,
Thy genuine friendship, thy attentions kind,
Rise like a vision on my pensive mind;
Thy love of truth, thy readiness to please,
Thy sweet refin'd simplicity and ease,
Enhanc'd the favours of ingenious art,
And made thy gifts pass onward to the heart:
These beauteous tints, these peaceful scenes I view,
Thy taste design'd, and ready friendship drew;
Long shall my care the sweet memorials save
The hand that trac'd them rests within the grave!
"Lamented maiden! pensive and alone,
While sorrowing friendship pours her tender moan,
Sad memory sees thee, at our parting hour,
Pale, weak, yet lovely as a drooping flower,
Which sheds its leaves on autumn's sickly bed;—
Thou from thy pillow rais'd thy peaceful head;
To me thou held'st thy feeble hand—it bore
Naambanna dying on his native shore;
Like his, Religion's holy truths, address'd
To thy young mind, were treasur'd in thy breast;
Like his, we saw thy early blossoms wave;
Now see the Virtues weeping o'er thy grave!"

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

CONRADINE;
or,
INNOCENCE TRIUMPHANT.

CONRADINE was the natural son of Robert, Count of Provence, who died in 1245, on his return from the council of Lyons. On receiving information of the event, Louis IX. King of France, ordered troops to march to Provence, in order to take possession of that country as the inheritance of his wife, the eldest daughter of the deceased Count. Conradine, who was by this time old enough to bear arms, seeing the necessity of defending what his father had bequeathed him, put himself at the head of an army, under the pretext of enforcing the rights of the younger daughter of the Count, who had declared her his heiress. Louis was ignorant of the private testamentary arrangements of the deceased; he thought it more advisable to negociate than to hazard any engagement. In Robert's will, the Count of Toulouse was designated as the future husband of the younger Countess Beatrix. For this union nothing was wanting but the dispensation of the Pope, because they were too nearly related. Louis, however, contrived matters so that the grant of this dispensation was deferred, and meanwhile entered into negociations in Provence with Tarascon and Villeneuve, the guardians of the young Countess. These men likewise managed things with such address that the Count of Toulouse was excluded from the succession, in favour of Charles of Anjou, to whom the King gave the Countess Beatrix in marriage. At the same time Villeneuve exerted himself in behalf of Conradine with such success, that he was confirmed in the possession of all that had been bequeathed him.

Being now relieved from all solicitude, Conradine disbanded his troops, with the exception of his usual body guard. This guard was numerous, and he kept it up, not from apprehension, for he was afraid of nothing, and death was not terrible to him, but out of pride, which rose in him to the highest pitch of extravagance. Like Vespasian, he thought himself formed of different materials from the rest of mankind. He had extended the wall of his castle, and had secured the interior with gate upon gate, and bulwark upon bulwark, to keep his vassals at a proper distance. Those servants whose attendance on his person he could not dispense with, never spoke to him but with fear and trembling. He introduced a great number of ceremonies, each more formal than the other. His eating, drinking, and retiring to bed were each accompanied with a peculiar etiquette. When he sat down to table, a herald mounted the rampart of the castle and thrice shouted through the eyelet holes: "Ye men of Provence! you may now eat; Conradine is at table." Immediately afterwards a bell rung to announce the time for dinner. When his vassals heard the sound, they were obliged to kneel and pray to heaven to bless their lord's repast. The neighbouring princes were not invited to his court except on gala days, when he held a great levee, for the purpose of augmenting the splendour of his court and person. No person was admitted into his castle without a special invitation. When he went to bed a herald again proclaimed that it was time to retire to rest; the bell again rang, and the door of every house was locked. Each family then assembled as in the days of the patriarchs. The evenings were long, but not longer than the stories with which the youths were amused. The travels and adventures of Peter of Provence were never forgotten. This was a popular romance, originally composed in Provençal verses, and long afterwards transposed into common prose. They were entertained also with the miraculous deeds of the Bishop of Arles, and the heroic achievements of the valiant Selva, who fought so bravely for the citizens of Sienna when they were at war with the Florentines; or, by the light of an iron lamp, in the form of a shell, suspended from a nail, they sang the compositions of the Troubadours.—After dinner Conradine was accustomed to take a nap,—a practice still common in Provence. As long, therefore, as the prince was engaged in the important business of digestion, no person who followed a noisy trade, was allowed to work. People of that description accordingly threw down their hammers and slumbered over their anvils and their lap-

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stones. Conradine permitted no kind of games or sports except on holidays; for he looked upon idleness as a proof of high rank, on this principle, that he who does nothing, is probably superior to others inasmuch as he wants for nothing. Every Sunday, however, all the drummers and fifers in the neighbouring country assembled in the courts of the castle, and he condescended on such occasions to honour the dances of his faithful vassals with his presence. Pins, ribbons, nets, were the prizes which he distributed among the most skilful dancers. To such youths and damsels as excelled the rest in running he allotted silver goblets and other articles of that kind. It was curious to see both sexes mingling in the race, running towards the same goal, aspiring to the same prize, and how the softer sex sometimes vanquished the other. A light short petticoat fluttered from the waist to the knees of the female competitors, a thin veil covered their bosoms, and in this airy attire they seemed as if they flew. Sometimes the maiden ran beside her lover, who took good care not to distance her but to let her win the prize, that he might afterwards receive it from her hands. Conradine introduced other games besides these; for example, throwing blindfold at a cock, with sticks or stones, and wrestling either on dry ground or upon the water. The diversion in which he himself took the greatest delight was the chace, and particularly falconry. This tedious sport he commonly pursued for half the day: the rest of his time Conradine spent in splendid lassitude, amidst the incessant repetition of the same ceremonies and the same formalities of etiquette. Alone in his castle, without ambition, without envy, he might have enjoyed tranquillity, had he not been tormented with pride. In war he had no particular passion for conquest, but he was fond of the glory that was acquired by it.

About this time the crusades were universally preached up. King Louis and his brothers had taken the cross; great numbers of the nobility, and several prelates, followed their example. Conradine was likewise invited to do the same; but as he was not in debt, as his finances were in a good condition, and setting his pride out of the question, his subjects were satisfied with him, he rejected the proposal. On the other hand, the absence of Charles of Anjou, and other powerful lords of Provence, afforded him a favourable opportunity for aggrandizing himself by force of arms. He took advantage, however, in a different way of the folly of his superstitious neighbours, most of whom, in order to raise money, sold their estates at a low price, and enfranchised their vassals. He announced that he would purchase such possessions as were offered him for sale. Abundance of offers were made him and his territories were soon increased by Tarascon, Beaucairo, Riez, and Frejus. A Count de Sabean, named Elzear, sold him every thing he had, doubtless under the idea that much more extensive possessions would fall to his lot in the partition of the promised land, or that he should at least indemnify himself a hundred fold by plunder.

Elzear was not the only one who engaged in this holy expedition from motives of interest, and who, taking up arms for the cause of the Almighty, committed without remorse numberless acts of plunder, piracy, and murder. Such is the invariable result of superstition and ignorance.—In a word, Count Elzear sold all his estates, reserving, however, the liberty of redeeming them at the expiration of a year. He likewise stipulated that Conradine should support his five daughters during this interval, after which he might either send them to their uncle in Gascony, or shut them up in a convent. These five young ladies were so many Graces. Such an elegant shape, such a delicate complexion, such beauteous and expressive eyes were never seen before. If a man beheld one of them he could not help falling in love with her; but if he saw them all at once it was impossible to decide which of them deserved the preference The youngest was fifteen, and the eldest scarcely twenty. They had a great number of admirers. The most renowned Knights of Guienne, Languedoc, and Dauphiné, publicly wore their colours, and had their cyphers, together with their device, embroidered on their scarfs. This device was a flower with the motto,—"I am yet a flower, and have nothing to give but a flower," in allusion to the slenderness of their fortune.

Before his departure, their father addressed them nearly in the following manner:—'It is possible, my dear girls, that I may never return from beyond the sea. In the event of my death, remember that you have a kinsman in Charles of Anjou, and a still nearer relation in Beatrix; implore them to take you under their protection. If it should happen that they can do nothing for you, repair to the court of the King of France; you are sure there to meet with compassion and relief. But," added he, with a deep sigh, "perhaps Conradine may chuse one of you for his consort. It is better to be the master of one's own humble home, than to be dependant on the bounty of great and powerful relations.

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You have every opportunity of inducing Conradine to such a step. My blessing be with you, my dear girls; the Almighty will be your protector!"—His daughters fell upon his neck, and bedewed his cheeks with their tears. The Count departed.

As Conradine took no part in the expedition, his castle was open to all the crusaders. The concourse assembled there was considerable. The daughters of the Count de Sabean performed the part of hostess in the castle, and never was such mirth witnessed there as that which they kept up. Out of gratitude for so courteous a reception, the Knights held tournaments in honour of them. Many even gave challenges in earnest; for, said they, who would not lay down his life with pleasure for these amiable sisters?—The tournaments continued three days, during which the Knights exerted all their strength and dexterity. The conquerors thought themselves happy if they were then allowed to imprint a kiss on the hands of the lovely sisters; and the vanquished lamented that fortune deprived them of the like gratification. From these tournaments most of the Knights,at their departure, carried away a wound, inflicted against their will by a single glance of these fair females, accompanied with an agreeable recollection of the pleasure which they had diffused; for, whether they spoke or listened, a smile continually played upon their lips. They were incessantly in motion; their hearts alone remained peaceful and quiet. They were not in love, but, as the reader may already have concluded, their time did not hang heavy on their hands.

The sisters were extremely fond of flowers. The first favour they asked of Conradine was that he would give them a plot of garden-ground, which they cultivated with their own hands. As the flowers grew up they divided among themselves the care of attending them. The eldest, Euphrosyne, was particularly fond of the rose; Louisa preferred the tulip; Gertrude chose the ranunculus; Bridget's favourite flower was the violet; and Clotilda tended the carnation. Their apartment was adorned with these flowers, whose variegated colours and mingled odours regaled at once the sight and the smell. Around it stood frames for embroidery, and other implements for female occupations. It was a pleasure to see the fairest hands in the world engaged in turning the spinning-wheel, throwing the shuttle, or using the needle. Conradine visited them every evening on his return from the sports of the field, looked stedfastly at them without uttering a word, and after gazing thus for hours together, he retired, and scarcely wished them a good night.—"What a brute!" exclaimed Louisa smiling.—"He must be tamed," rejoined Euphrosyne. "But how?" asked Bridget. "Nothing is more easy," answered Clotilda; "it depends entirely upon ourselves."—"By flattery," said Louisa, "for he is proud." "By flattery!" rejoined Euphrosyne. "Ah, no, sister!"—"Let us not degrade ourselves so low," continued Gertrude; "his equals are obliged to kneel."—"How then?" said Bridget.—"It is sufficient," rejoined Clotilda, "for us to shew ourselves, without appearing to seek him, and as if by accident. He will see us; the little advantages which nature has bestowed on us will make some impression upon him, and he will be unable to resist. By degrees the savage will be tamed; he will begin to be a man; love will soon begin to manifest itself, and he will thus be led to think of marriage. Yes, yes, my dear sisters, one of us must be his wife." All of them at once fixed their eyes on the looking glass, which seemed to say to them: "With such beauteous eyes as yours you cannot fail of success."

They were not rivals; their friendship, therefore, remained undiminished. One assisted to dress the other; Clotilda plaited Bridget's hair, and Euphrosyne arranged Clotilda's flowing locks. "There, sister," said one; "this robe suits you better than that; blue is better adapted to your complexion than rose-colour." In this manner passed a part of the forenoon. But you should have seen them when they went to the church of the Capuchins to mass. All of them wore straw hats, which seemed half inclined to conceal their lovely eyes, and they held each other by the hand like the Graces. There was not a knight and esquire that met them, but what saluted them with a low bow, and at the same time heaved a deep sigh. "What a pity," said they to one another, "what a pity it is that they love nobody." When they came from mass, they went to a field where snares were set, and taking the cord in their hands they roused the decoy-birds with a whistle. Deceived by the leaves with which the snares were covered, and the singing of the decoys, the birds came and perched upon the foliage; one of the sisters immediately pulled the cord, and the bird was caught. But they did not murder their prisoners. Such as were distinguished by the beauty of their plumage, or the melody of their notes, were kept; but the others were set at liberty. To bring up and attend the former was one of their favourite occupations.

Conradine now met them oftener than he

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had been accustomed to do. Let him rise ever so early, he saw them in the fields; and if he was returning home, they were sure to meet him. Sometimes they shewed him a flower produced by Bridget's needle; sometimes they wanted him to hear a bull-finch sing a song which Louisa had taught him, and at others a parrot, which repeated with wonderful distinctness the words :—"Love me, Conradine, Conradine! Love me Conradine, Conradine!" On another occasion, perhaps, he had to comfort Gertrude, who pretended to weep the loss of her ranunculuses; and he always found the amiable girls in a charming dress, or in a still more charming dishabille. He could not behold them without emotion; we should do injustice to his character to assert that he did. So much beauty, so much loveliness made an impression upon him; but he was unable to come to any determination. There were five sisters, and all equally beautiful; he retired wounded by each of them, and at the same time he was proud. Had he actually loved, he would never have been the first to acknowledge it, and it would have been highly imprudent, on the other hand, in any female to shew a passion for him: he would have reduced her to a kind of servitude, for his sentiments, in regard to women, were nearly of the Oriental stamp.

Meanwhile an alteration took place from day to day in Conradine. He absented himself less and less, and for shorter intervals. Not a word escaped him, but whatever he did was fraught with expression. The young ladies had too much discernment not to know what all this signified.—"At length," said Louisa, "the man grows tame; but which of us will he chuse? Or rather which of us would wish to engage his affections? "I," said Euphrosyne, "I!"—"Very well," rejoined Bridget, "be it so." We must come less into his sight; and must gradually lead him to think only of Euphrosyne. He must see none but her; we must speak only of her when he sees us; he will thus at last be obliged to distinguish her.

From this time Conradine had fewer opportunities of seeing the other four sisters. He met none but Euphrosyne, and by degrees he forgot all the rest. She manifested a partiality for hunting, and he permitted her to bear him company. As he was passionately fond of riding, Euphrosyne affected a strong predilection for that exercise. She managed her horse with extraordinary address, and in riding races with Conradine she often reached the goal before him. In order to ascertain the extent of her influence over him, she began, when she spoke to him in public, to omit the title of *your lordship*, and merely called him Conradine. The first time she made use of this appellation, Conradine reddened with indignation, and made no reply. Every one imagined, for several days, that Euphrosyne had lost his favour, and she was herself of the same opinion. But Conradine, however indignant he might be, soon became accustomed to this familiar mode of address. This step being taken, she now ventured upon another. Conradine left her to dismount from her horse without assistance, and one of his esquires gave her his hand. "What a shame it is," said she to him one day, "that a Knight like you should have so little gallantry. Alight, and give me your hand without glove; in future I will have no other esquire than you." Conradine cast an angry look at Euphrosyne, who had chosen a moment when he was surrounded by a numerous retinue to utter this disagreeable injunction. "No hesitation," resumed she; "I insist on your compliance." These words she uttered with such grace, and all his attendants thought her so charming, that Conradine was obliged to dismount, and to give her his hand. He even attempted to kiss hers. "No, no;" said the spirited damsel, drawing it away; "you did not obey me so cheerfully as you ought to have done: another time perhaps, I may permit you."—"I have caught him," said she to her sisters as soon as she saw them, and acquainted them with the new step which she had ventured to take. "That was right!" they all exclaimed, and indulged the same hopes as she herself cherished.

Next morning Conradine, who had awoke earlier than usual, sent to inform Euphrosyne that he was going out a hunting. She returned for answer, that she should not accompany him. Conradine sent again, and directed the messenger to enquire if she were unwell. She rejoined that she was well, but had no inclination to join in the chace that day. "And why?" enquired Conradine. "Because I don't chuse it," was the reply.

Conradine accordingly rode out alone, but the whole day he was in an ill humour. He returned sooner than usual, found fault with every body; ordered a peasant, who had not made sufficient haste to salute him, into confinement, as well as another who had not addressed him with the title of *your lordship*. Euphrosyne heard of these acts of severity, and immediately wrote to him as follows :—"I intreat you to set at liberty your two vassals, whom, out of pride, you have thrown into confinement. Are your dominions for ever to

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remain the theatre of violence and slavery?" Conradine, on reading this note, was highly exasperated, and paced the room with hasty steps. At length, however, he complied with Euphrosyne's request. On this she proceeded still farther. She ordered all the gates and barriers to be demolished, and allowed every person access at all hours to Conradine; so that the petty tyrant who had formerly been invisible, was now exposed to public view, and his vassals came in crowds, when he was at table, to see and to bless him. Euphrosyne prevailed upon him so far that he would speak first to his esquires and the principal officers of his household, though he did it in the beginning with a very ill grace. He had not yet uttered a syllable that could convey an idea of love; and not a word which could bear that interpretation had escaped Euphrosyne. She however was determined to entice from him an acknowledgement of his passion, rather from self-love than from any other motive. For this an opportunity soon occurred.

Several neighbouring Lords had united their forces with a view to take from Conradine Frejus and Riez, together with all his possessions on the sea-coast. This circumstance obliged him to assemble his vassals; and in a short time he had collected a formidable army. He determined to put himself at its head, and made arrangements for his departure. He had not yet prepared Euphrosyne for this separation, and it was then that she expected to compass her point.

"I am going to leave you," said he to her abruptly.

Euphrosyne. I think I might have been informed of it sooner.

Conradine. I am going to fight my enemies; perhaps I shall fall in battle. Heirs I have none, neither is there any thing in the world that I love.

Euphrosyne. What! nothing at all?

Conradine. I think at least *(with some embarrassment)* that I shall not leave behind a creature that will regret me——

Euphrosyne. Are you sure of that?

Conradine. I mean to say that will regret me as much as you.

Euphrosyne. How so? Who could tell you that?

Conradine. I don't know; but I must confess that you are the only person in whose society I took any pleasure, I have found something in you, though I know not myself *(laying his hand involuntarily upon his heart)*. I feel—Ah Euphrosyne, you are so fascinating!

Euphrosyne. Do you think so?

Conradine. Indeed I do.

Euphrosyne. 'Tis very polite of you to tell me so. Upon my word this is quite a new language.

Conradine. It is certainly quite new!

Euphrosyne. It might almost be called love.

Conradine. Whatever you please.

Euphrosyne. In that case it would be a declaration of love, and is this a fit attire to make it in, clad in mail, with a lance in your hand and a sword by your side! Are you a sovereign, a conqueror?

Conradine. Any thing, any thing you please.

He took off his helmet and coat of mail; the lance had already dropped from his hand, and his broad sword no longer hung by his side.

Conradine. Will that do? Am I now as I ought to be?

Euphrosyne. No, not yet.

Conradine. Not yet?

Euphrosyne. You are too far from me, and then your attitude! You are too tall when you stand. I am obliged to look up too high at you.

Conradine. Is that right? *(dropping on one knee.)*

Euphrosyne. Yes, that is right. Now you may speak. What have you to say to me?

Conradine. Nothing more. I feel——. Here, read this letter, by which I appoint you regent in my absence. If I fall in battle all that I possess will be yours, and your father's possessions will revert to your sisters. Farewel.

Euphrosyne expressed her thanks in the warmest terms. Conradine departed, and sighed as he withdrew.

The charming sisters were now regents, and nothing was heard in the castle but the sounds of mirth and festivity. Troubadours and minstrels were welcome guests; balls and *cours d'amour* alternately succeeded each other. Wit, merriment and conviviality took the place of the former ridiculous etiquette. Without enacting laws they knew how to establish a happy medium between that familiarity which lessens respect, and abject servility. The subjects learned their duty, which they fulfilled with pleasure; they addressed their fair mistresses without constraint and yet with reverence. The report of this pleasing change extended their fame to distant countries. Young Knights thronged to see them; these five sisters were worthy of their homage. Euphrosyne was content to preside over their diversions and sports; the others went farther, and none of them had reason to be dissatisfied with her lot.

About this time the Countess de Martiques arrived at the court of Conradine. She came to make him an offer of her daughter's hand.

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Her mortification on finding that she was too late, gradually produced a secret resolution to be revenged on Euphrosyne. Not long before the young Baron de Bormes had likewise arrived at the castle as Conradine's prisoner; and, on his word of honour, Euphrosyne had granted him liberty, on condition of his not leaving the town. Out of gratitude the young Knight paid her particular attention, and she had too much good sense to take this amiss; she laughed with her sisters on the subject, and gave him no other appellation than that of the little prisoner. At last he never quitted her side; he had become her esquire, and was even once surprized stealing a kiss of her fair hand.

All these circumstances were eagerly collected by the vindictive Countess, who wrote Conradine a long account of all that passed. Conradine was naturally hasty and impetuous; he moreover hated the young Baron, and swore that both the culprits should die. He sent for his physician.—"Doctor," said he, "you must revenge me."—"And on whom?"—"On Euphrosyne and the Baron de Bromes. I am betrayed and dishonoured; go and administer a slow poison that may afford me the satisfaction of witnessing their death on my return home." Having received this injunction, the physician departed.

[*To be continued.*]

LAURENSTEIN CASTLE;

OR,

THE GHOST OF THE NUN.

The following story introduces a ghost as a spirit of actual existence, and as such may perhaps offend the taste of the enlightened reader; but as a German legend, and a narrative of popular superstition abroad, it may not be unentertaining.

On the banks of a small river, in a province of Germany, is situated the castle of Laurenstein, which was formerly a nunnery, and destroyed in the thirty years' war. The holy domain passed as a derelict property into the hands of the laity, and was let by the Count of Orlamunda, the former lord of the manor, to one of his vassals, who built a castle on the ruins of the cloister, to which he gave his own name; he was called lord of Laurenstein. The event soon proved to him that church property never prospers in the hands of laymen, and that sacrilege, however clandestinely committed, will always meet punishment in the end.

The bones of the deceased nuns were roused from their peaceful abode; rattling noises perpetually disturbed the tranquillity of the family. Processions of nuns with flaming images were seen passing to and fro, opening and shutting the doors; they would often follow the servants into the stables and different apartments of the castle, pinching them, nodding at them, and tormenting them with frightful noises. The terror and dismay which these disturbances produced spread among all the domestics; nor was the lord himself proof against this host of spirits. The resentment of the nuns did not confine itself to these outrages; they would likewise attack the cattle, dry up the milk of the cows, and flit about the horses; in short, both men and beasts were kept in a state of affright from the annoyance of the spirits.

The lord of the manor spared no expence to obtain by exorcisms a cessation of the tumults; but the most powerful enchantments, before which the whole empire used to tremble, had no effect on these Amazonian spectres, who defended their claim to the property of the castle so firmly, that the exorcists with their holy vessels and relics were sometimes obliged to quit the field.

There was a certain famous man of the name of Gessner, who travelled about the country to lay spirits, and redress the injuries which their nocturnal revels had produced. To him was assigned the task of reducing these troublesome visitors to obedience, and confining them again in the gloomy regions of death, where they might roll their skulls and rattle their bones without molestation.

Tranquillity was now restored in the castle. The nuns now slept again, but after the period of seven years, a restless spirit of the sisterhood made her appearance in the night, renewed the former disturbances till she was weary, then having rested another seven years, repeated her visits. The family in course of

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time began to be habituated to her appearance at stated periods, and left the apartments whenever that happened.

Upon the decease of the first possessor the inheritance devolved by a regular succession into the hands of the male heir, which did not fail till the thirty years' war, when the last branch of the Laurenstein family flourished, in whose formation nature seemed to have exhausted all her powers. She had so prodigally lavished her qualities upon him that when he arrived at the years of maturity his corpulence and weight almost equalled that of the famous Irish giant; at the same time the young lord, Sigismund, to rusticated manners united an uncommon share of pride; he was determined to enjoy life, while he carefully avoided every extravagance which might diminish the paternal estate that had been hoarded up by parsimony.

After the example of his ancestors he fixed upon a wife, as soon as his parents were deceased; and began to look forward with pleasure to the prospect of an heir to his estate. In this, however, he was disappointed, for the wished for boy proved a girl. He afterwards sought no other enjoyments but that of eating, so that all the hopes of a male successor were buried in his corpulence. His wife, who from the beginning had the management of the family, fixed all her affections on her daughter, and left her husband to revel in his sensual indulgencies, till at last he regarded nothing but the luxuries of the table. The education of Emily was entrusted to the care of her mother, who spared no pains in adorning her person and cultivating her understanding.

In proportion as the charms of her fair Emily began to expand, her views were extended, and her hopes flattered with the prospect of seeing her daughter the ornament of her family; she indulged a latent pride, which consisted in an extravagant attachment to her pedigree.

No family in all Vogtland were in her opinion of sufficient antiquity and noble birth to be allied to the last branch of the Laurenstein family; when, therefore, the youths of the neighbourhood were eager to pay their respects to this young lady, whose affections they wished to gain, the cautious mother gave them such reception as effectually put a stop to any further intercourse. She likewise carefully guarded the heart of Emily against what she called smuggled goods, and railed greatly against the speculations of cousins and aunts who busied themselves in forming matrimonial connections. This had the desired effect upon the daughter, who united with her mother in rejecting every offer.

As long as the heart of a young female yields to instruction, it may be compared to a small boat in the ocean, which suffers itself to be steered wherever the rudder guides it, but when the wind rises and the waves toss the bark to and fro, it regards no longer the rudder, but yields to the violence of the winds and the dashing of the waters. Thus the docile Emily submitted to the guidance of maternal instruction, and walked with chearfulness in the path of pride; the heart was yet untainted with guile. She expected some prince or count to do homage to her charms, and treated every inferior person with contempt truly gratifying to her mother.

Before a suitable successor could be found for the Laurenstein estate, a circumstance happened to frustrate the views of the mother, and proved that all the princes and counts in the Roman empire would have come too late to gain the heart of Emily.

During the disturbances of the thirty years' war, the army of the brave Wallenstein took up its winter quarters in Vogtland; and Sigismund received many uninvited guests, who committed more outrages in the castle than the former nocturnal visitors; if they did not lay claim to it as their just property in the same manner as the latter, neither did they suffer themselves to be expelled by exorcists. Entertainments and balls succeeded each other without intermission; the former were superintended by Madame Sigismund, and the latter by Emily. The officers were pleased at the hospitality with which they were treated, and their host with the good temper and respect with which they returned it.

Among them were many who had great personal attractions; one, however, who was called Frederic, eclipsed the rest. To a fine form he united insinuating manners; he was gentle, modest, agreeable, lively, and an accomplished dancer. No man had yet made an impression upon the heart of Emily, but she could not resist these fascinations when united to a red coat. Her heart became susceptible of feelings of which she was not at first conscious, and they filled her soul with an inexpressible pleasure. The only circumstance that surprized her was, that such attractions could be found in a person who was neither a prince nor a count.

Upon a nearer acquaintance she frequently questioned his companions respecting his family and prospects; but no one could give her any satisfaction on a subject which occupied all her thoughts; every one praised him as a

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brave and amiable man, but his pedigree seemed to be buried in perfect oblivion.

The secret enquiries of the anxious Emily did not remain long concealed from him. His friends thought to flatter him with this information, and accompanied it with many favourable conjectures. His modesty would not permit him to consider this any thing but a joke; at the same time he felt a secret pleasure in supposing himself the subject of a young lady's thoughts, who was by no means indifferent to him; the first view of her had excited in him an enthusiasm which is the precursor of love.

No words are so forcible or intelligent as the looks which declare the sympathy of a tender attachment. A verbal explanation did not take place for some time, but both parties could divine each other's thoughts; their countenances declared what the bashfulness of love forbade them to utter.

The unsuspecting mother was now so immersed in the care of providing for her guests, that she had not leisure to guard with her usual diligence the avenues to the heart of Emily. Frederic perceiving this did not fail to turn it to his advantage, by insinuating himself in her favour. As soon as he had gained her confidence he gave her very different instructions from those she had received from her mother. As he was the avowed enemy of distinctions, his care was to free the mind of Emily from the prejudices she had received upon this subject; teaching her that birth and rank must not be put in competition with the softest and most pleasing passion.

The enamoured Emily suffered her pride to fall before her attachment, and excused in her lover the want of nobility and titles; she even carried her political heresy so far as to conceive that the prerogatives of birth, with regard to love, were a yoke which human freedom should be permitted to shake off.

The affections of Frederic were now fixed on her, and from every circumstance he was satisfied that his love would meet an ample return. He sought therefore an opportunity to open to her the state of his heart. She received his professions with blushes, but with real pleasure; and their confiding souls were united by mutual vows of inviolable fidelity. They were now happy for the present instant, but shuddered at their future prospects. The return of the spring recalled the army to the field, and the melancholy period in which the lovers were to part quickly approached.

Consultations were now begun to determine how an intercourse might be kept up between the two lovers, who resolved that nothing but death should separate them. Emily informed him of her mother's sentiments on the choice of a husband for her, and the improbability that her pride would yield in a single point to affection.

An hundred schemes were alternately fixed upon and rejected, as the difficulties of each preponderated in their minds. When the young warrior perceived the willingness of his mistress to embrace any plan that would contribute to the completion of his wishes, he proposed an elopement as the securest method which love ever suggested, and by means of which it had often succeeded in frustrating the views of parsimonious pride. Emily, after a little reflection, consented. The only subject of consideration was the method of escaping from the strongly guarded castle, and the scrutinizing vigilance of her mother, which would be redoubled upon the departure of Wallenstein's army.

But the inventions of love surmount every obstacle. Emily was well acquainted with the periodical visits of the spirits, and that on All-Saints day in the ensuing autumn, when seven years would have elapsed since their last appearance, they were expected to be renewed. The terror of all the inhabitants she knew to be great on these occasions, which suggested a notion of the possibility of passing for one of the ghosts. For this purpose she proposed to keep a nun's dress in readiness for herself, and under this disguise to make her escape. Frederic was enchanted at the happy thought; although at the time of the thirty years' war, that infidelity, which in its rebellion against the Supreme Being, has been the scourge of all Europe, was but in its infancy, yet the young hero was philosopher enough to disbelieve the existence of ghosts, or at least to deny their interference with human affairs.—"Ghosts, my Emily," said he, "are enemies to avarice, to tyranny, and to vice, but they cannot be otherwise than propitious to love. Those nuns who haunt the castle will not interrupt the escape of lovers; besides, my dear, there is an exorcism in a pretty face, and a spiritual enchantment in a soldier's jacket, which will prove as powerful as any cabala or crucifix."

When every thing was prepared for his departure Frederic mounted his horse, committed himself to the protection of fortune, and put himself at the head of his squadron. The campaign terminated fortunately for him; love seemed to have listened to his prayers and taken him under his protection.

In the mean time Emily, who was alternately agitated with hope and fear, trembled for the life of her faithful Amadis, and took

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particular care to make herself acquainted with the safety of their winter guests. Every report of a skirmish terrified her, which her mother attributed to the humanity of her disposition, not suspecting the real cause of her solicitude.

Frederic did not omit to convey information to his mistress of his situation from time to time, by private letters, which reached her through the means of a faithful chambermaid. As soon as the campaign was at an end he began to make every preparation for his expedition, and waited with the most restless impatience for the joyful day when he was to repair to a little wood near the castle.

On the day of All-Saints Emily prepared herself for putting her scheme into execution, with the assistance of her chambermaid. She affected a slight indisposition, retired to her chamber at an early hour, and metamorphosed herself into one of the handsomest nuns whose spirit had ever appeared.

The tedious hours moved on leaden wings; every moment increased her eagerness to commence the adventure. In the mean time the moon, a friend to lovers, threw her pale light over the castle, where the bustle of the busy day had given way to awful stillness. No one was awake but the housekeeper, who was reckoning up the domestic expences by the dim light of a candle; the porter, who also served as watchman, and the dog, Hector, who barking, saluted the rising moon.

When the midnight hour arrived the undaunted Emily sallied forth. Provided with a large key that unlocked the doors, she slided gently down the stairs into the hall. Descrying unexpectedly a light in the kitchen, she began to rattle a bundle of keys with all her might, threw down the chimney board with violence, opened the house door, and entered the small porch.

As soon as the centinels heard this rattling they thought of the ghosts, and took refuge in different places The housekeeper ran into bed, the dog into his kennel, and the porter to his wife, on the straw; by which means Emily obtained her liberty, and hastened to the wood where she fancied she already saw at a distance the carriages and horses. But what was her amazement when upon a nearer approach it proved to be the shade of a tree; she thought that she had mistaken the place of rendezvous, and traversed every part of the wood from one end to the other. But all her searching terminated in the most grievous disappointment; her knight and his equipage were no where to be found.

Amazed at this event she was incapable of thinking or acting. Not to attend to engagements of this kind is a crime amongst all lovers, but in the present case it was unpardonable; the affair was to her inexplicable. After waiting an hour in the most cruel anxiety, in which her heart was torn with conflicting passions of grief, shame, and vexation, she began to weep and utter the bitterest complaints, when at length reflection led her to recal her long lost family pride; she was mortified at her condescension in making choice of a man of unknown family. The ecstacy of passion had now forsaken her; her reason had gained the ascendency, and she resolved to retract the false step she had taken, by returning immediately to the castle. Upon her arrival there she was met by her maid, who received her with a mixture of joy and surprize; every thing however was buried in the profoundest silence.

Her lover was not so culpable as the incensed Emily imagined. He had not failed to attend at the appointed place, even earlier than necessary, in order to be in perfect readiness to receive his beloved mistress. While waiting with anxious impatience, the form of a nun presented itself before him. He sprang from his place of ambush, clasped it in his arms, and cried out:—"I have you; I hold you; I will never let you go, dear Emily, now thou art mine, and I am thine with heart and soul." Upon these words he joyfully carried the lovely burden, and placed it in the carriage, which drove off with the utmost speed. The horses snorted, kicked, and shook their manes, one of the wheels broke, and by a violent jerk the horses, carriage, and man were thrown down a precipice into a deep ditch; our hero became insensible from the violence of the fall, and upon his recovery found himself in a village, whither he had been carried by some country people who discovered him in the morning in a deplorable condition. He had lost all his equipage, together with his fair companion. This circumstance afflicted him more than all the rest. He sent people to different parts in pursuit of Emily, but could obtain no information. The midnight set him free from the anxiety of suspence: when the clock struck twelve his door was opened, and his fellow-traveller made her appearance, not in the form of the enchanting Emily, but of the ghostly nun, as a horrible skeleton. The terrified Frederic became sensible of his mistake, blessed and crossed himself, and uttered many ejaculations.

The ghost turned itself towards him, walked to his bed, stroked his cheeks with her ice-cold hands, crying "Frederic! Frederic! I am

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thine, thou art mine with heart and soul." Having persecuted him for a whole tedious hour with her presence, she at length disappeared. In this manner she continued her persecution every night, and followed him to the place where he was quartered. He had there no respite from the irksome caresses of the ghost. His melancholy became the subject of conversation among his companions, who felt compassion for him, without being able to conjecture the cause of his anxiety, for he had not ventured to divulge his unfortunate secret. He had, however, one confidential friend among his comrades, an old lieutenant, who was reputed to be expert in laying spirits; to him Frederic explained the grounds of his uneasiness. "Is that all," said the exorcist with a smile, "I will relieve you from this impertinent visitor; follow me to my quarters." Upon entering, he observed many magical preparations and characters marked upon the floor, and as soon as the lieutenant called, the midnight spirit appeared in a dark room, lighted by the dull glimmer of a magic lamp. He reproached the ghost severely, and appointed a willow in a lonely glen as the place of its abode, with an injunction for it immediately to repair thither, never more to return. The ghost disappeared; but in the same instant a storm and whirlwind arose; which was dispelled by a procession of twelve pious men in the town, who rode on horseback, singing a penitential psalm, according to their usual custom. After this the spirit was never more seen.

Frederic recovered his spirits and repaired again to the field under Wallenstein, where he fought many successful compaigns, in which he conducted himself so nobly, that on his return to Bohemia he was honoured with the command of a regiment. He took his journey through Vogtland, and, upon perceiving the castle of Laurenstein, his heart beat with doubt whether his Emily had been faithful or not. He called as an old friend at the castle, where he met with a reception suitable to the name. The dismay of Emily was inconceivable when her supposed faithless Frederic entered the room.

A mixture of joy and sorrow overwhelmed her; she had been reasoning herself for three years out of a passion which she thought beneath a person in her rank of life; but still she could never completely erase the plebeian lover from her thoughts. In this state of mind, fluctuating between resentment and affection, was the tender Emily when Frederic addressed her, and by his insinuating manners procured an opportunity of relating the whole affair; whilst she in return informed him of her suspicions and resentment. The joy and affection of the two lovers redoubled upon these mutual confessions. They agreed to extend their secret a little farther, and include her mother in the circle of their confidence.

The good lady was struck with as much astonishment at the art of her daughter in carrying on an intrigue, as at the circumstance of her elopement in so extraordinary a manner. She thought it just, however, that an affection which had experienced so severe a trial should be rewarded by an union of the persons. And though this idea militated against the prospects she had formed for her daughter; yet, since no prince or count was in view, she gave her consent, after which the handsome Frederic embraced his charming bride, and his marriage concluded happily, without meeting any farther opposition from the ghostly nun.

THE WANDERING JEW.

Our Readers are acquainted with the uses to which Mr. Lewis, in his Novel of the Monk, has converted the ancient legend of the Wandering Jew.—The original story was the invention of the celebrated Schubart, and is as follows.

AHASUERUS, the Jew, says this distinguished writer, crept forth from a dark cave of mount Carmel. Near two thousand years are elapsed since he was first goaded by ever-encreasing restlessness to rove the globe from pole to pole. When our blessed Lord was wearied with the burden of his ponderous cross, and wanted to rest before the door of Ahasuerus, the unfeeling wretch drove him away with brutality. The Saviour of mankind staggered, sinking under the heavy load, but uttered no complaint. An angel of death appeared before Ahasuerus, and exclaimed indignantly: "Barbarian, thou hast denied rest to the son of man; be it denied to thee also until he comes to judge the world."

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A black dæmon, let loose from hell upon Ahasuerus, goads him now from country to country. He is denied the consolation which death affords, and precluded from the rest of the peaceful grave.

Ahasuerus crept forth from a dark cave of mount Carmel; he shook the dust from his beard; and taking up one of the skulls heaped up there, hurled it down the eminence; it rebounded from the ground, and was shivered to pieces. "This was my father!" roared Ahasuerus; seven more skulls rolled down from rock to rock, whilst the infuriate Jew, following them with ghastly looks, exclaimed: "And these were my wives!" He still continued to hurl down skull after skull, roaring in dreadful accents:—"And these, and these, and these, were my children. THEY COULD DIE! but I, reprobate wretch, alas, I *cannot* die. Dreadful beyond conception is the judgment that hangs over me! Jerusalem fell. I crushed the sucking babe, and precipitated myself into the destructive flames. I cursed the Romans; but, alas! alas! the restless curse held me by the hair, and—I could not die.

"Rome, the giantess, fell; I placed myself before the falling giantess. She fell; but did not crush me. Nations sprung up, and disappeared before me; but *I remained and did not die!!* From cloud-capp'd cliffs did I precipitate myself into the ocean; but foaming billows cast me upon the shore, and the burning arrow of existence pierced me again. I leaped into Ætna's flaming abyss, and roared with the giants for ten long months in accents of despair, polluting with my groans the mount's sulphureous mouth.—Ha! ten long months! the volcano fermented, and in a fiery stream of lava cast me up. I lay amidst tortures of hell in the glowing cinders, but continued to exist. A forest was on fire; I darted on wings of fury and despair into the crackling wood. Fire dropped upon me from the trees—but the flame only singed my limbs—alas! it could not destroy me. I now mixed with the butchers of mankind, and plunged into the tempest of the raging battle. I roared defiance to the infuriate Gaul, defiance to the victorious German; but arrows and spears rebounded in shivers from my body. The Saracen's flaming sword broke upon my skull. Balls in vain hissed upon me.—The lightenings of battle glared harmless round my loins. In vain did the elephant trample upon me, in vain the iron hoof of the wrathful steed. The mine, big with destructive power, burst under me, and hurled me high into the air. I fell down upon heaps of smoaking limbs, and was only singed. The giant's steel-club rebounded from my body; the executioner's hand could not strangle me; the tiger's tooth could not hurt me; nor would the hungry lion in the circus devour me.

"I cohabited with poisonous snakes, and pinched the red crest of the dragon; the serpent stung, but could not kill me; the dragon tormented, but could not destroy me.

"I now provoked the fury of tryants; I said to Nero, thou art a blood-hound! said to Christiern, thou art a blood-hound; said to Mulei Ismail thou art a blood-hound; the tyrants invented cruel torments, but did not kill me.—Ha! not to be able to die! not to be able to die; not to be permitted to rest after the toils of life! to be doomed to be imprisoned for ever in the clay-formed dungeon! to be for ever clogged with this worthless body, its load of diseases and infirmities; to be condemned to behold for milleniums that yawning monster, *Sameness* and *Time*, that hungry hyena, ever bearing children, and ever devouring again her offsprings! Ha! not to be permitted to die! awful avenger in heaven, hast thou in thy armory of wrath a punishment more dreadful; then let it thunder upon me! command a hurricane, to sweep me down to the foot of Carmel, that I there may lie extended, may pant, and writhe, and *die!*"

And Ahasuerus dropped down! Night covered his bristly eyelids: an angel carried him back to the cavern. "Sleep here," said the angel to Ahasuerus: "Sleep in peace; the wrath of thy judge is appeased. When thou shalt awake, He will be arrived, he whose blood thou sawest flow upon Golgotha, and whose mercy is also extended to thee."

MILTON'S ITALIAN SONNETS.

MR. EDITOR,

THE Italian Sonnets which were written by Milton, have, so far as I know, never made their appearance in an English dress till the late posthumous publication of Mr. Cowper's translation of them, along with the Latin Poems of the same great author. With the merit of this work I am unacquainted, as I have never yet seen it; and it is therefore with no view to enter the lists of competition, or to

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challenge comparison, that I venture to send you a translation, which I have long had by me, of the five Italian Sonnets only.

ALTARBORIANO.

I.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene é colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirito gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra se di fuora
De sui atti soavi giammai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l'alta tua virtu s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
Le' entrata, chi di te si truovà indegno.
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che 'll divio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

Sure, sweetest lady, whose most honour'd name
Rhine's grassy vale reveres, and proud alcove,
No manly passion can that bosom move,
To which thy spirit imparts no tender flame;
That gentle spirit, whence Cupid takes his aim,
And shoots what Poets call the darts of love,
Thy gifts and graces, which his armoury prove;
Whence Virtue's self may lovelier honours claim.
When aught of converse sweet, or jocund [song,
Song that might move the knotted mountain trees, [sight
Falls from thy lips, let each of sound and
The entrance bar, if hopeless thee to please:
'Tis only heaven can save the youth who long
Hath cherish'd in his breast the soft delight.

II.

Qual in colle aspro, all imbrunir di sera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella,
Che mal si spande a disusata spera
Fuor di sua natia alma premavera,
Cosi amor meco insù la lingua snella
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso,
E'l bel Tamizi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
Seppi ch'Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento, e'l duro seno
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

As some exotic plant, borne far away [bow'r,
To northern mountains, from its native
The virgin tends at evening's blushing hour,
Fearful it's softer beauties to display,
Where the sun shines with less indulgent ray;
So on my tongue hath love's creative power
Waked of Italian speech the tender flower,
And ope'd its richness to the northern day.
Majestic sweetness! 'tis of thee I sing,
For so Love wills, who never will'd in vain,
And Thames' proud banks with Arno's numbers ring,
Ill understood by Albion's sons the strain.
Oh may my breast so rude, and heart so slow,
A fertile soil on Heaven's fair flow'r bestow

III.

Deodati, e te 'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch' amor spreggiar solea,
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
Gia caddi, ov huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian si, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l enor bea,
Portimenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa luna
E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco,
Che l'incerar gli orechi mi sia poco.

With wonder let Deodatus be told,
That I so stern, who ne'er love's power confess'd, [jest,
To whom his wiles and weapons were but
Now fall the victim of the urchin bold:
'Twas not the vermil cheek, or locks of gold
My heart enthrall'd, and tamed my stubborn breast;
But some new goddess, who, for ever blest,
In foreign beauty chose her form t'unfold:
Her port majestic, and her sparkling eyes
Darkly serene; persuasion from her tongue
In various language flows; and with surprize
The moon might stop, and listen to her song.
So warm the flashes which her eyes impart,
They melt their passage to the coldest heart.

IV.

Per certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia,
Esser non puo, che non sian lo mio sole;
Si mi p percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene de Lybia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
Da quel lato si spinge, ove mi duole
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir, io non so che si sia:
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
Quivi d'attorno o s'aggliaccia o' s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi guinge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
Finche mia Alba, rivien colma di rose.

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Yes, dearest maid! those eyes so heav'nly bright
Must be my sun: just as he sheds his ray
On the lorn traveller, that haps to stray
O'er Barca's sands, they shed on me their light:
Meanwhile a vapour bland, too pure for sight,
(Which I not know to name, but lovers say
"It is a sigh") where'er thy eye-beams play,
Springs upwards, but alas! too dank for flight,
Part sinks abortive on thy lover's heart,
And chills and freezes all within his breast;
Whilst to his eyes ascends the lighter part,
And oft, full oft, at the still hour of rest
Drops thence in showers of tears, till thou, my fair,
Com'st, crown'd with roses, to dispel his care.

V.

Giovane piano, e simplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono:
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S'arma di se, e d'intero diamante;
Tanto del forse e d'invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze al popol use
Quante ingegno e d'alto valor vago,
E de cetta sonora, e delle muse:
Sol trovarete in tal parte non duto
Ove amor mise l'insanabil ago.

A gentle youth, a fond and simple lover,
Oppressed with doubts, unknowing where to fly,
This present makes, with deep humility;
His heart—a truer, you will ne'er discover,
More brave, or good; from her it loves no rover;
Playful in thought, yet prudent; can defy
The world's rude buffets; Heav'n's harsh minstrelsy
Hear unappal'd, with virtue arm'd all over.
Far from the boisterous and the envious crew,
The hopes and fears that witch the vulgar brain;
But deeply smitten with the tuneful art,
Friend of sweet song, and of the Muses train:
One only spot but little strength can shew,
'Tis that where Love hath fix'd his cureless dart.

CEREMONY OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF *COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.*

It is with satisfaction that we are exclusively enabled to lay before our readers the only authentic account of this proceeding.

The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new edifice took place on 31st of December, 1808. It was laid by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, a distinction unprecedented; and the spectacle was rendered highly interesting and impressive by the dignity and elegance which that illustrious personage displayed in the ceremonial. The most judicious arrangements were made on the enclosed area, for the performance of the ceremony, and the accommodation of the spectators; every avenue to it was guarded from the populace by detachments of horse and foot soldiers, and uninterrupted order prevailed. An extensive covered building, furnished with seats, was erected parallel with Bow-street, which, before twelve o'clock, was filled with several hundred spectators. Opposite was another erection for the accommodation of the Freemasons who attended in procession, and a marquee for the Royal Grand Master of the Order; near to this, at the N. E. angle of the ground, was the foundation-stone, which hung suspended over a basement stone, and weighed about three tons. On surrounding scaffolds above seven hundred workmen employed in the building were ranged, and detachments from the second Regiment of Guards, with their colours flying, was stationed at the Bow-street entrance, as a guard of honour; flags were reared at each angle of the ground, and five military bands, elevated on platforms, played alternately till one o'clock.

The procession of Freemasons entered the ground at twelve: they amounted to near four hundred, and were ornamented with their various paraphernalia; Chevalier Ruspini, as Grand Tyler, bore the sword before, and a band preceded playing an appropriate air: at one o'clock the Prince of Wales arrived, under an escort of horse guards, with the Duke of Sussex, attended by General Hulse and Colonels M'Mahon and Blomfield; he was

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received at the entrance by Earl Moira, and other superiors of the Order, and on his approach was greeted with reiterated acclamations and a royal salute of Artillery; the various bands now united, playing "God save the King." Having passed over a railed platform, covered with green cloth, His Royal Highness was ushered into the marquee by Messrs. Harris, and Kemble, and was presented with a plan of the building by Mr. Smirke, the Architect: he then proceeded to the ceremonial. The stone was raised, and His Royal Highness deposited, in a space cut in the lower stone, a brass box, which contained specimens of all the most recent British coinage, and two medals, one of bronze, which bore a Portrait of the Prince of Wales, and on the reverse the following inscription:—

GEORGIUS
PRINCEPS WALLIARUM
THEATRI
REGII INSTAURANDI. AUSPICIIS
IN HORTIS BENEDICTINIS
LONDINI
FUNDAMENTA
SUA MANU. LOCAVIT

The other medal was copper, and deeply engraven with the following Inscription on one side:—

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
HIS MOST SACRED MAJESTY GEORGE III.
KING OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND IRELAND,
THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE THEATRE,
COVENT GARDEN,
WAS LAID BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES.
M.DCCC.VIII.

And on the reverse:—

ROBERT SMIRKE, ARCHITECT.

Six Masons now spread the cementing mortar upon the lower stone, and the Prince as Grand Master completed it with a gilt trowel, presented to him by Earl Moira as acting G.M. The stone was then gradually lowered, and its descent was hailed by the most animating cheers of the spectators, a discharge of artillery, and the chorus of "Rule Britannia" from all the bands. The stone being descended, His Royal Highness applied to it the plumb, the level, and the square, and finished the laying of it by three strokes of the mallet; he then poured upon it the ancient offerings of corn, wine, and oil, from three silver cups. His Royal Highness then gave into the hands of the Architect the various instruments he had used, and returned to him the plan of the edifice, desiring him to complete it conformably thereto; then having wished the building and the proprietors success and prosperity, he joined the procession, and retired amidst the universal acclamations of the spectators.

During the same day, Mr. Harris received a letter from Colonel M'Mahon, stating that he was commanded by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to declare to the proprietors and the Architect his high approbation of the arrangement and regularity of the ceremony.

HISTORICAL NOTICES RESPECTING THE MOST ANCIENT PASTIMES.

[*Concluded from Page* 131, *Vol. V.*]

"MY researches have not enabled me to ascertain what name was given to this play in India by its inventor. In Persia it received the appellation of *schatreng*, or *schatrangschi*, the play of the king. This designation it retained among the Arabs, of whom the Spaniards probably learned it in the middle ages. The latter still call it *xadrang*, or with the addition of the Arabic particle, *alxadres* and *axadres*. By the Greeks, who in all likelihood learned it of the Arabs at the time of the califs of Bagdad, it was denominated *zatrikion*; the French call it *le jeu des echecs*; the Germans *schachspiel*; the first from the Arabic word *schek*, or *sheik*, the second from the Persian *schah*, or *schach*; the modern Latins give it the name of *ludus scacharum*; the Italians that of *scacchi*; and by ourselves it is called the *game of chess*."

It is not easy to conceive how a man of such erudition as Saumaise, could, without producing the slightest proof deduced from Greek authors, attribute to the Greeks the invention of a game in which every thing forcibly reminds us of Oriental manners. All his proofs are actually reduced to this simple question:—"Who does not know that the invention of this game belongs to the Greeks? From them," adds he, in an equal positive tone, "it was transferred to the Persians. The Princess

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Anna Comnena, who must have been better acquainted with this subject, says exactly the contrary. In her account of the conspiracy formed against her father Alexis, by the four brothers Anemades, and the weak senator Solomon, she remarks that the Emperor owed the discovery of their plot, and the preservation of his life, to the custom which he had of playing at chess with one of his near relations at night, when he could not sleep; and adds, "This game was invented by the Assyrians, and it is from them that it was introduced among us." It is well known that in her time the Greeks gave the name of Assyrians to the Arabs, who were actually in possession of the ancient empire of the Assyrians and Persians. The Princess, it is true, was not accurately informed respecting the real inventor of the game of chess, but this does not in the least invalidate her authority in regard to the principal question. It is certain that if the game which she calls *zatrikion*, had been of Greek origin, she would have known something of the matter, and in that case would not have thought of ascribing it to the Assyrians.

We shall not enquire whether the good Bramin, Nassir, actually made princes wiser by the invention of his game of the king; he at least succeeded in one point. Chess has been for many centuries, and still continues, the favourite game of the princes and the great in Asia. An anecdote of the Calif Alamir, the sixth of the Abassides, related by Elinakin, the historian, proves that that prince had an enthusiastic passion for this game. He was playing at it in the interior of his palace with his favourite Cuter, when a messenger came to inform him that it was time to direct his attention to more important affairs, for the enemy, who had been long besieging Bagdad, were on the point of making themselves masters of the city." "Very well," said the Calif to the officer; "I am coming; only let me make Cuter check-mate."

A similar anecdote is related of John Frederic, the generous Elector of Saxony; but from the circumstances in which he was placed it does much greater honour to his character. He had been the prisoner of Charles V. ever since the unfortunate battle of Müchlberg; and the Emperor, in contempt of the fundamental laws of the empire, and his own oaths, caused him to be tried by a council of war, composed of Spanish and Italian officers, with the inexorable Duke of Alva for their president. The Elector was playing at chess with Ernest, Duke of Brunswick, his friend and companion in misfortune, when Charles sent to acquaint him that sentence of death had been pronounced upon him by that iniquitous tribunal. The Elector paused a moment, but without betraying any sign of emotion; he then answered the messenger like a hero and a good father; on which, turning to Duke Ernest, he challenged him to finish the game. He played with his ordinary tranquillity and composure; and having beaten his antagonist, expressed all the satisfaction that is commonly felt on gaining such victories.

This anecdote reminds me of another related by Seneca of a noble Roman, named Casius Julius, who was put to death by order of Caligula, merely because he possessed a truly Roman spirit. Caligula had sent him word, ten days before hand, that his name was inscribed on the list of death; and on this subject there was no reason to doubt his veracity. At the expiration of the time, the centurion who was directed to conduct the victims to their fate, went to the house of Casius, and found him playing, with great composure, at the game of soldiers (*latrunculi*). "Follow me," said he to him, shewing his order. Casius rose, counted his pieces, and addressed his antagonist:—"Boast not," said he, "after my death, that you have beaten me." Then beckoning to the centurion:—"I call you to witness," continued he, "that I have one piece more than my adversary."

Timur, whom we call Tamerlane, was likewise fond of chess; but the ordinary game appeared to him on too small a scale, he therefore had a board with one hundred and thirty-two squares, and thirty-two pieces for each player. History has preserved the names of those who were accustomed to play with him. One of them, named Ala-Eddin, or Aladin, was so clever that he always played without taking a moment for reflection, and nevertheless he always vanquished his antagonist. Timur, who never loved to lose at any game, not even at chess, had however the justice to forgive Aladin this superiority. One day, when the latter, after having long embarrassed him, at length won the game as usual, Timur exclaimed, laughing:—"Aladin, you have won; you are unrivalled among chess-players, as Timur is among kings." On the other hand, the celebrated Sultan Mahmoud, son of Sebucteghin, surnamed Gashni, is said to have been as fertile in military stratagems as invincible at the game of chess, and at the real game of kings, at which he played for territories and crowns with the Oriental princes of his time. Among other testimonies on this head we have that of Onsori, a Persian poet, who, in a distich in honour of Mahmoud, says, that he played at chess with a thousand

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princes, and made each of them check-mate in a different way.

After the princes and knights of the West had brought the play of chess with them on their return from their unfortunate expeditions to the Holy Sepulchre, this game was long in vogue among the great in Europe. Hence, after the example of the Orientals, the Europeans sought to do honour to this truly royal pastime, by the richness and exquisite workmanship of the chess-board and its pieces. Of this numerous proofs are yet to be found in the cabinets of curiosities of kings and princes. In the East, magnificence in this particular was carried to such a height that, according to Medgdi, the historian, the Persian King Cosrou, the son of Perviz, had a chess-board, the pieces belonging to which were of hyacinth and emerald; and another monarch possessed one, the smallest piece of which was worth three thousand gold dinars.

One of those old romance-writers, whose imagination always far surpassed what they had before their eyes, has given us a description of a game of chess, and a manner of playing it which would not make a bad figure in a poem on chivalry. It is to be found in the account of the adventures which befel the four brothers, Gauvain, Agravain, Gueret, and Galleret, when they went in quest of Lancelot.

"Galleret, the youngest and most courteous of these four brothers, one day on leaving a forest perceived a magnificent castle, situated on a hill at a small distance. While he was viewing it with admiration, a lady, mounted on a palfrey, rode up and invited him in the name of her mistress, the lady of the castle, to take some refreshment there, and afterwards to play a game at chess; for, added she, a knight of your appearance must have received too good an education to be ignorant of that game. Galleret replied, with all the courtesy of a Knight of the Round Table, that he was not a great adept at chess, though he had often seen it played at the court of King Arthur, where that game was the usual pastime of the King, of the Queen Genevre, of Lancelot, Gauvain, and the other Knights; but, at any rate, he was ready to follow the lady whithersoever she pleased to conduct him. She took him to the castle, where he was received in a very friendly manner by the fairy Floribelle, a lady of great beauty and vivacity. After the repast Floribelle conducted him to a magnificent saloon, saying he would there find every thing necessary for the game of chess. Galleret was struck with astonishment on entering, for never had he yet beheld such a chess-board; the whole saloon was designed for the purpose. It was paved with large squares of black and white marble; the figures, which seemed to be of ivory or ebony, were as large as life, and habited with the utmost magnificence. Their armour was of gold enamelled and enriched, as well as their garments, with pearls and precious stones. The two kings and the two queens shone with dazzling splendour; the bishops, who were then called standard bearers, were on foot, but they carried splendid ensigns of two different colours, bearing two mottos embroidered in pearls and gold; lastly, the pawns, armed with battle-axes, were on foot, and by their martial air seemed quite impatient for the signal of battle. But what seemed the most extraordinary was the property with which these figures were endued by the enchanter, the rival of Vulcan, who had constructed this wonderful chess-board. The player had only to touch with a small wand the figure which he wished to move, and it instantly went and occupied the place which he intended. The lady of the castle taught the Knight to play at chess in this equally convenient and astonishing manner; and then proposed a game, on condition that if he won, the chess-room, the castle, and the lady should belong to him; but that if he lost, he should be her slave for life. The young Knight was at first somewhat alarmed at this proposal, but he soon recovered, and declared that he was ready to accept the challenge, flattering himself, with all the assurance too common to youth, that he could not fail of success, and that he would soon become master of the chess-room, the castle, and the lady. The game began; the lady gave the Knight a white stick, and took a black one herself. The figures, as soon as they were touched, seemed perfectly animated, raised their battle-axe, lance, standard, or sword; marched in a warlike attitude to the place assigned them, as if to meet an enemy, but did not strike each other till the moment when, according to the rules of the game, one piece was to take another. This manner of playing highly delighted Galleret; his whole heart was in the game, but it soon took a turn which did more honour to his courage than to his dexterity. In a word, he found himself check-mate at the very moment when he least expected it, and he had no other resource left than to demand his game in return of Floribelle. The lady complied, at the same time declaring that she could play no longer than till sun-set, or at most but three games. 'Besides,' added she, 'we have a law by which he who loses a game at the fourth move, is precluded from asking revenge.' Galleret admitted what she said, paid all the

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attention of which he was capable to the game, and won the second, but lost the third, which decided his fate. He was obliged to suffer himself to be disarmed and conducted to a prison, where he had at least the consolation to find a great number of other Knights who had lost their liberty in the same way. There he remained till his brother Gauvain had the good fortune to make the fairy check-mate at the fourth move, and thus put young Galleret in possession of the charming Floribelle, her chess-room, and castle."

If it were possible to give the least credit, in an historical point of view, to the romances of chivalry, and the tales of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the antiquity of the game of chess, in Europe, would be much higher than the period at which, in conformity with the opinion of Freret, we have fixed its introduction. But these romance-writers were so accustomed to commit the most egregious blunders in chronology, in geography, and in history, that it gave them no more trouble to make the Knights of King Arthur play at chess than to transport Babylon into Egypt, to metamorphose the emirs of the Arabs into admirals, and to suppose that Charlemagne had assumed the cross preparatory to an expedition to the Holy Land. At their time the game of chess was common at the courts of the great lords of France. Skill in playing this game was considered as one of the perfections befitting an accomplished Knight; this was sufficient to make them ascribe it to the Knights of the Round Table, whom they represented as models of all the virtues and perfections of their condition.

We should find a much stronger proof against the opinion of Freret, in the chess-board with large ivory figures and Arabic characters, which formed part of the treasure of the Abbey of St. Dennis, if it were true as it was asserted, that it belonged to Charlemagne, and that he received it from Asia, doubtless among the presents of the Calif Harun Alraschid. But what prevents the Arabic characters from giving any weight to this tradition is, that the pieces have nothing of the Oriental costume, and are made in the European style. The latter circumstance, and the name of the maker, would rather lead us to suspect it to be the work of some modern Greek. If Charlemagne had known, or been fond of chess, we should find some notice of it in Eginhard, who entered into such circumstantial details respecting the domestic life of his master.

We ought to pay still less attention to the anecdote related by the celebrated Augustus, Duke of Lüneburg, under the name of Gustavus Selenus, in his detailed description of the game of chess. It refers to the son of a Duke Occar of Bavaria, who lived in France at the court of King Pepin, and was killed with a blow from a chess-board, by a young prince, who could not brook being beaten by the Bavarian. The Duke quotes two manuscript chronicles which mention this fact; but they not only disagree with history, but differ from each other respecting the principal circumstances of that event.

This anecdote may, therefore, be considered as fictitious, and it proves no more in favour of the antiquity of the game of chess in Europe, than that which we meet with in the history of the four sons of the Duke Aymon. We there find Renaud de Montauban playing at chess with a nephew of Charlemagne: they quarrel; the prince throws the chess board at the head of Renaud, who is so far from relishing the joke, that he hurls it back at the prince, who is struck on the forehead, and drops down dead on the spot. There is doubtless a good deal of truth in these ancient popular romances and traditions; but as it is seldom possible to separate the truth from the falsehood which they contain, no induction can be drawn from them either for or against the facts whose historical certainty is doubtful. Supposing, then, that an event which actually occurred at Pepin's court gave rise to the anecdote related of the Duke of Lüneburg, why might not the game over which the two princes quarrelled have been the game of soldiers, the *ludus latrunculorum* of the ancient Romans? Might it not have been transmitted by them to the Gauls, and by the Gauls to the Franks. The latter might by degrees have lost their taste for their amusement; the introduction of chess into Europe might have occasioned its total suppression; and in the sequel ignorant writers may have mistaken the one for the other. This supposition, at least, appears extremely natural.

Before we conclude these observations on a game that has perhaps been more widely diffused than any other, it may be necessary to mention that in a paper presented to the Royal Irish Academy, Mr. Eyles Irwin ascribes its origin to the Chinese, and fixes the date of its invention two hundred years antecedent to the Christian era. The honour of it is assigned to a general, who contrived this game to appease his discontented troops, to silence their murmurs, to employ their vacant hours in lessons on the military art, and to cherish the spirit of conquest in the bosom of winter-quarters. It must, however, be observed that

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the new opinion started by Mr. Irwin rests only upon an extract from the Chinese annals which he received from a mandarin, a friend of his, and consequently upon the good faith alone of that mandarin; and, besides, that he was a stranger to the manner in which the game of chess is related to have been invented in India; for he says that it was designed by a Bramin to cure the melancholy of the daughter of a rajah. This origin he justly thinks highly improbable; but he would scarcely have said the same of the account given in the preceding part of this article.

PUBLIC AMSEMENTS FOR JANUARY.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Friday, January 6, the season of Operas commenced. The theatre has been refitted with great care; the boxes new papered and painted, and the benches as well as chairs renewed.

A new Comic Opera, intitled *La Cappricciosa Pentito*, by Fioravanti, introduced the new Prima Buffa, Signora Collini. After a singer and actress of such excellence as Catalani, the task was uncommonly arduous, and demanded no small degree of indulgence from the public. Madame Collini seemed to feel the difficulty she had to encounter, and her manners powerfully influenced the spectators in her favour. The first impression was soon ripened into favour, for she displayed very superior powers both of voice and action. In her features she resembles the captivating Grassini, and her tone is also of the same quality. She sang with ease, clearness, and taste. The music is a promising specimen of the master, and was very much applauded. Naldi was received with the warm welcome which he deserves. His Comedy is a high treat to the connoiseur.

A new Divertisement and Ballet displayed the strength of the corps of Dancers. We have had no such union of talents for many years. Young Vestris sprang forward with all the power and activity which his father possessed seventeen years ago; and the same astonishing talent seemed to be revived. The house was in a paroxysm of vociferation in the *pas de deux* of Vestris and his partner, Mademoiselle Angiolini. She is extremely elegant in her figure; petite, but finely formed, and she has acquired the manner of Vestris. Her equilibrium is perfect. She finishes the most difficult movement with truth, and her posture has great strength. Certainly since the first year of Des Hayes, when we had also Didelot and Rose, we have had no such Corps de Ballet in regard to principals as were exhibited this night.

It seems the affairs of the Opera this season will be conducted with much better harmony. Amongst the latest and best arrangements of the Managers, they have thought proper to cause the Composers of the Opera to assist at the piano-forte. So that the celebrated Maestro Punitta, already in London, and likewise Maestro Griglielmi, who is expected from Portugal (both celebrated on the Continent), will aid and assist, alternately, at the piano; which will, no doubt, give the public that pleasure and satisfaction so necessary in the Italian Opera. Naldi, who is re-engaged and made director of the Operas, we hail as a happy omen; and congratulate the proprietors in placing so great a singer in such a difficult and honourable situation.

DRURY-LANE.

On Thursday January 5, a new Comedy, entitled *Man and Wife*; *or, More Secrets than One*, was produced for the first time. The following are the *Dramatis Personæ*:—

Lord Austincourt.....	Mr. Holland.
Sir Robert Austincourt....	Mr. Powell.
Charles Austincourt.....	Mr Elliston.
Sir Willoughby Worret....	Mr. Dowton.
Falconer (disguised as Abel Grouse)	Mr. Wroughton.
Cornelius O'Diddimus....	Mr. Johnstone.
Ponder.....	Mr. Mathews.
Sailor.....	Mr. Smith.
Lady Worret.....	Mrs. Harlowe.
Helen Worret	Mrs. Jordan.
Fanny	Mrs. H. Siddons.

The plot of this piece is not that of a Comedy, but of a Romance. It is not an imitation of life, nor has it that sufficient probability which gives to a fiction the decorum of nature, and the resemblance of truth. It is cold, insipid extravagance; reason is violated for what is monstrous, without being pleas-

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ing, and the mind is disgusted by falsehood, which wants the common charm of novelty.

Two children, by a kind of gipsy trick, are changed in their cradles; one becomes a Baron bold, the other a gallant tar. The catastrophe of the play divests the pseudo Baron of his title, and elevates the sailor to the Peerage. This improbability is rendered more disgusting by its being more trite.

There is another plot —It is that of a mock marriage and a sham parson, by which the Peer conceives that he has cheated the credulity of a silly girl; but as the agents of rogues are often confederates against them, so in this case, the Peer is fairly caught in his own snare by a scheming Attorney, who prepares as good a licence as Doctors' Commons could issue, and as substantial a priest as ever Bishop ordained.

Such is this silly plot, which, foolish as it is, was conducted with matchless absurdity.—There was no pause or division in the narrative: there was no middle part—all was either involution or catastrophe.

The Characters were of a piece with the Fable.—The cattle and the cart were perfectly well matched. There was a Noble Lord who richly deserved the gallows; and a Baronet who had very fair claims for the pillory.—It is difficult to distinguish which was most offensive, the penitence or roguery of the Attorney and his Clerk.—The part of the Sailor was that of a clamorous Patriot, and Helen was a coquette without smartness or repartee.

The language of the piece, however, was sometimes elegant This is its only recommendation, and brought it safely into port,—having kept an even, quiet tenor, in a voyage in which little was ventured, and nothing gained but safety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

On Wednesday, January 11, Mr. Young, to whom the Managers of this theatre have afforded an opportunity of appearing in the leading characters of the drama, with no other limit than that of his own discretion, came forward in the character of *Macbeth*.

The part of *Macbeth* is not very nicely adapted to popular effect. The ambition of the performer has not been much consulted in the structure of this character, by those artifices of stage-display, of which the writers of latter times have made such abundant use. However admirable the play, it may be remarked, without indignity to the genius of Shakespear, that the character of *Macbeth* is not very various, nor very nicely distinguished. Such is the solemnity and grandeur of the events in this play, that individual character is either neglected or absorbed. Such is the overwhelming terror of the witchcraft and the magic; such the abounding variety and mystery of the plot, that the poet perhaps had no leisure, or no inclination, to point his characters with any nice discrimination, or to expand them to that excellence of which they were capable.

To represent the character of *Macbeth* with suitable propriety, a good actor should bring to it, not only the ordinary excellencies of his art, but a degree of refined taste, an acute and versatile sensibility, a characteristic grandeur, and a royal dignity; in short, such qualities as are peculiar to a chosen few of his profession.

Mr. Young, who is an actor of great merit, and, as a tragedian, second perhaps to none but Kemble, is no wise suited to this character. His manner is precise, dry, and rigid; there is a formal and studied accuracy in his style, a want of dignity, and a total defect of sensibility.

He seems never to forget himself into feeling, or to plunge into the scene with the artless promptitude of passion. There was nothing absurd in his performance; on the contrary, there were many points of great and shining excellence; but the effect produced was that of languor and indifference. The audience were never roused by the impetuosity of his courage, and had no sympathy with the compunctions of his guilt. He was at no time master of the genius of the scene; and though in some parts he satisfied the judgment, he seldom touched the heart.

We must not omit, however, without its due praise, his admirable delivery of the lines in the banquet scene,

> "*Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer's cloud, &c.*"

These lines were spoken as we have never heard them before, and the effect was such as justified the novelty.

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FASHIONS

For FEBRUARY, 1809.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

Nos. 1 and 2.—Evening Dresses.

Fontarabian robes of Saragossa brown net, worn over white satin or sarsnet; the front breadth ornamented with borders of vandyke lace, terminated at the extreme edge with gold cord, or narrow binding. Stomacher of white satin, laced with gold. Short sleeve of correspondent materials. A drapery flowing from the right shoulder (where it is confined with a brooch), is trimmed *semblable* to the front of the robe (as is seen in Fig. 1. of the Plate), and falling in graceful negligence round the back of the figure, is trimmed on the left side with a gold tassel. A Pelerine, or Pilgrim's tippet, of lace, brought to points in front of the figure, and confined with gold brooches on the shoulders, forms a graceful finish for the bust. A Patriotic hat of white satin, frosted velvet, or silver tissue, with Gallician plume. Hair worn in irregular ringlets. Diamond earrings, necklace, and bracelets. Shoes of white satin, with silver rosettes and fringe. Gloves of French kid.

The different terms applied to the various articles which compose this elegant habiliment will, of course, bespeak it entirely Spanish; and we here take occasion to remark, that it is equally consistent and attractive if formed of any fashionable coloured crape, or fancy leno.

No. 3.—Evening Dress.

A round robe, with short train of claret-coloured crape or muslin; a fluted ribband round the bottom of the same colour; a French stomacher front of white satin, either plain or laced with silver cord, and trimmed with narrow vandyke lace, which is continued round the back and shoulders; a white satin long sleeve, edged as the stomacher, or with a deep antique cuff of lace. A square mantle of white net, embroidered in large spots or small stars of silver, and edged with vandyke trimming; sometimes this graceful appendage is formed entirely of lace, at others of gossamer satin, edged with swansdown. A Spanish hat of white satin, with frosted silver plume and loop. Pearl necklace, earrings, bracelets, and armlets. White satin shoes, with silver embroidered toes. Gloves of French kid; and Opera fan of carved amber.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE *FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON*; SELECTED FROM THE MOST ELEGANT PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SOURCES.

We have in this present Number of our Work to add to our general remarks on the fashions of the day a list of those distinguishing habits which constitute the splendour of a drawing-room costume; and which shone with increased lustre on the anniversary of our beloved Sovereign. As the list of court-dresses will necessarily occupy some considerable space, and as the elegance and splendour which is now displayed at the balls, routs, and public places in this metropolis, afford an extensive subject for fashionable communication, we find it necessary to exclude all introductory matter, and to resort at once to those delineations and remarks which are to form the principal feature of our present subject.

Although the walking, or carriage costume, has undergone little change as to their material or general construction, yet some few elegant novelties have been introduced, which claim, from their unique formation, the attention of our fair correspondents. The first which we shall notice is a walking, or rather carriage habit, formed in a high round robe of fine Merino cloth, the colour Spanish fly. This

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robe is formed a walking length, with long sleeves, and square Spanish mantle of the same, flowing over the back and shoulders. All the points and terminations of the robe and mantle are ornamented with a fancy border of chenille in shaded greens, finished with a narrow base of black velvet. At the extremity of the throat it has a plaited winged frill of point lace, in vandyke or scollop. A small bonnet of the jockey form, composed of the same materials, ornamented with edging, and band of variegated green feathers. A short lace veil of French point, and half boots of green kid, or velvet laced with black, completes this very attractive and elegant dress.

Pelisses are now often formed with scarfs and short mantles of the same, of Spanish fly, Saragossa brown, or fine purple cloth, or gold coloured velvet; they are trimmed with spotted ermine, or other skin, or with the shaded border of floss silk. The Exile mantle is now much in esteem, and possesses much unstudied elegance. It is composed of fine Vigonia cloth of a very dark green, lined throughout with rose coloured, or amber sarsnet; and which being doubled over at the edges, forms a lively contrast to the fur with which it is trimmed about a nail beyond. This elegant mantle is constructed with a high puckered collar, clasped at the throat with silver, gold, or cut steel. It sits close to the figure in form of a wrap on one side; and on the other (which is rounded) it is folded by the disposition of the hand, as fancy or necessity may direct. The Polish wrapping coat of cloth or velvet, lined and trimmed with fur is a very seasonable article, and well adapted to defend the fair wearer from the severity of the weather. White satin mantles trimmed with swansdown, and formed in the Exile style, are considered as elegant wraps for the Opera. Large shawls and scarlet mantles are however still much worn on these occasions; with which the white fox, or swansdown tippet, also blends. The straw bonnet is still introduced as a winter article, in various forms, and ornamented with seasonable flowers and ribbands. These coverings though exceedingly comfortable for the pedestrian fair, and simply pretty in themselves, are certainly best adapted for summer wear. It were an endless task, should we attempt to describe the various constructions which compose the velvet bonnets and hats which our fashionables display, suffice it that they are generally formed of the same material as the pelisse or mantle, and are either of the Spanish or helmet form, while some are in the small French style with full puckered fronts. They are ornamented with Chinese floss trimmings, lace, flowers, and sometimes with two short feathers. This latter article in various forms, is now a distinguishing article in full dress; indeed the dress hat (particularly the Spanish) is incomplete without this graceful appendage.

There is much elegance and novelty in the construction of both morning and evening robes at this season. By such females as are fond of the extremes of fashion, the waist is *frightfully increased in length*, but the most genteel and elegant women do not exceed a becoming medium. The bosoms and fronts of robes are generally much ornamented. The morning robe is most consistent and becoming when formed of white muslin, let in with lace beading in various fanciful forms in front of the bust. We have seen two of this style of robes, which remain unrivalled as to that chaste and simple elegance which should ever distinguish this species of decoration. They were each made high in the neck, and one was formed with a winged ruff in small half plaits, edged with narrow vandyke lace, and cuffs to correspond, a stomacher front laced with cord, and otherwise ornamented with lace beading, but one had a border round the bottom and up the front of the *lotus* in white net, the edges in tambour, with high winged collar, and cuffs of the same.

For full dress, gowns of cloth, velvet, and satin, are most in request at this season; though brocade sarsnet and muslin, and net over satin, blend with the elegant variety. The construction of these robes are various, some in velvet and fine imperial cloth, are bordered alternately with borders of chenile in embroidery; others are ornamented with gold or silver lace, with clasps and fringe to correspond; others are trimmed entirely with fine lace in antique.

Short Polanese robes of coloured gossamer net, over white satin under dresses, have a very light and elegant effect in the ball-room. The following dress struck us as exceedingly beautiful, and decorated females of considerable rank and much personal beauty on a late splendid occasion —First, a round robe of fine white imperial cloth, trimmed round the bottom with a gold fringe; long sleeve of gold tissue, and deep antique cuff; gold embossed stomacher; diamond ornaments, with correspondent comb, and Spartan diadem.— Secondly, a Convent robe of grass-green velvet, richly tamboured in borders of gold; a Spanish hat of white satin, with rich gold loops, and Spanish plume of variegated green feathers; white satin shoes, with gold embroidered toes.

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Thirdly, a plain round robe of pink or blossom coloured satin, with long sleeve; a broad scolloped lace, laid plain round the feet a little above the hem; the same round the bosom and cuffs; an appliqued stomacher of point lace, edged with pearl or white bugles; pearl necklace, earrings, and bracelets; hair *à-la Greque*, with pearl comb.—Fourthly, a Roman tunick of light-blue velvet, made high in the neck behind, with a deep double plaited ruff of vandyke lace, brought to a point at the centre of the bosom, and clasped with rich embossed silver ornaments from thence to the feet; short sleeve the same as the vest, finished with silver lace or binding like that which borders the dress; a long sleeve of fine cobweb net placed over, and confined at the wrist with a diamond clasp; neck and head ornaments to correspond—or a Spanish hat of frosted satin.

Scarlet robes are rather on the decline, or at best only belonging to the intermediate style of decoration, as does also the half kerchief for the hair. Jewellery is much worn in the hair by those ladies whose redundant tresses reject the cap; which latter article belongs (in full dress) exclusively to ladies advanced in years; these are generally formed of velvet, gold and silver tissue, or lace interspersed with satin or velvet. The necklace, or chain, is worn short, and the bracelet broad.

The most genteel colours are Saragossa brown, Spanish fly, purple, and gold colour; although scarlet and morone are very general.

Gloves and shoes admit of no remark since our last communication.

LADIES' DRESSES
ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF *HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.*

Her Majesty.—Scarlet velvet petticoat, with black lace thrown over in tasteful draperies, tied up in diamond bows on the right side; draperies, rows of gold cockle shells and chains, strings of pearls and pearl tassels; the pocket-holes ornamented with rich gold cords and tassels, the bottom of the petticoat gold chains. Body and train of scarlet and gold velvet, trimmed with black lace. Her Majesty's dress was truly magnificent.

Princess of Wales.—A superb gold and white leopard tissue satin train and petticoat, richly embroidered and inlaid all round with beautiful stones, to form vine leaves and grapes, interwoven with bunches of coral. The drapery and pocket-holes of royal purple and gold tissue satin, with a most superb border all round to correspond with the petticoat and train. The body and sleeves of gold leopard tissue satin, embroidered and inlaid with rich coloured stones, to correspond with the train and petticoat. Her Royal Highness wore over this dress a brilliant Grecian wreath of diamonds, superbly set with bunches of roses and stars. The splendour and magnificence of this dress was much admired. Her Royal Highness's head dress was elegantly set with diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Princess Augusta.—Spanish brown velvet petticoat, richly embroidered with gold, a wreath of gold laurel round the bottom; sashes of brown and gold velvet thrown across the petticoat, bordered with wreaths of laurel and berries on the left side. The drapery bordered with a rich Grecian filligree of dead and bright gold tied up with rich gold cords and tassels. Body and train of brown and gold velvet. The effect of this dress was most beautiful.

Princess Elizabeth.—A scarlet velvet petticoat, the bottom richly embroidered in shells of matted gold and brilliant Algerine spangles. Right side drapery of gold beaded net, with a rich tassel fringe; left side of point scarlet velvet and gold tissue, with a rich embroidery of shells in gold. The drapery suspended by diamonds. Train of gold and scarlet tissue, trimmed with gold to correspond with the petticoat. Head dress of diamonds and feathers. This dress was much admired for taste and elegance.

Princess Mary.—A magnificent dress of Spanish brown velvet, embroidered with gold in octagons, forming the ground work of the dress, and spotted all over with gold foil cockle shells. A large drapery, in a semicircular direction, composed the right side of the dress, of gold velvet tissue, with a rich border of cockle shells in dead and bright foil, forming points, and supporting large branches of foil leaves, &c. Six smaller draperies tastefully placed one above another, embroidered in scollops, and stripes of spangles forming shells relieved the eye from the massy borders of the correspondent draperies, and had an elegant effect. The left side, small scollop-shell draperies, tied by a long sash and end; the bottom a broad border of foil in diamonds, embroidered with bullion, and terminated by a spangled fringe. Robe, brown and gold velvet tissue, trimmed with gold point lace and diamonds.

Princess Sophia.—Scarlet cloth petticoat, richly embroidered in gold, ornamented with cords and tassels. Train and body of the same.

Princess Amelia.—A black velvet petticoat, with a drapery across of gold tissue, orna-

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mented with wreaths of gold currant leaves in stripe. The drapery supported by gold cord and tassel, ground-work sprigs of currant leaves in matted gold, and brilliant gold fringe at the bottom. Train of black and gold tissue. Head dress of diamonds and feathers.

The Duchess of York, with her usual taste and elegance, displayed a marine velvet dress, the petticoat of which was covered with a most beautiful real gold net, richly spangled all over, and trimmed with costly Maltese fringe; gold cord and tassel to correspond. A head dress of ostrich feathers, with a collection of precious stones; the neck adorned by a collection of the most precious stones ever seen in this country, and set in a most curious manner, which is peculiar to the great taste and elegance of this admirable Princess.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester.—Blue satin petticoat, superbly embroidered with silver. Blue and silver train, elegantly ornamented with silver. Head dress, diamonds and feathers.

Princess Castelcicala.—A dress of white satin, trimmed with beads; full turban draperies of satin and crape in festoons, with ropes of beads, and tied together in bunches of the same, handsome bead tassels, &c. Robe, green velvet, trimmed with point lace.

The Duchess of Northumberland—A white satin petticoat, with draperies of purple Anglo-Merino cloth, richly embroidered with lamé and Chinese tassels; Spanish robe ornamented with gold; a bonnet a l'Espagnole, with diamonds.

Marchioness of Salisbury—A purple velvet dress, covered with fine point lace.

Countess of Uxbridge.—A dress of garnet coloured velvet embroidered with wreaths drawn up with rich cords and tassels; train of the same; bonnet a l'Espagnole, superbly embroidered in vine leaves. The *toute ensemble* had a most magnificent appearance.

Countess of Camden.—A dress of beautiful Spanish brown velvet, richly embroidered with gold, edged with gold, and festooned with rich gold ropes and tassels; head dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Cardigan.—A dress of beautiful Spanish brown velvet, richly embroidered in gold, edged with gold, and festooned with ropes and tassels; head dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Bellamont.—A brown velvet dress, ornamented with gold shells.

Countess of Effingham—Body and train of moss velvet, trimmed with point and gold; petticoat of purple crape intermixed with draperies of orange, festooned up with bands of gold chain. At the bottom a border of the same to correspond.

Countess De Bruhl.—A yellow satin, trimmed with gold.

Right Hon. Lady Arden.—White crape petticoat, richly embroidered with gold shells and purple velvet wreath; the drapery embroidered in purple and gold; train of purple velvet trimmed with gold and ornamented with point lace.

Countess Dowager Pembroke.—White and gold petticoat, rich Maroon satin drapery, elegantly ornamented with gold rolio and tassels; Maroon satin train, trimmed with gold. Her Ladyship wore, as usual, a profusion of diamonds.

Countess Dartmouth was in a superb petticoat of white satin, with draperies of rich purple velvet, edged with fine sable, ornamented with gold chain and tassels, purple robe, trimmed to correspond. Head dress of purple, diamonds and white feathers.

Countess of Portsmouth—A petticoat of ruby velvet, richly embroidered in gold oak wreaths; draperies the same, fastened up with gold rolio and tassels; body and train to correspond, trimmed with point; head dress diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Countess of Chesterfield.—A white satin petticoat, richly embroidered in gold of antique design; draperies ruby-coloured velvet, richly embroidered in chains of matted gold, interspersed with branches of palm leaves and bloom of brilliant gold; the draperies suspended by rich and elegant cords and tassels of gold. Train of ruby-coloured velvet. Head-dress of feathers and diamonds. This dress was remarkably rich and elegant.

Countess St. Martin de Front.—A dress of white crape, with drapery of ruby velvet trimmed with gold wreaths and festoons of rich gold cord; the whole looped up with handsome gold cord and tassels. Robe, ruby velvet, trimmed with gold and point lace.

Dowager Countess of Dysart, who had not been at Court for some years. Her Ladyship looked extremely well.—Her dress was a beautiful crimson velvet train and petticoat, with drapery most superbly ornamented in Maltese gold. The body and sleeves trimmed with point lace and diamonds The head dress a turban of crimson velvet and gold to correspond, adorned with diamonds. The whole displaying the taste and elegance of that amiable Lady.

The Lady Mayoress.—Dress of white crape, with a rich and elegant silver oak and ivy bor-

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der; a brilliant diamond necklace; Maltese cross, earrings, and bracelets. Her Ladyship's head dress consisted of a superb diamond tiara feather surmounted by a beautiful plume of lofty white ostrich feathers. This was altogether one of the most splendid dresses exhibited at Court, elegantly neat, and excellently set off by the youthful elegance of the wearer.

The Hon. Lady Hood—One of the most splendid dresses in the Drawing-room. A violet velvet splendidly embroidered with wreaths of gold oak, and festooned with ropes of the richest gold, supported with gold doves; head dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady Boston.—A dress of blue satin, ornamented with drapery of black lace, chains of white beads; smaller draperies of blue satin tied with bows and ends, and trimmed with beads, had a novel and striking appearance. Robe, black velvet trimmed to correspond with the dress, and point lace.

Lady Isabella Thynne.—A white satin petticoat, embroidered in gold shells and lilies; drapery of puce coloured velvet, embroidered in gold shells and lilies, which had a most beautiful effect. Train of puce coloured velvet. Head-dress of diamonds and feathers.

Lady Louisa Erskine.—A white crape petticoat and drapery richly embroidered in silver vine leaves and grapes; the borders were finished with small cockle shells of matted silver; the draperies suspended by cords and tassels. Train of blue velvet trimmed with silver. Head dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady Ashbrook.—A white satin petticoat, the front of which was richly embroidered in crimson roses and green leaves in shaded chenille; the bottom to correspond. Short pointed draperies on each side, embroidered in chenille. Train of ruby-coloured velvet. Head dress of feathers and diamonds. This dress was much admired for its simplicity and elegance.

Lady Diana Herbert.—Lilac satin petticoat, gold border and drapery, fastened with elegant gold ornaments and tassels; lilac satin train, trimmed with gold. Her Ladyship's beautiful and elegant appearance attracted universal approbation.

Lady Cranley.—A green velvet dress, the petticoat embroidered in stripes of gold shell, the bottom of it trimmed with cord *depere*, Buenos Ayres gold tissue; pocket-holes richly ornamented with cord and tassels to correspond.

Lady Elizabeth Legg appeared in a dress of rich yellow satin, ornamented with superb gold net, gold chain and tassels; body and sleeves covered with gold net.

Lady Legg wore the same as her sister.

Lady Bruce.—This truly elegant Lady appeared in a white satin petticoat, trimmed with swansdown and matted gold beads; crape drapery intermixed with satin, richly embroidered in bright and matted gold, tastefully ornamented with gold beads; white satin train, trimmed with swansdown; body and sleeves embroidered to correspond; a white satin cap embroidered in gold, and plumes of ostrich feathers—particularly tasty and elegant.

Lady Georgiana Buckley. A white satin petticoat, embroidered in amber chenille intermixed with brown velvet; body and sleeves trimmed with Brussells lace and drapery richly embroidered in amber chenille; pocket-holes ornamented with cord and tassels to correspond—the whole of it extremely beautiful, and was well adapted for so elegant a figure.

Lady Mary Coots.—A dress of ruby velvet embroidered with gold.

Lady P. Coots.—A dress of ruby velvet embroidered with gold.

Lady Francis Pratt—A beautiful dress of white satin ornamented with an antique fringe of pearls, which had a rich effect, and was particularly becoming to the lovely wearer; head dress, feathers and pearls.

Lady Bowyer.—A dress of white silver.

Lady Mary Meed.—A dress of green and silver gauze.

Lady Lucas.—Petticoat white crape edged with spangled crape, headed with puce velvet and gold in shells; drapery strewed in puce and gold, and bordered in gold point *d'Espagne*, deep vandykes of white satin, bordered in puce and gold, and gold tassels; train, puce velvet trimmed with gold and point lace; cap, puce, white and gold, with white ostrich plume.

Lady Redesdale—Petticoat white satin; drapery of crape strewed with white satin leaves, and fastened with scarlet and white velvet wreaths; second drapery festooned with vine leaves and grapes in white satin, looped with rich silk cord and tassels; robe, scarlet and brown Mosaic satin, trimmed with point; head dress, diamonds with ostrich plume.

Lady Wodehouse wore a rich brown velvet robe, and body trimmed with gold and point lace; petticost a most superb gold tissue, richly embroidered with broad gold lace: the whole forming a dress of uncommon elegance.

Lady De Clifford.—A Spanish brown velvet embroidered with gold.

Lady Georgiana Cecil was elegantly attired in a beautiful dark green velvet robe and body,

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trimmed with point lace; petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered in chenille, with superb border, and drapery of vine leaves tastefully arranged, and tied with a sash of green velvet; head-dress, rich plume of white feathers, with a splendid profusion of diamonds.

Lady Emily Cecil.—Her dress exactly the same as her sister's. These dresses were much noticed for their simplicity and novelty of design.

Lady Ann Culling Smith.—A petticoat of white satin, with a border of crape slashes after the Spanish costume, embroidered round with real Scotch pearl; draperies of white crape, with an elegant border of ruby coloured bunches of oak leaves in silk work, and looped up with rows of pearl; the train ruby velvet embroidered round with the Spanish slashes in white crape, worked round and ornamented with the same pearl; the train, elegantly thrown over the hoop, and drawn up with rows of pearl, had a beautiful and elegant effect; head-dress, a ruby velvet toque, ornamented with pearls and a panache of six white feathers.

Lady George Thynne—A white crape petticoat with satin and bead border; draperies of white oak leaves in silk work, drawn up and ornamented with beads and bead tassels; train of green velvet; head-dress of green velvet, and a mixed plume of green and white feathers.

Two Ladies Percy.—Rich satin petticoats richly ornamented with pearls and pearl fringe; trains to correspond. These dresses were particularly elegant.

Lady C. Wynn Belasyse.—A pale blue crape petticoat with Chinese border of bugles, and draperies of blue velvet; train blue velvet trimmed with point lace.

Lady Banks.—White satin petticoat with draperies of swansdown richly ornamented with gold rouleau and tassels; train of purple and brown satin, trimmed with swansdown, interspersed with gold and a paradise plume.

Hon. Mrs. Walpole.—A petticoat and train of pearl coloured velvet, trimmed with sable, head dress of velvet and sable, with feathers and diamonds.

Hon. Mrs. C. Long.—An elegant dress of green velvet; head-dress of green feathers and diamonds.

Hon. Mrs. Egerton—A white satin petticoat ornamented with purple velvet trimmed with sable; train purple velvet; head-dress, a white satin toque, with a panache of feathers.

The Hon. Mrs. George Villiers.—White satin petticoat, scarlet and gold border, and drapery ornamented with black lace; white satin train trimmed with scarlet and gold.

Hon. Mrs. Crewe.—A very rich silver dress, ornamented with dark velvet flowers.

Hon. Mrs Abbott wore a most superb petticoat of ruby velvet, embroidered in silver, with a rich drapery, bordered and fastened with ornaments; a robe to correspond, trimmed with rich embroidery and fine lace; head-dress of ruby velvet and diamonds, and plume of ostrich feathers.

Mrs. Brown.—A white satin petticoat, with draperies of scarlet Anglo-merino cloth, embroidered with wreaths of *Chene et Glands en Or*; train to correspond, with Spanish sleeves.

Mrs. Lee was most splendidly dressed in puce velvet embroidered in gold; draperies looped up with rich gold cords and tassels; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Mrs. Robert Thornton wore a handsome dress of puce velvet embroidered with gold.

Mrs Nightingale.—A white satin dress, with draperies of rich gold tissue edged with silver and gold.

Mrs. Defrise was dressed in one of the most magnificent dresses ever seen in the Drawing-room, crimson velvet, embroidered with silver; draperies festooned with chains of matted silver, supported with silver doves; head-dress feathers and diamonds.

Mrs. Caswell—An amaranthus velvet robe, and body richly trimmed with gold and point lace; a gold tissue petticoat, with draperies superbly embroidered in chenille a l'antique, tastefully arranged, with rich gold tassels, and suspended with cords of gold; head-dress white feathers and diamonds tastefully blended.

Mrs. Pepper.—A most beautiful petticoat of white crape richly embroidered in real gold with a superb border of prominent gold roses on crimson velvet; draperies of the same tastefully designed, and fastened up with gold rolio and superb gold tassels; a train of rich crimson velvet, trimmed with gold military chain; sleeves of point lace, beautifully looped with diamonds; most superb diamond stomacher and necklace; head-dress, crimson and white ostrich feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

Mrs. Fielding.—A dress of Bishop's blue Merino cloth, embroidered with silver in bunches of fancy flowers and Guernsey lilies, tied with rich bows of brilliant bouillon, and bordered in waves of spangles and cockle shells; the draperies looped up with broad bands of silver foil, and rich silver cords and tassels, the

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whole finished with a handsome trimming of swansdown, robe, blue cloth trimmed with swansdown and point lace.

Mrs. Dampier, Bishop of Ely's Lady,—Appeared in a dress of uncommon splendour, consisting of white satin, with rich draperies of ruby velvet and white satin, embroidered in silver, tied up with cord and tassels; a Robe of ruby velvet, richly embroidered, to correspond. Head dress, diamonds and feathers.

Mrs. Fisher.—A blue satin dress richly embroidered with gold.

Mrs. Coates.—A crape petticoat and drapery embroidered in silver and concave spangles, the draperies suspended by rich cords and tassels; train and body of lilac velvet, richly embroidered in silver.

Hon. Miss Brudenell.—A prune-coloured velvet petticoat, trimmed with ermine fringe, intermixed with gold. Head dress of prune velvet and gold.

Hon. Miss Vyse.—A white satin dress, richly embroidered in gold; draperies of white crape, spangled with gold and festooned with chains of matted gold. Head-dress, feathers and pearls.

Hon. Miss Scott.—A dress of white satin, richly embroidered in silver; a robe of white satin, ornamented with silver, and fine point lace.

Hon. Miss Vernon.—A white satin petticoat, richly embroidered in silver shells, forming elegant draperies and strips on the other side of the petticoat; train to correspond; head-dress of feathers, &c.

Hon. Miss S. Coleman.—Petticoat and train of white satin; superb Circassian cloth drapery embroidered in gold, corners finishing with gold filligree balls; upper drapery of white satin edged with curious gold rope—both draperies pinned up with gold filligree bodkins, and supported with rich gold rope and tassels; body and sleeves of Spanish brown cloth, embroidered in gold like the drapery.

Hon. Miss L. Wrottesley.—A very elegant dress formed entirely of lilac satin, deep border of lilac velvet as the drapery, trimmed with rich sable fur, confined with gold filligree bodkins, and tastefully enriched and supported with gold rope and filligree balls; head dress, a fine plume of blue feathers.

Hon. Miss Perceval.—A beautiful Brussels lace petticoat, tastefully ornamented with bunches of variegated holly; the body and train of rich white satin, trimmed all round with scarlet velvet and holly wreath, and rich point lace sleeves; the neatness of this dress for its simplicity was greatly admired.

Miss H. Perceval.—The same as her sister.

Miss Garth.—White crape petticoat and drapery, ornamented with a rich aplique scollop border of velvet and satin work, fancifully trimmed round with satin wreath; the train of rich white satin.

Miss Knight.—A dress of white satin with draperies of white beads, forming a shell work all over the dress, separated only with turban draperies of white satin, looped together with cords and tassels, and rich twists of beads, the *tout ensemble* of this dress was strikingly chaste and elegant; robe, white satin, ornamented the same as the dress. Head-dress, a white satin cap, very elegant head tiara forming a diadem in front, with a plume of white ostrich feathers.

Miss Caswell.—A royal purple velvet, train and body richly ornamented with gold; petticoat of gold tissue, fancifully ornamented with wreaths of the auricula, suspended by superb cords and tassels of gold. Head-dress of white and purple feathers.

Miss Pepper.—A petticoat of white crape beautifully embroidered in silver to form a most elegant festoon net; with a superb border of silver leaves, trimmed with vandyke fringe, and festooned with scarlet satin and rolio, fastened up with silver rope and brilliant tassels; body and train of scarlet satin, trimmed with vandyke silver fringe; head-dress of diamonds and a superb plume of scarlet and white ostrich feathers.

Hon. Miss Dashwood.—A white satin petticoat; draperies of the same, richly embroidered in matted silver shells of different kinds, which had a most beautiful effect, by being relieved by rich cords and tassels; with silver shells and stomacher. She was truly elegant and much admired.

THE NOVEL WRITERS.

WHILE the writers of novels have so many admirable models, upon which their style might be formed, it is not without regret that we turn over the insipid pages which are thrust into our sight in every bookseller's shop.

This trash now continues to break forth from the press in periodical abundance, and, at a time when the price of paper threatens almost to put an end to printing, it flourishes the prime article in the market. It gains strength from the infirmity of human folly, which does not refuse to be fed with it, though at the most extravagant price.

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These scribblers seem to have forgotten that there are writers better than themselves; that if we wish for delicate and refined sentiment, we can recur to *Grandison* and *Clarissa*; if we would see the world more perhaps as it is, than as it should be, we have *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones*; or that we can find the happy mixture of satire and moral tendency in the *Spiritual Quixote* and *Cecilia*.

We cannot help noticing the glaring impropriety they are guilty of, who make their nobility and their peasants speak the same language: they defend themselves, no doubt, by the authority and example of Virgil's Shepherds, Sanazarius's Fishermen, and the rustics of Mr. Pope. But when they are told, that to copy the deformities of good writers will be no embellishment to bad ones, they may perhaps cease to overwhelm us with the sentimentality of their abigails, the heroic gallantry of their footmen, and the rhetorical flourishes of their shoemakers. These are more particularly the characters which do a material injury to that part of the nation, who, when they have shut up shop, wet their thumbs and spell through a novel. A love-sick chambermaid is enough to ruin half the sisterhood; an intriguing apprentice is the torment of master tradesmen; and the high-flown notions of honour, which are inculcated by "Johnny with his shoulder-knot," will set a couple of tailors a duelling. If the rapid course of these grievances be not checked, we shall have the epicure justly complaining, that he can get no lamb to eat with his asparagus, from the sensibility of the Leadenhall butchers; or that the melting tenderness of the cooks prevents the eels from being skinned, or the lobsters boiled alive. Should delicacy of thinking become too common, we may drive the lawyers from their quibbles, and how then are we to get those little odd jobs done for ourselves, and our estates, so convenient for our families, and so beneficial to our landed interests? Suppose, moreover, the Jews, the money-lenders and the proprietors of the crucible, should be infected with this growing sense of honour, the gaming-table must be deserted, there would be no market for stolen watches, and the triumph of sentiment would be the downfall of the nation.

There is much perhaps to be complained of in other publications which tend to disseminate the glare and tinsel of false sentiment; we mean the works of those imitators of Sterne, whose pages are polluted with ribaldry and dashes; and those compilers of modern tragedies at which no man weeps, unless in pure friendship for the author.

If we see in the playhouse a huge blacksmith-like looking fellow blubbering over the foolery of *The Stranger*, we should immediately take it for granted he came in with an order, and look upon his iron tears as a forgery. Indeed, might we be allowed to dictate upon such an occasion, no man should be permitted to moisten a white handkerchief at the *ohs* and the *ahs* of a modern tragedy, unless he possessed an estate of seven hundred a year, clear of mortgage and every other incumbrance. Such people have a right to fling away their time as they please; the works of the loom receive no impediment from their idleness, and it is at least an innocent though insipid amusement.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE earnestly request that those Correspondents who favour us with Communications, will be so good as to transmit them within the second week of the month. We solicit the favours of our literary friends on all suitable subjects, and shall not hesitate to admit whatever is solid and ingenious.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton-street, Strand.*

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1809.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An Elegant PORTRAIT of the RIGHT HONOURABLE VISCOUNTESS ST. ASAPH.
2. TWO WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON, COLOURED.
3. An ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-forte; composed exclusively for this Work, by Mr. WILLIAM KITCHENER.
4. Two elegant and new PATTERNS for NEEDLE-WORK.

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London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Proprietor of the* WEEKLY MESSENGER, *Southampton-Street, Strand, March* 1, 1809.

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TO OUR READERS.

THE Plates of Fashion in our present Number contain two Figures only; but it is not our intention to confine them to that number, as we shall occasionally give three or four Figures, and introduce correspondent furniture; and as a substitute for the Outline Plate, we shall uniformly COLOUR *the Fashions in every future Number.*

Notwithstanding an advance has been made in the prices of almost every periodical Publication on account of the encreased and encreasing expences of producing them, we shall pledge ourselves to our Subscribers, for the present, to continue the usual price of this Work, without abridging it in the quantity of the Letter-press, or the number of the Embellishments.

We trust, moreover, in our future Numbers greatly to add to the value and excellence of ALL *the Embellishments, more particularly in the Figures of Fashion, to render which perfect and explanatory no expence will be spared.*

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J. Hopner R.A. pinxt. Engraved by R. Cooper

THE RIGHT HON^{ble} CHARLOTTE VISCOUNTESS St ASAPH.

Published for the Bell Authority Hill Strand for the 4 Number of [illegible]
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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For FEBRUARY, 1809.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Forty-second Number.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE VISCOUNTESS ST. ASAPH.

The Right Honourable Charlotte Viscountess St. Asaph (a beautiful Portrait of whom, from the admired pencil of Hoppner, embellishes the present Number of *La Belle Assemblée*), is the eldest daughter of Algernon, Earl of Beverly, by Isabella Susana, second daughter of Peter Burrel, Esq. of Beckenham, in the County of Kent. Her Ladyship is married to George Viscount St. Asaph, only son of John Earl of Ashburnham.

Lady St. Asaph, from her rank and high station, occupies a considerable degree of attention in the sphere in which she moves; and it is but justice to her Ladyship to state, that the scrutiny of her conduct well justifies an admiration of her virtues.

There probably never was a period in which the females of the British Court exhibited a more laudable and splendid pattern of those virtues which adorn the sex in every station of life.—The imputations of vulgar calumny against the great were never so little merited as at present; for it must be remarked to the honour of the British Court, and is indeed chiefly owing to the example and vigilance of her Majesty, that there is a constant and steady discountenance, in the circle of St. James's, of all those females who have anywise discredited themselves by a disregard of public reputation.

The Court, at least the female part of it, under the controuling and matronly prudence of the Queen, is made what it ought to be,—the conservator and example of morals and chastity of manners in fashionable life; the source from which refinement flows; and in which, however fashion may bear sovereign sway, she is never suffered to infringe upon the severity of virtue.

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SLIGHT NARRATIVE OF THE CELEBRATED MRS. CLARK.

As this lady has attracted such universal notice, not indeed from any merit of her own, but, on the contrary, from the magnitude of her *demerits*, we have thought it proper to introduce some account of her in the Number of the present month.—The curiosity with respect to Mrs. Clark is so general, that her reputation offers no excuse for omitting her name.

Mrs. Clark is the daughter of a Mr. Farquhar, a native of Aberdeen, who was bred a printer, and worked at one time on *The Star* newspaper, and afterwards in the house of Mr. Hughs. He used to correct the proofs, and his daughter, a sprightly girl, was employed by him to read them. A son of Mr. Day, who had the conduct of Mr. Hughs's business, took a lively interest in Miss Farquhar's fate, and sent her for two years to school, meaning as we have been told, to marry her when she had finished her education. This, however, she avoided by forming a connection with Mr. Clark, the son of the builder, which ended in their marriage. She truly said in the House of Commons, that he was of no profession, for though bred to the business of a stone-mason he utterly neglected it, and soon sunk into the most extreme want. She was thus at an early period of her life flung upon the world with an infant family. Her mother and she at times lived together, and she has been to her in all her changes of fortune her adviser and counsel.

Mrs. Clark was summoned to attend the House of Commons about twenty minutes before eight o'clock on the first of February, and she came readily through the lobbies, with a light step and a smirking countenance. She was dressed as if she had been going out to an evening party, in a light blue silk gown and coat, edged with white fur, and a white muff. On her head she wore a white cap or veil, which at no time was let down over her face. In size she is rather small, and she does not seem to be particularly well made. She has a fair, clear, smooth skin, and lively blue eyes, but her features are not handsome. Her nose is rather short and turning up, and her teeth are very indifferent; yet she has an appearance of great vivacity and fascination of manners, though she is said not to be a well bred or accomplished woman. She appears to be about thirty-five years of age, and probably has recommended herself more by her agreeable and lively spirit than by her beauty, though it must be allowed that she is pretty, having a soft delicate complexion, and an animated expression of features. When first she came into the House she was very pale; on her second appearance her colour had flushed into her face, which was like vermillion; but she seemed not at all daunted or embarrassed at any time. Her female friend was dressed in a white silk gown spotted with brown, and wore a white bonnet with a veil so thick and close about her face, that her features could not be distinguished. She went into the House of Commons and remained below the bar near Mrs. Clark during her examination. Mr. Gurney was seated at the bar taking the whole of the evidence in short-hand.

Mrs. Clark's family was much inferior to that of her husband. Before she was quite fifteen she married Mr. Clark, the second son of a very eminent, wealthy, and respectable bricklayer, who had been largely employed in the city of London. The eldest son succeeded to the father's business, but is now dead, having left a family behind him, and a fortune of about twelve or fifteen thousand pounds. The second son (the husband of Mrs. Clark) was bred a stone mason by the father, and carried on that business in an extensive and respectable manner on Snow-hill; but whether from the indiscreetness of his marriage, or any general indiscretion, the father left him only a weekly annuity during his life, the principal going to his children, of whom he has several by Mrs. Clark, the lady of whom we are now speaking. Mr. Clark is living, but, we understand, he has for some time discontinued his business at Snow-hill. He has two brothers living, the one an eminent surveyor, the other a clergyman, both of them gentlemen of great respectability.—Mrs. Clark was always of a gay turn and very expensive habits. How long she has been separated from her husband we know not, nor do we know what was her course of life between that separation and her commencing the costly establishment in Gloucester-place; but her extravagance there was unbounded; and she in particular exerted all her powers in keeping a luxurious table, set out in the most brilliant manner. Of the extent to which she went, some notion may be formed from the fact of the wine glasses, such in size as individuals usually drink out of at dinner, being so finely cut, that at the sale of her furniture, they sold for a guinea each glass!

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

JULIA;

A RUSSIAN TALE.

THE women complain of the men, and the men complain of the women. Which is right? or which is wrong? and who shall decide the contest? Were the decision left to us, without consideration, we should give it in favour of the most amiable—consequently women. But with this sentence the men would not be contented; they would accuse us of partiality, and say that we are bribed by the kind looks of Lydia, or Arethusa's charming smile; they would make an appeal from our judgment, and our defence would be of no avail. Perhaps the following tale may elucidate this argument:—

Julia was the ornament of the metropolis; she appeared, and the men saw and listened to her alone, conversed alone with her. And the women—the women whispered to each other, viewed her with malicious smiles, and endeavoured in vain to find out a fault in her to appease, in some degree, their offended self-love. Is it necessary, after the above, to say that every youth adored Julia, and considered it an honour to be reckoned among her slaves? One sighed, another wept, a third hung his head, and of every one who appeared sorrowful it was said, "he is in love with Julia."

And Julia loved no one thing except herself. With haughty self-sufficiency she looked around her, and thought—where is my equal? who is worthy of me? Yet she very wisely suffered not any of these thoughts to be conjectured; and when she was remarked for beauty and good sense, she was equally admired for her modesty and talent of dissimulation.

By degrees she approached the end of her fourth winter, and she began to perceive that vanity was only a vapour, which, though it plunges the soul in a pleasing delirium, has nothing stable or gratifying. However one may be taken up with self, it is yet not sufficient; something more than the magical *I* must be loved.

Julia now took an attentive survey of her crowd of adorers. At first her view fell on young Samolubow, who thought on nothing but Julia and the looking-glass. Next appeared to her the manly Grabrow, a young hero who wanted nothing but a Grecian dress to be a perfect Mars; and sometimes the talkative Pustolow appeared amiable, who, notwithstanding his judicial dignity, contended with Vestris in grace, and performed every day at least ten French hornpipes. But it did not continue long.—In the first she soon perceived merely a tiresome and conceited fool; the young god of war, on a nearer acquaintance, was metamorphosed into a stately dragoon; and the amusing judge was shortly converted into a wearisome chatterer. Her choice, at last, fell on young Boris, who was really amiable; in this choice the heart and understanding were unanimous. Boris was brought up under the eye of his tender and sensible parent, in a foreign country. His head was furnished with useful and ornamental knowledge, and his heart cherished virtuous precepts. He was in person pleasing, though not handsome; his countenance had the noblest cast, and a soul shone from his eyes. He blushed like an innocent girl at every immodest word; spoke little, but always sensibly and agreeably, strove not to shine by his wit and knowledge, and listened patiently to every body. The real worth of such a character is seldom known; tinsel is often regarded equally with pure gold, and modesty, the companion of real worth, is thrown into the shade, while impudence is caressed and applauded.

Boris loved Julia; how was it possible to avoid loving one so amiable and handsome? but her numberless adorers kept him at a distance; he regarded her from a far without sighing; in a word, without acting the lover. Nevertheless Julia knew he loved her; whoever is so inclined may wonder at the quick-sightedness of women! but not more visible than the sun at noon day is to a woman the effect of her charms on a man of sentiment, however he may endeavour to conceal it. Julia soon distinguished the modest youth from the rest of her lovers; she encouraged him to approach her with friendly looks and smiles, she conversed with him, showed an esteem for his worth, listened to him with attention, and discovered a wish to see him more frequently. "You will go to the concert to-morrow? to-

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morrow you will dine with us?—The time appeared very long to me yesterday without on"

Boris did not belong to the number of those who construed every friendly word or look of a girl into a declaration of love, and, in their own conceit, set themselves down already as the favoured lover, when they are hardly even thought of; but, with all his discretion, he formed hopes; and hope is to love what a warm April shower is to the newly sown seeds. He was nearly on the point of throwing himself at the feet of Julia to require an avowal of her love, and Julia was looking with desire towards that moment, when a new phenomenon in the great world appeared on the horizon, and drew universal attention.

The young Prince Karin, a favorite of nature and fortune, of high rank, rich and handsome, made his *entrée* into the world; all eyes turned towards him; he was the talk of the day. Every body praised him, principally the women, but especially those to whom he had paid most attention, or those whom he had flattered. His good sense could not be sufficiently extolled, even when he merely conversed about the weather; and it need not be a matter of great astonishment, for enthusiasm is a microscope which magnifies things in a most surprising manner.

In the mean time a report prevailed that the young Prince was perfectly indifferent to female charms, and that Cupid had in vain emptied his quiver against him. What a task for the women! what fame for the victor! It appeared to each as if offended Cupid, with weeping eyes, had applied to them, saying, "revenge me, or I shall die of chagrin!" Cupid die! Ye Gods! what a misfortune! How could it be possible to exist without the amiable child? O, no! we must take his part; he must be revenged, let it cost what it will! The new Alcides must be tamed, must be enslaved, must be enchained!

All the females of the metropolis now appeared adorned with gold chains, as a sign of certain victory. Tremble, tremble audacious youth! the rattling, sparkling chains proclaim thy downfall!

Smiling and careless the young spark roved about, till he met Julia at a public place. She eclipsed all the females. He was the handsomest among the men. "He must fall in love with her," thought the latter. "She must fall in love with him," said the former; and every one cast down their eyes, and gave up all hope. Julia's admirers dispersed on all sides in despair; Boris alone did not leave her. He spoke to her; but she answered him drily.—Julia was confused.

The next day, when Boris called on Julia, a dreadful head-ach prevented her admitting him. The third day he saw her at a ball. The young Prince sat next to her, danced with her, conversed with her. Boris was saluted civilly. He was asked how he did, without attending to his answer. He approached on the other side. He was not observed. And how was it possible he could be, as the Prince did not sit on that side? Poor Boris! you might have been happy; but the moment is past. There now remains nothing to you but to retire. And he did so. He quitted the room and Julia, with what feelings may easily be imagined. We will also quit him; may he weep in solitude, and if possible learn to forget the lovely inconstant.

Julia was transported with her new conquest. Her Prince was an Antinous, when silent; a Cicero, when he spoke; and a demigod, when he said, "Julia, I love you!" Nor did he deceive her. He was in reality enamoured of her charms. He could listen to no concert if Julia did not sing; went to no ball where she did not dance; and visited no public walk which was not graced with Julia's presence. He formerly was fond of gaming; but he sacrificed the cards to Julia. He used to spend many hours in the day with his English horses, but on Julia's account he forgot the horses. One might perceive his love was serious. Perhaps it may be observed, that in the days of chivalry, love was still more serious; but every century has its own customs, and we live in the nineteenth. Our *belles* are not so difficult to be pleased as they were under Francis I. and certainly no one will now throw her glove on the mane of an enraged lion, and order her knight to fetch it, undoubtedly for no other reason than that, very probably, none of the knights of the present time would obey her commands.

Julia was convinced that the Prince could not live without her. It only appeared strange to her that he always spoke of his heart, but never of his hand. Many of her friends already wished her joy of such a bridegroom; but the bridegroom did not explain himself more clearly. At last Julia gave him to understand how much it surprized her. The tender Prince appeared offended. "Julia doubt the power of her charms!" exclaimed he with warmth; "Julia will exchange the ardent god of love for frigid Hymen? The enchanting smile of one for the constant wrinkles of the other? A garland of roses for the bonds of a slave? O Julia!

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love bears no constraint; one word, and the happiness of two lovers is for ever destroyed. Would Petrarch have so ardently loved his Laura, would he have composed one of those glowing sonnets which now enchant us, if Laura had been his wife?" Julia turned pale at this discourse; the Prince perceived that this philosophy did not please her; he retreated. "At least," said he, "we will lengthen the time of our courtship, as long as we can; for never, never enchanting Julia, will these delightful hours return." But Julia could not adopt his sentiments; she was not at rest till he had given her his word to be united with her in the holy bands of wedlock.

After this promise he thought he could take liberties, which even Julia did not deny, while he kept them within bounds; but he daily grew more assured, and moments occurred where the protector of innocence alone could have rescued the virtue of Julia.

Julia was sensible of her danger, and insisted that the wedding day should be fixed. In the mean time the Prince made use of all his arts to overcome Julia's fortitude; but in vain. In those moments, when to all appearance she was on the point of forgetting herself, she with a stern look made him keep his distance; so that at last he gave up all hopes of being happy without the name of a husband.

As Julia awoke one morning with the thoughts of her beloved Prince, she received a billet to the following purport:—"You are charming, Julia, but what is more charming than liberty? It is painful to me to leave you; but the thoughts of an indissoluble tie is much more painful for me to endure. The heart bears no constraint, and ceases to love when it pleases. What then are the bands of wedlock but an insupportable yoke? You do not choose to love after my manner, for love's sake alone, as long as the inclination of the heart continues. Farewel, then! call me faithless if you please; that I have broken my word; but it is an old maxim, that the oaths of lovers are written on sand, which the slightest breeze effaces. With so many amiable qualities, it will not be difficult for you to find a worthy husband, who, perhaps, may possess the rare virtue of truth and constancy! There are phœnixes, but I am not one, at least, in that sense. I shall therefore trouble you no more. I leave Moskow. Farewel.

PRINCE KARIN."

Julia trembled in every joint, and fell, after the manner of the new Didos, into a fainting fit. When recovered from it, she found some relief in abusing the men. "They are altogether faithless, perjured villains! They have tiger hearts. Poison is beneath their tongues. Their tears are crocodile's tears, and whoever trusts to them is inevitably lost" In these and such like colours the enraged Julia painted mankind. Such kind of passionate accusations are to be excused; but are they just? are then the hearts of all men cast in one mould? must all be answerable for one? But the passions seldom make good logicians: they take easily one for all, and all for one.

Julia's misfortune was known throughout the town the next day. "The Prince has forsaken Julia," was the word; and the men shrugged their shoulders, while the women smiled maliciously, and each secretly thought, "he would certainly not have forsaken me." How was it possible for Julia now to appear? She hated the world; and did not quit her room for many weeks.

A fortnight after this affair Boris announced himself; after a little reflection she gave orders to admit him. Poor Boris! the arrow of Julia's eloquence fell on him equally with the rest of his sex. Like a convicted malefactor he was obliged to listen to the bitterest reproaches; another in his situation had perhaps struck Julia dumb with one word, and made her blush with shame; but the good Boris loved; he did not come to shame the injured Julia.

Julia was satisfied with his visit; she wished to see him again, and she lost by degrees her anger against mankind. The tender, affectionate, noble heart of Boris, which in the bustle of the great world she could not have been able to judge of so well as in the confidential converse of her quiet apartment, made an impression on her. "Why," with tears exclaimed she, "why are not all men like you? love would not then be for us the source of misery." Boris took advantage of this moment, and Julia promised to be his; but under the condition that they should retire from the world. "The wicked world does not deserve to witness our happiness;" she said, "its ridiculous vanity is hateful to me. Let us, dear Boris, retire into the country." "My whole life shall be dedicated to your happiness, incomparable Julia," answered Boris. "Gladly with you will I live at the extremity of the globe; and never, either by a reproach or complaint, give you cause for sorrow. Your will shall be my law; for my happiness I have to thank you; it is therefore my duty to anticipate your wishes, and depend solely upon you." Boris did not deceive Julia. The first six or seven weeks passed over in the country like a serene day. The worthy husband was happy in the possession of his charming wife, and Julia returned his tenderness with equal

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love; an ardent passion inspired both hearts; nature itself seemed to partake in their happiness; spring appeared every where in its full beauty; the sweet scents of the flowers, the warbling of the the birds, every thing conspired to increase the transport of the tender pair.

"Good God!" exclaimed Julia, "how can any body live in town? how is it possible ever to forsake the country? Nothing is there but confusion and disquietude; here blooms the pure state of innocence; there reigns perpetual constraint; here peace and freedom. Ah! dear Boris," and with the tenderest looks she pressed his hand on her heart, "Ah! dear Boris, in the peaceful country, in the bosom of nature alone, can a sentimental mind enjoy the full plenitude of love."

The praises of Julia on a country life grew colder and less frequent towards the close of summer; but when pensive autumn took place of the delightful summer, as the flowers in the gardens and fields drooped, and the leaves fell from the trees, the birds retired, and it began to be every where lonely and melancholy, she lost all inclination to extol a country life. Boris perceived she began to feel *ennui*. Sighing, he took up a volume of the *New Heloise*, and read to her an extract, on the happiness of mutual love. Julia listened to him with attention, and said:—"Charming! but yet Rousseau is more followed from imagination than conviction; it were indeed well if it were to continue so. Certainly the bliss of love is the greatest of blessings; but can it always remain the same? will it ever satisfy the mind? will it ever be an equivalent for all other enjoyments? Ah! the heart of mankind is insatiable: it always requires novelty, new ideas and impressions, which renovate and strengthen its feelings; I believe the most ardent love must languish, and tire at last, in solitude; comparison is required to enhance the worth of a beloved object." Boris answered, sighing:—"I thought otherwise; however, to-morrow we will take a journey to town."

Julia appeared again on the theatre of the great world, with all the blaze of fresh beauty, riches, and splendour. She was received with transport, and roses sprang up under all her steps; one pleasure chased away the other, one diversion followed the other as formerly; with only this difference, that now, as a wife, she could enjoy all the dissipation of life with much less restraint than before. She opened her house to receive company, and had parties at home four times, at least, in the week. Boris was silent, and did every thing she pleased: she felt the delicacy of his conduct, and when alone rewarded him for it with the most transporting caresses. "Do you not perceive," said she with an enchanting smile, "that the pleasures of town, and the change of objects, is a renewal of our love? My heart, harassed with the dissipation of the world, so joyfully reposes itself in your embraces." Boris sighed, but so gently it was not heard by Julia.

One evening, when Julia received visitors, Boris saw Prince Karin enter among other company. He turned pale, and was violently agitated; but recovered himself in a few moments so far as to receive the Prince with civility; but he took care to avoid meeting the eyes of Julia during the whole evening, that he might not distress her, fearing she would read the uneasiness of his heart in his looks.

After supper, when the company departed, and Julia found herself alone with Boris, she took his hand and said, smiling:—"Did you observe, my dear Boris, with what cool civility I treated Prince Karin? It would have been ridiculous to have shut our doors against him; let the indiscreet fickle Narcissus feel that he is now perfectly indifferent to me, that my former folly has not left one trace in my heart, and that I have no cause to fear him." Boris kissed her hand, and owned that he thought her conduct was very proper.

In a few days Julia had again company, and the Prince came there also. He was gay, entertaining, witty, and hardly spoke to any one except the mistress of the mansion; with regard to Boris, he hardly noticed him at all; in a word, he played the part of *a man of the ton*.

At length he never missed being at Julia's house. "What an agreeable house," cried both men and women; "Julia is an angel," added one; "the amiable Prince Karin dispenses pleasure around him," said another: Mean while people began to make observations. Some regarded Boris with a smile, others with a shrug of the shoulders. "What is there to wonder at?" whispered one to the other, "old love is never forgotten; and now one is more secure; the husband is a quiet good soul, and all is in a proper train."

Boris's behaviour towards Julia remained just the same as usual; but in her he soon remarked an alteration. She was often absorbed in thought; sometimes she turned red, sometimes pale. She tried to hide her uneasiness, sometimes would throw herself with vehemence around the neck of Boris, appeared as if she had something to impart, yet say not a word. The prudent Boris also remained silent; only when in the dusk, he

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wandered along his favourite walk, and tears streamed from his eyes.

One day, as he returned home towards evening, he hastened towards his favourite walk. The first object which, as he entered it, met his eyes, was Prince Karin, who was sitting with Julia on a grass bank. Her head rested on his shoulder, and her looks were fixed on the ground. The Prince, kissing her hand, said:—"You love me, and I should expire with fondness in your arms! Julia, do you think it right to conform to prejudices? follow the dictates of your heart, follow——." Julia heard a rustling, and looked round, she shuddered as she perceived Boris; but who can describe the feelings of the unhappy husband? what should he do? stab the faithless being? satiate his vengeance in the blood of the traitress, and then turn the steel against his own bosom? No! he certainly had to combat with his rage, but it was only for a moment; he overcame the struggles of his boiling passion, and, with a death-like countenance, and eyes lifted towards heaven, he quitted the walk.

On the same evening Julia received from him a letter, the contents of which were as follows:—

"I have not forfeited my word; not a reproach, not a complaint, has passed my lips; I confided in the powers of my affection; I have deceived myself, and suffer; after what I have seen and heard, we can no longer live together; my presence shall no longer offend you; the rights of a husband are a yoke, if not lightened by love. Farewel, Julia! You are free, Madam! you once had a husband; perhaps you may never hear of him again; the ocean will divide us. I forsake my native country and my friends; the bitter remembrance alone of my misery will be my companion. In the packet which accompanies this, you will find a deed which places you in possession of my fortune. With that I enclose the portrait of *my late wife*; yet, no! from that I cannot part.—I will converse with it as with the shadow of a departed friend, as with the last and only beloved object of my breaking heart."

When Julia observed Boris in the walk she sat speechless during a few moments, then followed him precipitately, called him by name several times; her voice faultered, her limbs trembled, and, leaning on the shoulder of the Prince, she faintly tottered towards the house. Not finding him there she covered her face with her hands, and threw herself, sobbing, on a sofa. The wily Prince in vain attempted to soothe her; she answered him not a word. She opened the letter of Boris with trembling hands, and having perused it, a stream of tears burst from her eyes. The Prince attempted to take the letter from her. "No," said she, with a firm voice, "you do not deserve to read it; a man of honour has written it. The mist has dispersed; I despise both you and myself! You see me now, Sir, for the last time; seduce others, and then laugh at their folly; only forget and leave me for ever. I will not accuse you further! my thoughtlessness alone deserves to be condemned. Pleasure in the world you can never want; but from this moment you, and such as yourself, will ever be disgusting to me. I henceforth make a vow that never more shall daring vice venture to look me in the face. You may be astonished at this sudden alteration, believe it or not, just as it is agreeable to you, to me it is indifferent." With these words she quickly disappeared into the next room. The Prince stood as one thunderstruck; at last he burst into a laugh, either forced or natural, hurried into his carriage, and drove to the play. When Julia heard that Boris was gone, without saying where, she immediately quitted the town, and retired into the country. "Here," said she, sighing, "shall my days pass in melancholy solitude; here, where I once might have been happy! With the best and most affectionate of husbands I left you, dear rural retreat, and alone, a sorrowing widow, I return; but still with a heart which prizes virtue. Alas! this alone comforts me, this alone supports me! Nor ever, holy virtue, will I become unfaithful to you, ever shall you remain my friend. O! I shall see you, shall embrace your counterpart, in the likeness of my never to be forgotten Boris!" Her tears streamed on the miniature of her husband, which she held in her hand.

In this, we must render the women justice; when they once seriously resolve on any thing, their fortitude and their powers in the execution of it, are worthy of admiration; and the most renowned heroes of self-denial, whose names history has exalted to the heavens, must divide with them their laurels.

Julia, in whom little more was wanting to make a modern Lais, was now a pattern of virtue. In her bosom every idle wish was extinguished, and her whole life was devoted to the remembrance of her beloved husband. She fancied him present; she poured out her soul to him. "You have forsaken me," she said, "and you had a right to do so. I dare not venture to wish your return. I only wish peace to your heart. If the remembrance of your wife tortures you, forget her. Wherever you are, be happy; I am encircled with the remembrance of your love; I shall not die with

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sorrow. No; I will live, that you may still possess one faithful heart; and perhaps by means of a secret sympathy, even at this distance, you are sensible of my love, and it imparts to your heart new life, new warmth. Perhaps some compassionate genius whispers to you when asleep; 'Boris is not alone in the world.' Your dear eyes open, and far, far off, you perceive the melancholy Julia, whose heart follows you every where. Perhaps, yet I am wishing, what I dare not, I will love you, though hopeless."

There reigned now in Julia's soul a soft and pleasing sorrow; every virtuous sentiment is pleasant, and even the hottest tears of repentance are not bitter; for repentance is the dawn of virtue.

Julia found that she soon should be a mother. A new, a powerful sentiment, pervaded her whole frame. Should she rejoice or lament? She could not for a long time arrange her own feelings. "I shall become a mother; but the joyful smile of the father will not receive the young suckling; a father's tears will not bedew him! Poor, unfortunate child! an orphan you enter the world, and the first object which meets your eyes is the picture of sorrow! But—as it pleases Heaven! A new duty now binds me to live and to suffer. Welcome, then, dear child! my heart shall love you with two fold tenderness. For your sake, and through you, I will endeavour to find contentment; thy tender mind shall not be impressed by complaints and looks of sorrow. Love alone awaits you in my arms, and the hour of your birth shall revive in me a new life."

She now, with the utmost zeal, prepared herself to fulfil the duty of a mother. *Emile*, this book, single in its kind, was never out of her hands. "I was not a good wife," said she, sighing, "I will at least be a good mother. I will endeavour, by a strict attention to the one duty, to atone for my remissness in the other."

She counted the days and hours till her confinement. Already she loved the dear infant yet unborn; already she embraced it, and called it by the tenderest names. Its every movement occasioned her the most lively joy.

She bore a son, the most beautiful infant, at once the image of both father and mother; she felt neither pain or weakness; transport swallowed up every other feeling; a new source of the purest, most sacred, and undescribable sensations awakened in her heart; her eyes were never tired of gazing at her infant; her tongue a thousand times repeated the most flattering caressing epithets. She warmed his young mind with the ardency of her affection; and imparted to his heart the tender sentiments of her own.

Every thing around her now assumed a gayer aspect. Formerly she hardly quitted her chamber, but the sight of the immense firmament, the spacious earth, awakened in her soul, with added force, the idea of her lonely and forsaken state. "What am I in the great mass of the creation?" she asked herself, and sunk into despondency; the murmurs of the brooks and woods increased her melancholy, and the cheerful sport of the feathered tribe disgusted her. Every thing now was changed. She hastened with her little darling into the open air, as soon as possible; the sun shone more resplendent, because it shone on her boy; the trees appeared to bow down to embrace the lovely child; she heard in the murmuring of the rivulets the most caressing sounds; the birds and butterflies only sported for his amusement.—She was a mother.

The pleasures of the great world, of which she once thought so highly, now appeared to her a deceitful phantom, in comparison with the real transports of maternal love. Alas! she would have been perfectly happy had not the idea of the sorrowing Boris lain heavy on her heart. "I enjoy the highest happiness," murmured she; "my cheeks are bedewed with the tears of joy, while he wanders through the world in melancholy solitude. O! what angel will inform him of his wife's reformation! Yes, I am again worthy of him. In the face of heaven and earth, I will venture to declare, I am now worthy of him; but he is ignorant of it. He imagines me the votary of vice, he conceives me an enemy to virtue. O, did he but return only for a moment to look at our son, he might even say, "you do not rejoice over him," and tear him from me! Gladly would I deprive myself of all comfort to comfort him; gladly would I be unhappy if thereby I could render him happy!"

In the mean time the little Boris bloomed like a rose. He already ran about the meadows; could already say, "I love you, mama!" Already understood caressing her tenderly, and drying the tears with his little hands, which streamed from her eyes.

On a delightful day, in the month of May, as the thought on the first circumstances that led to her marriage just presented itself in the most lively manner to her imagination, she walked out with her little Boris. She seated herself on a green bank, near the road, and while her boy played around her, she drew from her bosom the miniature of Boris, and entered into conversation with it. "Are you

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still the same?" cried she! "Alas! no, certainly not! when you sat to the painter you looked on me with tenderness, was happy and cheerful: and now——." Her brow was overcast, she sat some time in thought, and at length a gentle sleep closed her eyes.

An uneasy mind, even in sleep, experiences disagreeable imaginations. Julia dreamt that a vast ocean rolled its distorted, black, and tremendous waves around her. Thunder and lightning increased the horror of the scene; and a dismasted ship was tossed about on the raging billows. Now sunk in the frightful abyss, now mounting to the clouds, and now swallowed up in the depth of the ocean. Unhappy crew! Julia's feeling heart bled as she perceived that the impetuous surge dashed a corpse on the shore. She hastened to assist the unhappy victim; she endeavoured to recal him to life, and amidst these occupations she recognized Boris! dead, cold, she held him a corpse in her arms. Trembling and breathless she awoke, and Boris stood before her! Full of life and love, he threw himself on her bosom never to part from her again.

This scene not one word more shall attempt to pourtray—not one word more of the speaking silence of the first few minutes, and the immediate heartfelt acclamations of joy which followed! not one word of the tears of transport and delight! not a word of Boris's feelings, as Julia conducted to him his son; and the little boy, by nature taught, caressed him, while he gazed with a smile of affection on the mother.

Boris had travelled for some years. A faithful friend had, in the mean time, acquainted him with every circumstance concerning Julia. At length, as he could no longer doubt that she loved virtue and himself, he hastened back to his native land, to assure his wife that he had ever continued to adore her.

Since that time they have continued to live in the country like the happiest lovers. The rest of the world is nothing to them. Boris is ever the same as he always was—a benevolent man of sense; and Julia proves by her example, that often, under the appearance of youthful levity, the most sublime virtues that adorn a woman lie concealed.

The tenderness of Boris will not allow him to paint her former character in such glowing colours. "You were born," said he, "to be virtuous; a little of vanity, and the fruit of a wrong education, and bad example, were alone the cause of your momentary errors. You needed once to learn the worth of virtue and true affection, to hate vice for ever. You wonder, perhaps, why I was always silent, and never warned you of the consequences of your levity; but I am perfectly convinced that reproaches will sooner render a heart callous than reform it. Tenderness and patience on the part of a husband in such a case is the most efficacious remedy. Reproof and censure would only have made you imagine I was jealous. You would have thought yourself injured, and perhaps our hearts would have been divided for ever. The consequences have justified my opinion. Parting at length appeared to me the only remedy I could employ for your reformation. I left you to the conviction of your own heart, not, indeed, with frigid indifference, not without the most heart-felt sorrow; but a ray of hope supported me, and did not deceive me. You are mine, wholly and for ever mine."

Sometimes Julia would exclaim against the women. Boris defended them. "Believe me, dear Julia," said he, "it is chiefly the fault of the men if the women are vicious; and the chief reason the last are bad, is because the former are generally not better."

Boris and Julia are in many things of a different opinion; but both perfectly agree in this, *that connubial and parental happiness is the greatest blessing on earth.*

"*CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE*;"

COMPREHENDING OBSERVATIONS ON DOMESTIC HABITS AND MANNERS, RELIGION AND MORALS.

This work which, during the short time since which it has been published, has attracted such an extraordinary degree of attention, is attributed to the pen of the celebrated Mrs. Hannah Moore. We shall therefore give a long extract from it. The hero, Cœlebs, thus proceeds in his narrative:—

"Some days after, while we were conversing over our tea, we heard the noise of a carriage; and Mr. Stanley looking out from a bow window in which he and I were sitting, said, it was Lady and Miss Rattle driving up the avenue. He had just time to add, "these are our fine neighbours. They always make us a

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visit as soon as they come down, while all the gloss and lustre of London is fresh upon them. We have always our regular routine of conversation. While her Ladyship is pouring the fashions into Mrs. Stanley's ear, Miss Rattle, who is about Phœbe's age, entertains my daughters and me with the history of her own talents and acquirements."

"Here they entered. After a few compliments, Lady Rattle seated herself between Lady Belfield and Mrs. Stanley, at the upper end of the room; while the fine, sprightly, boisterous girl of fifteen or sixteen threw herself back on the sofa at nearly her full length, between Mr. Stanley and me, the Miss Stanleys and Sir John sitting near us, within hearing of her lively loquacity.

"Well, Miss Amelia," said Mr. Stanley, "I dare say you have made good use of your time this winter; I suppose you have ere now completed the whole circle of the arts. Now let me hear what you have been doing, and tell me your whole achievements, as frankly as you used to do when you were a little girl" "Indeed," replied she, "I have not been idle, if I must speak the truth. One has so many things to learn, you know. I have gone on with my French and Italian of course, and I am beginning German. Then comes my drawing master; he teaches me to paint flowers and shells, and to draw ruins and buildings, and to take views. He is a good soul, and is finishing a set of pictures, and half a dozen fire screens which I began for mamma. He does help me to be sure, but indeed, I do some of it myself, don't I, mamma?" calling out to her mother, who was too much absorbed in her own narratives to attend to her daughter.

"And then," pursued the young prattler, "I learn varnishing, and gilding, and japanning. And next winter I shall learn modelling, and etching, and engraving in mezzotinto and aquatinta, for Lady Di. Dash learns etching, and mamma says, as I shall have a better fortune than Lady Di, she vows I shall learn every thing she does. Then I have a dancing master, who teaches me the Scotch and Irish steps; and another who teaches me attitudes, and I shall soon learn the waltz, and I can stand longer on one leg already than Lady Di. Then I have a singing master, and another who teaches me the harp, and another for the piano-forte. And what little time I can spare from these principal things, I give by odd minutes to ancient and modern history, and geography, and astronomy, and grammar, and botany. Then I attend lectures on chemistry, and experimental philosophy, for as I am not yet come out, I have not much to do in the evening; and mamma says, there is nothing in the world that money can pay for, but what I shall learn. And I run so delightfully fast from one thing to another that I am never tired. What makes it so pleasant is, as soon as I am fairly set in with one master, another arrives. I should hate to be long at the same thing. But I shan't have a great while to work so hard, for as soon as I come out, I shall give it all up, except music and dancing."

"All this time Lucilla sat listening with a smile, behind the complacency of which she tried to conceal her astonishment. Phœbe, who had less self-controul, was on the very verge of a broad laugh. Sir John, who had long lived in a soil where this species is indigenous, had been too long accustomed to all its varieties, to feel much astonishment at this specimen, which, however, he sat contemplating with philosophical, but discriminating coolness.

"For my own part, my mind was wholly absorbed in contrasting the coarse manners of this voluble, and intrepid, but good humoured girl, with the quiet, cheerful, and unassuming elegance of Lucilla.

"I should be afraid, Miss Rattle," said Mr. Stanley, "if you did not look in such blooming health, that, with all these incessant labours, you did not allow yourself time for rest. Surely you never sleep."

"O yes, that I do, and eat too," said she; "my life is not quite so hard and moping as you fancy. What between shopping and morning visitings with mamma, and seeing sights, and the park, and the gardens, (which, by the way, I hate, except on a Sunday when they are crowded,) and our young balls, which are four or five in a week after Easter, and mamma's music parties at home, I contrive to enjoy myself tolerably, though after I have been presented, I shall be a thousand times better off, for then I shan't have a moment to myself. Won't that be delightful?" said she, twitching my arm, rather roughly, by way of recalling my attention, which however had seldom wandered?

"As she had now run out her London materials, the news of the neighbourhood next furnished a subject for her volubility. After she had mentioned in detail one or two stories of low village gossip; while I was wondering how she could come at them, she struck me dumb by quoting the coachman as her authority. This enigma was soon explained. The mother and daughter having exhausted different topics of discourse nearly at the same time, they took their leave, in order to enrich

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every family in the neighbourhood, on whom they were going to call, with the same valuable knowledge which they had imparted to us.

"Mr. Stanley conducted Lady Rattle, and I led her daughter; but as I offered to hand her into the carriage, she started back with a sprightly motion, and screamed out, "O no, not in the inside, pray help me up to the *dickey*; I always protest I never *will* ride with any body but the coachman, if we go ever so far." So saying, with a spring shewed how much she despised my assistance, the little hoyden was seated in a moment, nodding familiarly at me, as if I had been an old friend.

"Then with a voice, emulating that which, when passing by Charing-cross, I have heard issue from an over stuffed stage vehicle, when a robust sailor has thrust his body out at the window, the fair creature vociferated "drive on coachman!" He obeyed, and turning round her whole person, she continued nodding at me till they were out of sight.

"Here is a mass of accomplishments," said I, "without one particle of mind, one ray of common sense, or one shade of delicacy! Surely somewhat less time, and less money might have sufficed to qualify a companion for the coachman!"

"What poor creatures are we men," said I to Mr. Stanley as soon as he came in! "We think it very well, if after much labour and long application we can attain to one or two of the innumerable acquirements of this gay little girl. Nor is this I find the rare achievement of one happy genius. There is a whole class of these miraculous females. Miss Rattle

"Is knight o'th' shire, and represents them all."

"It is only young ladies," replied he, "whose vast abilities, whose mighty grasp of mind, can take in every thing. Among men, learned men, talents are commonly directed into some one channel, and fortunate is he, who in that one attains to excellence. The linguist is rarely a painter, nor is the mathematician often a poet. Even in one profession, there are divisions and subdivisions. The same lawyer never thinks of presiding both in the King's Bench, and in the Court of Chancery. The science of healing is not only divided into its three distinct branches, but in the profession of surgery only, how many are the subdivisions! One professor undertakes the eye, another the ear, and a third the teeth. But women, ambitious, aspiring, universal, triumphant, glorious woman, even at the age of a school boy, encounters the whole range of arts, attacks the whole circle of sciences!"

"A mighty maze, and quite without a plan," replied Sir John, laughing. "But the truth is, the misfortune does not so much consist in their learning every thing, as in their knowing nothing; I mean nothing well. When gold is beaten out so wide, the lamina must needs be very thin. And you may observe, the more valuable attainments, though they are not to be left out of the modish plan, are kept in the back ground; and are to be picked up out of the odd remnants of that time, the sum of which is devoted to frivolous accomplishments. All this gay confusion of acquirements, these holiday splendours, this superfluity of enterprize, enumerated in the first part of her catalogue is the *real business* of education, the latter part is incidental, and if taught is not learnt.

"As to the lectures so boastfully mentioned, they may be doubtless made very useful subsidiaries to instruction. They most happily illustrated book-knowledge; but if the pupil's instructions in private do not precede, and keep pace with these useful public exhibitions, her knowledge will be only presumptuous ignorance. She may learn to talk of oxygen and hydrogen, and deflagration, and trituration, but she will know nothing of the science except the terms. It is not knowing the name of his tools that makes an artist; and I should be afraid of the vanity which such superficial information would communicate to a mind not previously prepared, nor exercised at home in corresponding studies. But as Miss Rattle honestly confessed, as soon as she *comes out* all these things will die away of themselves, and dancing and music will be almost all which will survive of her multifarious pursuits."

"I look upon the great predominance of music in female education," said Mr. Stanley, "to be the source of more mischief than is suspected; not from any evil in the thing itself, but from its being such a gulph of time as really to leave little room for solid acquisitions. I love music, and were it only cultivated as an amusement should commend it. But the monstrous proportion, or rather disproportion of life which it swallows up, even in many religious families, and this is the chief subject of my regret, has converted an innocent diversion into a positive sin. I question if many gay men devote more hours in a day to idle purposes, than the daughters of many pious parents spend in this amusement.

"All these hours the mind lies fallow, improvement is at a stand, if even it does not retrograde. Nor is it the shreds and scraps of time, stolen in the intervals of better things, that is so devoted; but it is the morning, the

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prime, the profitable, the active hours, when the mind is vigorous, the spirits light, the intellect awake and fresh, and the whole being wound up by the refreshment of sleep, and animated by the return of light and life, for nobler services."

"If," said Sir John, "music were cultivated to embellish retirement, to be practised where pleasures are scarce, and good performers not to be had, it would quite alter the case. But the truth is, these highly taught ladies are not only living in public where they constantly hear the most exquisite professors, but they have them also at their own houses. Now one of these two things must happen. Either the performance of the lady will be so inferior as not to be worth hearing on the comparison, or so good that she will fancy herself the rival, instead of the admirer of the performer whom she had better pay and praise than fruitlessly emulate."

"This anxious struggle to reach the unattainable excellence of the professor," said Mr. Stanley, "often brings to my mind the contest for victory between the ambitious nightingale and the angry lutanist in the beautiful Profusion of Strada."

"It is to the predominance of this talent," replied I, "that I ascribe that want of companionableness of which I complain. The excellence of musical performance is a decorated screen, behind which all defects in domestic knowledge, in taste, judgment, and literature, and the talents which make an elegant companion, are creditably concealed."—"I have made," said Sir John, "another remark, young ladies who from apparent shyness do not join in the conversation of a small select party, are always ready enough to entertain them with music on the slightest hint. Surely it is equally modest to *say* as to *sing*, especially to sing those melting strains we sometimes hear sung, and which we should be ashamed to hear said. After all, how few hours are there in a week, in which a man engaged in the pursuits of life, and a woman in the duties of a wife, to employ in music. I am fond of it myself, and Lady Belfield plays admirably; but with the cares inseparable from the conscientious discharge of her duty with so many children, how little time has she to play, or I to listen! But there is no day, no hour, no meal in which I do not enjoy in her the ever ready pleasure of an elegant and interesting companion. A man of sense, when all goes smoothly, wants to be entertained; under vexation to be soothed; in difficulties to be counselled; in sorrow to be comforted. In a mere artist can he reasonably look for these resources?"

"Only figure to yourself," replied Mr. Stanley, "my six girls daily playing their four hours a piece, which is now a moderate allowance! As we have but one instrument they must be at it in succession, day and night, to keep pace with their neighbours. If I may compare light things with serious ones, it would resemble," added he, smiling, "the perpetual psalmody of good Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, who had relays of musicians every six hours to sing the whole Psalter through every day and night! I mean not to ridicule that holy man; but my girls thus keeping their useless vigils in turn, we should only have the melody without any of the piety. No, my friend! I will have but two or three singing birds to cheer my little grove. If all the world are performers, there will soon be no hearers. Now, as I am resolved in my own family that some shall listen, I will have but few to perform."

"It must be confessed," said Sir John, "that Miss Rattle is no servile imitator of the vapid tribe of the superficially accomplished. Her violent animal spirits prevent her from growing smooth by attrition. She is as rough and angular as rusticity itself could have made her. Where strength of character, however, is only marked by the worst concomitant of strength, which is coarseness, I should almost prefer inanity itself."

"I should a little fear" said I, "that I lay too much stress on companionableness; on the *positive duty of being agreeable at home*, had I not early learnt the doctrine from my father and seen it exemplified so happily in the practice of my mother."

"I entirely agree with you, Charles," said Mr. Stanley, "as to the absolute *morality* of being agreeable in one's own family circle. Nothing so surely, and so certainly wears out the happiness of married persons, as that too common bad effect of familiarity, the sinking down into dullness and insipidity; neglecting to keep alive the flame by the delicacy which first kindled it; want of vigilance in keeping the temper cheerful by Christian discipline, and the faculties bright by constant use. Mutual affection decays, even where there is no great moral turpitude, without mutual endeavours, not only to improve, but to entertain.

"This" continued he, "is one of the great arts of *home enjoyment*. That it is so little practised, accounts in a good measure for the undomestic turn of too many married persons. The man meets abroad with amusement, and the woman with attentions, to which they are not accustomed at home. Whereas a capacity

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to please on the one part, and a disposition to be pleased on the other, in their own house, would make most visits appear dull. But then the disposition and the capacity must be cultivated antecedently to marriage. A woman whose whole education has been rehearsal, will always be dull, except she lives on the stage, constantly displaying what she has been sedulously acquiring. Books, on the contrary, well chosen books, do not lead to exhibition. The knowledge a woman acquires in private, desires no witness; the possession is the pleasure. It improves herself, it embellishes her family society, it entertains her husband, it informs her children. The gratification is cheap, is safe, is always to be had at home."

"It is superfluous," said Sir John, "to decorate women so highly for early youth; youth is itself a decoration. We mistakingly adorn most that part of life which least requires it, and neglect to provide for that which will want it most. It is for that sober period when life has lost its freshness, the passions their intenseness, and the spirits their hilarity, that we should be preparing. Our wisdom would be to anticipate the wants of middle life, to lay in a store of notions, ideas, principles, and habits, which may preserve, or transfer to the mind that affection, which was at first partly attracted for the person. But to add a vacant mind to a form which has ceased to please; to provide no subsidiary aid to beauty while it lasts, and especially no substitute when it is departed, is to render life comfortless, and marriage dreary."

"The reading of a cultivated woman," said Mr. Stanley, "commonly occupies less time than the music of a musical woman, or the idleness of an indolent woman, or the dress of a vain woman, or the dissipation of a fluttering woman; she is therefore likely to have more leisure for her duties, as well as more inclination, and a sounder judgment for performing them. But pray observe, that I assume my reading woman to be a religious woman; for I will not answer for the effect of literary vanity, more than for that of any other vanity, in a mind not habitually disciplined by Christian principles, the only safe and infallible antidote for knowledge of every kind."

"Before we had finished our conversation we were interrupted by the arrival of the post. Sir John eagerly opened the newspaper; but, instead of gratifying our impatience with the intelligence for which we panted from the glorious Spaniards, he read a paragraph which stated "that Miss Denham had eloped with Signor Squallini, that they were on their way to Scotland, and that Lady Denham had been in fits ever since."

"Lady Belfield with her usual kindness was beginning to express how much she pitied her old acquaintance. "My dear Caroline," said Sir John, "there is too much substantial and inevitable misery in the world, for you to waste much compassion on this foolish woman. Lady Denham has little reason to be surprised at any event which all reasonable people must have anticipated Provoking and disgraceful as it is, what has she to blame but her own infatuation? This Italian was the associate of all her pleasures; the constant theme of her admiration. He was admitted when her friends were excluded. The girl was continually hearing that music was the best gift, and that Signor Squallini was the best gifted. Miss Denham" added he laughing "had more wit than your Strada's nightingale. Instead of dropping down dead on the lute for envy, she thought it better to run away with the lutanist for love. I pity the poor girl however, who has furnished such a commentary to our text, and who is rather the victim of a wretched education than of her own bad propensities."

CONRADINE;

OR,

INNOCENCE TRIUMPHANT.

[*Concluded from Page* 15.]

CONRADINE had commanded the physician to administer the poisonous draught to Euphrosyne in the presence of the Countess de Martiques. Dr. Alibour was one of the kindest hearted men in the world; he might be styled, by way of eminence, the physician of the fair sex; he loved to feel a lady's pulse: how then was it possible that he could determine to poison a damsel so gentle, so amiable, and so beautiful as Euphrosyne! Mounted on a mule, and without any attendant, he arrived in the midst of the night at Conradine's capital. He was informed that Euphrosyne was in bed. "It does not signify," said he, "I must and will speak to her." He was conducted to her apartment.

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"Dr. Alibour," exclaimed Euphrosyne, what brings you hither? have you left Conradine? has any accident befallen him?"

Dr. Alibour. None, fair lady, except that being far distant from you, he has been highly exasperated against you by false accounts. At the moment of my departure his hatred of you was as vehement as his love had before been.

Euphrosyne. Your information afflicts me, Doctor. Who can be my accuser?

Dr. Alibour. The Countess de Martiques; for I am too much interested in your welfare to conceal any thing from you; the young Baron de Bormes, who is your constant attendant, and whom you have not kept confined in the tower——.

Euphrosyne. Is it possible?

Dr. Alibour. Possible enough. Conradine, burning with rage, has sent me hither. My errand would be the very reverse of agreeable, were I wicked enough to fulfil my commission.—He has commanded me to give you poison.

Euphrosyne. To give me poison! And (*with a supplicating look*) would you obey his orders?

Dr. Alibour (*respectfully kissing her hand*). No; but I must pretend to obey them. To-morrow, in the presence of the Countess, I shall hand you a bason full of a mixture of honey; you must drink it up, and then complain that you feel as if you had a fire within you, and counterfeit convulsions. As it will be looked upon as a slow poison, you may afterwards by degrees resume your serenity, and will have an opportunity to prepare yourself to act your part adroitly on Conradine's return.

Euphrosyne. It is not in my power, Doctor, to make you a recompence for so important a service as the preservation of my life.

Dr. Alibour (*smiling*). Do you imagine then, that physicians never preserve the lives of their patients except for money? In this case I do nothing but what is perfectly natural, and do not even expect any acknowledgment. Farewel, fair lady, equally fair in body and in mind.

The next morning the Doctor went to the Countess, who was previously informed of his visit.—"Well," exclaimed she, "you are come to avenge our master."—"Yes," replied the Doctor.—"Where is the poison?"—"Here," said he, shewing her the bason with the honey. "Let me see it."—"Do not touch it; its operation is dreadful though slow. There is no antidote; sooner or later death must ensue."—"So much the better; send for Euphrosyne."

Euphrosyne appeared, surrounded by Conradine's body-guard, and followed by her weeping sisters; she acted her part to perfection. "I know all," said she to the Countess; "I am doomed to die. Where is the bowl, Doctor? give it to me. I thank heaven," added she as she held it in her hand, "for putting an end to all my misery at once. With a man of so impetuous a disposition as Conradine I should have been unhappy." She drank off the contents of the bowl. "It is over!" she exclaimed; "I carry death within my bosom; a consuming fire already circulates in my veins. Whither am I to be conveyed?" said she to the guards. "Are my hands to be loaded with fetters?"—"No," answered the Countess, "you are free, enjoy in liberty the few days you have to live."—"Tell him then, that I thank him for having at least spared me that humiliation." So saying she withdrew. Her sisters, unacquainted with the secret, wept and sobbed. The Countess admired her composure and her indifference to life, while the guards were lost in the utmost astonishment.

Their surprise was augmented when they a few days afterwards beheld Euphrosyne resume her accustomed vivacity. She returned to her former occupations, and seemed to have lost all remembrance of the tremendous scene.—Conradine, having vanquished all his enemies, hastened back to the capital, elated with his victories, and as much incensed as ever against Euphrosyne. It was not merely offended love that roused him to vengeance; pride made him blush that he had betrayed such weakness as to suffer himself to be for a moment enchained by passion. The bonds were burst asunder; his gloomy, vindictive, and haughty disposition returned. He imagined that Euphrosyne would tremble in his presence, and betray in her features the marks of his revenge; and he was determined to sharpen the pains of death with reproaches and humiliations.

On his arrival she was the first person that he met with. She was gathering flowers in her garden, and singing at the same time the touching strains of the poet of Limoges. With the utmost composure, unmixed with fear, she beheld Conradine. "What, are you here?" said she.—"Yes, faithless woman, I am here." "O, no more reproaches," rejoined she calmly, "after you have caused poison to be administered to me; I am sufficiently punished; no more of that. How have you been? Your victory, I am told, is complete; and this morning I returned thanks to God for it in the church of the Capuchins; for though I am not long for this world, yet believe me I am interested in all that concerns you, and heartily

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forgive you. But—hold me, Conradine,—hold me—I seem as if I should faint." Conradine held her in his arms for some minutes with emotions of indignation and astonishment.—"It is the effect of the poison," said she, apparently coming to herself again; "except that I ail nothing." Mute and gloomy, Conradine knew not what to answer; love, stronger than his anger, reproached him for his conduct, and he hastily quitted Euphrosyne. "No," said he, "no; her torments would at last become my own. When she shall be no more I may forget Euphrosyne, but to see her and to behold her sufferings, to feast myself on her tortures.—No, I am not so cruel as I imagined. Die she shall: either my sword or a stronger dose shall to morrow put an end to her misery."

But he had first to inflict punishment on another criminal. The young Baron de Bormes, whom he looked upon as a rival, and a rival who was preferred to himself, deserved in his opinion something worse than death. Immediately on his arrival he had ordered him to be loaded with fetters, and thrown into a dungeon. Neither Beatrix, nor the Countess de Moutford, nor the Regent of France could prevail upon him to set the prisoner at liberty. He might have put him to death at once, but he was desirous of obtaining from him a confession of the truth. Every night he was haunted by frightful dreams; he fancied that he saw the spirit of Euphrosyne with the poisonous bowl in her withered hands, upbraiding him with his vindictive disposition, and summoning him before the tribunal of the Almighty, where her innocence would be made clearly manifest; whithersoever he went this terrific phantom pursued him. All the information which he had collected since his return proved nothing positive against Euphrosyne. Every mouth overflowed with her praise; he beheld a new people, which she had civilized by her amiable demeanor, and to whom she seemed to have imparted her native cheerfulness. He saw that by her condescension she had contributed to render him dearer to his subjects, who now did from affection what they had formerly been impelled to do by fear.—"So many virtues, and yet so false!" No person except the young Baron de Bormes could satisfy him respecting her innocence; but was it likely that he would answer his murderer? was it probable that he would confess the truth? Conradine resolved to intimidate him by a solemn and religious ceremony.

He descended into his dungeon. "Come hither," said he to him; "come hither and confirm to me at the altar Euphrosyne's innocence and thine, if thou darest."—"I will," replied the Baron. Conradine conducted him to the church of the Capuchins, and caused the terrific mass to be read which is commonly used for enemies of the state, sorcerers, and excommunicated persons. The wax-candles were extinguished, the church was hung with black; the young Baron himself was covered with a winding-sheet; before him was a half open grave, from which a frightful skeleton was rising, and a sacrifice overturned. Undaunted by all these appalling preparations, the young Baron swore with a loud voice that Euphrosyne was innocent. The clouds which before had overcast the sky disappeared; the sun shone forth in all his splendour; the tapers were again lighted; the temple resounded with shouts of joy; and the people accompanied Conradine and the young Baron with expressions of satisfaction which clearly proved how much Euphrosyne was beloved. What a glorious triumph for her! From this moment she feigned herself extremely weak, and complained of an internal decay occasioned by poison; her fainting fits were more frequent, and she appeared in public more rarely than before. Now that she was sure that Conradine still loved her, and no longer doubted her innocence, she wished him to feel the horrors of remorse, and to impel him to an explanation for which she had paved the way.

Conradine, indeed, appeared to be tormented by the furies themselves. He never quitted Euphrosyne without reluctance; and as long as he was in her company he sighed and sat silent and melancholy. His sighs were answered by those of Euphrosyne; she too was silent, and seemed desirous to avoid his observation. Each returning day brought a repetition of the same scenes.—"Euphrosyne!" sometimes exclaimed Conradine in a tone of anguish, "Euphrosyne! wretched, wretched man!" and departed.

To this secret affliction was superadded anxiety respecting his future state. The spirit of his age possessed complete dominion over his mind; and in that age a person might be at the same time a tyrant and a devotee. The knights plundered orphans, founded rich chapels, and endowed convents; the high-roads swarmed with silly crusaders, who, having united under one leader, were going to embark for the Holy Land; with small troops of Banditti, who sought opportunities of surprising castles; with pilgrims, who to accomplish their vows, begged from door to door; and with hermits singing the Lamentations of the Sieur de Creque, which occasioned the renewal of the crusade under Louis IX.

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For some time one of these hermits had taken up his abode upon a mountain not far from Conradine's capital. He had constructed with his own hands a small habitation which, however, commanded veneration by the silence that reigned around, and by the precious relics, and among the rest a piece of the holy cross which he had brought back with him from the unfortunate crusade of Acre. He pretended to be a knight, and that he was accomplishing a vow which he had made when in extreme danger. A long beard, the reputation of prophecy, and austere manners, caused the people to place confidence in him. They thronged to him for advice, and to implore him to intercede for the divine mercy in their behalf.

To this venerable man Conradine resolved to apply; through his means he hoped to obtain pardon from Heaven for the crime which he had intended to commit. Clothed in a hair-garment, like a penitent, he ascended the steep mountain on foot. "Man of God," said he, "listen to me; afford me thy assistance; Conradine kneels before thee. Do the same before the Almighty, who looks down with complacency upon thee, and acquaint him with my repentance. But first I promise thee to build a chapel upon this spot, and to provide priests for its service. Now hear what I have to communicate."—On this, in the humble attitude of a contrite penitent, he commenced a confession of the insignificance of human grandeur, and of all his sins, and concluded with imploring the mercy of the Most High, and the blessing of the hermit. What a confession for the latter, who was no other than Elzear de Sabran, the father of Euphrosyne. On his return from the disastrous expedition to Palestine, he had at first intended to seek an asylum with Conradine; presuming that his daughters had followed his advice, and that the Count had been unable to resist their united attack; but when the false report concerning Euphrosyne had reached his ears, he thought it better to conceal his name, and to embrace the life of a hermit.

It is easy to conceive what difficulty he had to keep his temper, and to dissemble his feelings, when he beheld the murderer of his daughter kneeling before him. At length, unable to restrain himself, he exclaimed in a tone of indignation:—"Tremble Conradine; the poisoning of a fellow-creature cannot be forgiven; it is the basest of all crimes, and is particularly obnoxious to an offended God. It cannot be otherwise Conradine.—Live, tortured by conscience in this world, and tremble at the prospect of that which is to come."

Conradine rolled upon the ground in agony; he tore his hair, and beat his breast. "O God!" exclaimed he, "then she cannot recover! Unfortunate Euphrosyne!

The Hermit. Where is she?

Conradine. In my castle.

The Hermit. Has she any one to comfort her?

Conradine. Her sisters.

The Hermit. Tell her to come hither and to bring them with her. Who administered the poison?

Conradine. My physician.

The Hermit. Tell him to come also, but not a creature besides. I will pray the whole night, that Heaven may take compassion on Euphrosyne, and point out to me among the herbs which I myself cultivate an antidote to restore her.

Conradine. Man of God! if thou preservest her life, I will erect a glorious monument to thy memory. Thou seest the two peaks of yon mountains, separated by a broad valley. I vow to consecrate to God a chain of gold which shall reach from one peak to the other as a token of gratitude for Euphrosyne's recovery.

The whole night long the hermit tolled the bell at his solitary retreat, and at the doleful sound Conradine betook himself to prayers at his castle. No sooner had the sun darted his first rays above the horizon than he repaired to Euphrosyne.—"Hasten to the mountain," said he, "fair Euphrosyne; the holy man who resides there expects you. Would to Heaven that he may find means to restore you to health. Doctor Alibour and your sisters shall accompany you. If he can devise none, before to-morrow dawns I shall cease to live.

Euphrosyne at length began to pity Conradine. His repentance attested the violence of his passion, and his remorse was a sufficient punishment for an unaccomplished crime. More than once she was inclined to disclose every thing to Conradine, but she was apprehensive lest the discovery of the artifice should be productive of bad consequences in so proud a man as Conradine. Doctor Alibour was in the like dilemma; the pilgrimage to the mountain was therefore agreeable to them both. "I doubt not the omnipotence of God," said she to Conradine; "he sees your repentance, he knows that I have forgiven you; he will take compassion on us both; and I have a secret presentiment of some extraordinary miracle."—"You pour consolation into my soul, fair lady," said Conradine; "go, pray for me to God, whose hand lies heavy upon me.

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In the mean time, while you are ascending to the hermitage, I will go to the superior of the Capuchins, and open my heart to him."—He accordingly repaired to the convent. The superior was a better comforter than the hermit; or rather he was an adept in the policy of his station, which consisted in promising indulgences and forgiveness to those who chose to purchase them by their liberality.

Euphrosyne was meanwhile ascending the mountain. Her sisters, more dejected than herself, were occupied with pious meditations; Doctor Alibour laughed in secret at the miracle that was to be performed; and Euphrosyne could scarcely refrain from laughing too, whenever she looked round at the Doctor.

At length they reached the hermitage. They found its venerable tenant seated at the threshold, reading very devoutly in his prayer-book. So much was he altered that neither Euphrosyne nor her sisters recognised their father. He, however, immediately knew them, and looked in silence at one after another. When he beheld Euphrosyne tears trickled from his eyes, and he sunk back upon the stone. The amiable sisters were affected; they looked at him and wept. The hermit at length came to himself. "Come nearer Euphrosyne," said he, dost thou not know me?" His words, his voice, made an instantaneous impression. Euphrosyne and her sisters fell at his feet; he clasped them all in his arms and wept over them.—"I see thee then for the last time, my Euphrosyne! Conradine——" "It is not so, father, I have not taken poison. Conradine ordered it to be administered, but Alibour deceived him. Conradine, the victim of his delusion, is now tortured with remorse; and every thing has been so managed, that on my return he will believe me restored by a miracle. In future you will hear none but pleasing accounts, for he is waiting for me to conduct me to the altar."—"Praised be God!" exclaimed the hermit, "this, day which at its dawn promised to be the most unhappy in my whole life, is now one of the most delicious. But the priest will presently attend before the altar: come my children, let us there implore the blessing of heaven."

Never was mass heard with greater devotion. As soon as it was over, the old man set before his daughters and the good Doctor a humble breakfast of fruits and roots. "I cultivated them myself," said he, and his daughters wept at the idea of the pain which this labour must have occasioned to him who was not accustomed to it—"Man," replied he, "is capable of doing whatever he wills. Believe me, dear girls, it is much less painful to cultivate the earth, at least to one who has a humane heart, than to conduct twenty thousand men to the field of slaughter. Now return to Conradine. And you, my beloved Euphrosyne, appease his tormented conscience; then promise to come back to me and to receive his hand, together with the honourable name of his wife, at this altar, in my solitary cell. Tell him not who I am: here I will live and die unknown. Farewel for the present, my dear girls." They departed; and when they had proceeded to some distance, he raised his hands towards Heaven and exclaimed:—"Take me, O God, take me from this world, as soon as I have witnessed the union of Euphrosyne with Conradine!"—It was now the hour when he was accustomed to go to the sea-shore to fish; he therefore took his line and repaired to the beach.

During this interval Conradine had not broken his fast; ever since the morning he had not quitted the altar; but kneeling on the graves of his ancestors, he had bedewed them with his tears. The monks had continued to pray without ceasing in the choir, and their superior had been the whole time at his side. He was informed of Euphrosyne's return. He rose, trembling. "O God!" said he, "am I doomed to die, or shall I receive a new existence?"—The superior flattered him with the hope of a miracle. He proceeded to the castle. The sisters were standing at the window, and as soon as they saw him coming, they called to him:—"Courage, Conradine, courage!"—These few words revived his spirits; he advanced with a quicker pace and firmer step. Euphrosyne met him on the stair-case. "A miracle!" exclaimed she; "a miracle!" Conradine fell at her feet, unable to utter a word. After a long silence Euphrosyne offered him her hand. "Not till you tell me," said he, "that all is forgiven."—"With all my heart," replied Euphrosyne.

Splendid preparations were speedily made for the nuptials. Conradine distributed money among the people, and shewed extraordinary liberality to the monks, to whose intercession he ascribed Euphrosyne's recovery. He immediately gave orders for the gold chain which he had promised. On the appointed day, he repaired with his whole court to the hermitage, where the ceremony was to be performed.

The good hermit had meanwhile fallen sick, and at the approach of death he only regretted that he could not join the hands of Conradine and his daughter. Being told one morning that the Count and his whole court were coming, he took his staff and after he had with some difficulty knelt down, and in a few words

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offered up his thanks to heaven, he went to the door of his hermitage, where he received Conradine, who threw himself at his feet and kissed his hand. His example was followed by Euphrosyne and her sisters. "At last," said he, "at last ye are happy. Long may you live, Conradine, and from your happiness, as from a pure spring, may the felicity of your subjects flow!"—Mass being ended, the chaplain of the Count performed the nuptial ceremony, and Conradine and Euphrosyne promised each other everlasting affection. The old man was overpowered with joyful emotions, which were succeeded by excessive weakness. His daughters saw him turn pale and stagger. He requested to be carried to his cell, and to be left by himself. He knelt down to pray, and expired without a pang. After the nuptials, the sisters, uneasy because he did not return, went to look for him, and found him a corpse. As they were plunged in the most profound sorrow, the superior of the Capuchins endeavoured to comfort them by representing that such a death was only a transition to a glorious immortality. Euphrosyne insisted on his being interred in the hermitage, and Conradine erected a magnificent church on the spot.

HISTORY OF THE CAMPAIGN IN SPAIN;

FROM AN OFFICER OF DISTINCTION.

HAVING observed a disposition in some of the public prints to censure the general operations of the British army in Spain, and to load the memory of a most gallant, able, truly meritorious, and not less lamented officer, with reflections which never can attach to it when the circumstances under which he acted are fully and fairly weighed—I am led to offer a few observations, which will, I trust, have the effect of producing at last a more attentive consideration of the various difficulties under which the Commander of the British army was placed, before the public allows itself to be influenced by opinions and insinuations which may be the result of malevolence not less than of ignorance.

When Sir John Moore reached Salamanca with the troops which marched from Portugal, he learnt the defeat of General Blake's army in the Asturias, and the dispersion of the Estremadura army at Burgos. At this period he had with him about fifteen thousand effective infantry, and one brigade of artillery. The rest of his artillery, with the whole of the cavalry, and four battalions of infantry, had been forced to take a circuitous route by Elvas, Almarez, and Madrid; that by Almeida, and Cindad Rodrigo, being deemed, as it afterwards proved, nearly impracticable for cavalry and artillery.

Sir David Baird's corps was advancing by divisions from Corunna to Astorga, according to arrangements made with the Government of Galicia, which had been subject to delays in the first instance, and subsequently to difficulties arising out of the nature of the country, the deficiency of practicable communication, of quarters, and of supplies. Sir David Baird's corps could not be assembled at Astorga until the 4th of December, and Lieut.-General Hope's, under every exertion, and suffering no interruption from the enemy, might be expected to join Sir J. Moore about the same time (as it did) near Salamanca. The stores and reserve ammunition were following, under the escort of the Buffs, by the route of Cindad Rodrigo, and their progress was necessarily slow. Under these circumstances the whole army could not have been united until the middle of December. After the advantages obtained by the enemy over General Blake, and the corps at Burgos, it could hardly be hoped that General Castanos's army would be able to maintain its position on the Ebro; but measures more judicious than those which were pursued, and a timely retreat, when no good result could be expected from risking a general action with raw troops against superior numbers, might have secured the existence of a great proportion of General Castanos's army, and its eventual assembly behind the Tagus. In that case it is probable that Sir J. Moore would have marched into the right, have joined General Castanos, and have endeavoured with him to defend the line of the Tagus, covering the southern parts of the peninsula, and losing no opportunity of making such forward movements as might interrupt the enemy's operations on the side of Madrid, Saragossa, &c.—Reinforcements might have been drawn from the rear, and a retreat was open upon the Sierra Morena.

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The defeat and dispersion of General Castanos's corps destroyed every prospect of executing such a plan, and rendered impracticable any movement of Sir J. Moore in that direction.

There existed no other Spanish army which could operate directly with Sir J. Moore, or which could form any diversion in his favour. His own army, when united, would not amount to thirty thousand men, and at this period it was divided into three corps. No immediate benefit seemed likely to result from any forward movement, and the safety of the British army, and the defence of Portugal, became the most important objects of his attention. Under every appearance and every calculation which then occurred, these could only be insured by an early retreat of his own corps, when joined by Lieut.-General Hope's division, to the frontiers of Portugal, by the route of Ciudad Rodrigo (however ineligible otherwise for cavalry and artillery) and by the retrograde motion of Sir David Baird's corps towards Corunna or Vigo, there to be embarked, and thence to proceed to the Tagus

That such was Sir J. Moore's intention is well known, and was evident from the return of a part of Sir David Baird's corps towards Lugo; and had the safety of the British army been the only motive by which he was actuated, that intention would have been at once executed. Lieut.-General Hope's division reached Alba de Tormes on the 4th, after a march which had been conducted with great skill and prudence, and Sir J. Moore might have commenced his retreat from Salamanca about the 6th.

In the interval, however, he was informed, that the inhabitants of Madrid had taken up arms, and had expressed a determination to defend themselves to the utmost; that a Spanish corps maintained the pass of Somosierra; and that great exertions would be made in other quarters; and he was strongly urged to suspend his march, in order by his stay to afford countenance to those efforts. Upon this he determined to order the cavalry, under Lord Paget, from Astorga, to join him, and as far as he could, to favour the operations of the Spaniards by some movement upon the communications of the enemy, which might distract his attention.

The execution of this intention was followed by a determination to unite the whole army between Toro and Benavente, thence to make a movement upon Valladolid, &c. He was indeed then aware that the resistance at Madrid had been as short as it was unavailing, but much stress was laid upon the exertions making in the south, upon the importance of affording to the Spaniards time and a respite, by a diversion which should oblige the enemy to withdraw a great proportion of the force with which he was pressing the scattered remnants of their army. He probably felt that the honour of his country and of the British arms required that he should prove to Spain, and to the world, that the army sent to the support of the Spaniards had not retired whilst there remained even a faint hope that its efforts could afford any aid, or cause a diversion which might relieve them from immediate pressure. The prospects were otherwise discouraging, and he was well aware that in taking so decided a step, he must risk the safety of his army, by eventually exposing it to the attack of very superior numbers, and to a retreat under circumstances far more unfavourable than those which then prevailed. His first operations might indeed prove successful, as the mass of the French force had been collected towards Madrid, and was directed southward; but there was nothing to prevent its speedy return northward; and while he endeavoured to avail himself of the dispersion and the distant situation of the French corps, he was equally bound not to neglect any precaution which could ensure his retreat and re-embarkation. A retreat to Portugal must henceforth be given up as too precarious and uncertain; his views must be directed to Galicia; and while he moved from Salamanca, and deprived himself of a retreat in that direction, he could upon no account risk any movement which would leave equally uncovered the passes into Galicia.

His first object had been Valladolid, thence to move as circumstances might direct; but information received of the situation of Soult's corps at Saldanha, and the expected arrival of that under Junot at Burgos, induced him to direct his attention to that quarter. The situation of Soult's corps upon his left, and the subsequent union of both, would have enabled the enemy to penetrate by Mansilla and Leon to the passes in his rear, while he might be pressed in front by the force advancing from Madrid. As his subsequent operations have been detailed and made public in the official reports, it would be superfluous to describe them here.

It has, however, been insinuated, that the British army would have been much more able effectually to cope with the enemy at this early period, than after it had suffered materially in numbers and equipment of every description, from a most arduous and harassing retreat. The proposition is self evident, and from the gallant exertions made by less than

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half the army in the battle of Corunna a judgment may be formed of what it would have achieved before it commenced its retreat. Sir J. Moore had full confidence in his army; he knew its spirit, its perfection in discipline, and in every requisite. The actions in Portugal had proved the excellence of the artillery and infantry, and the several affairs in which the cavalry had been engaged recently, had shewn that they were not inferior to the infantry; and that both had a marked superiority in every thing, except numbers, over the French. He had every reason to hope that the first efforts of his gallant army would prove successful even against very superior numbers; but he would not have been justified in the expectation that it would be able in the long run to resist attacks constantly renewed, and which could no longer have been avoided by a retreat; while any check, or eventually a defeat, experienced in an immense plain, which offered such advantages to the enemy from his superiority of cavalry, must have proved destructive of the whole army. Sir J. Moore had determined to attack Marshal Soult's corps, and his columns were actually in motion to assail that part of it which occupied Carrion, when he learnt that the enemy had drawn great reinforcements to Palencia, and was marching strong corps in the direction of Salamanca and Benavente. He might have persevered, might have defeated Soult's corps, and have faced about, and met the corps advancing upon his right and rear; his army was equal to every exertion that could possibly be expected from soldiers—they were full of spirits, eager to engage, and they calculated upon the number they would meet. Had Sir J. Moore consulted only their inclination; had he been misled by the immediate prospect of some brilliant but temporary advantages, he would persevered; but he had to consider that Marshal Soult might not await his attack; might, by retiring before him, lead him to a greater distance from the passes by which he felt that he must eventually retreat, while the corps marching from Madrid, &c would have reached those passes, and intercepted his march. The chief object he had in view had been attained; the diversion was made—it must have proved effectual towards the relief of the Spaniards, as it was evident that it had drawn upon him nearly the whole of the French army. In executing it he had already risked the safety of his army, and by persevering in his forward movement, he would have exposed it to destruction. He yielded to the dictates of prudence, and he dared to retreat amidst the murmurs of officers and soldiers, indignant at the idea of giving way to an enemy whom although they did not despise, they feared not to meet, and in opposition to his own gallant disposition, which would at all times prompt him to face the utmost danger. There was no hesitation in the adoption or execution of what he conceived to be necessary, and it may be fairly presumed, that by his decision, and by the skilful arrangement of his retrogade movements, Sir J. Moore occasioned a serious disappointment to Bonaparte, who had marched in person, and who probably imagined that he had entrapped him, and would intercept his retreat.

Sir J. Moore's object was to reach the coast as expeditiously as possible. He might or might not be followed; but as only a part of the French force had come up, he might hope, by a rapid retreat, to gain the point of embarkation before they could materially interrupt his purpose. The country about Astorga offered no advantage to an inferior army; and the position at Villa Franca, however eligible in other respects, became useless, from the circumstance of the enemy having a shorter route to Vigo by Neuse than that which he would follow by Lugo; his retreat was made under every possible difficulty. The weather was dreadful, the roads in a wretched state, the country exhausted, the inhabitants denying all assistance; Romana's corps crossing his line of march, and adding to his embarrassments; the enemy pressing upon his rear. Under these circumstances his firmness never forsook him for a moment; his personal exertions were conspicuous during the whole of the harrassing march. He covered the retreat of the army with the reserve, and encouraged officers and men by his example.

At Lugo he had ordered the different divisions to halt and collect, and here he thought proper to give the troops some repose. His rear-guard was attacked without success two successive days; and having learnt from the prisoners made, that Marshal Soult was close up with three divisions, he indulged a hope that he would be able to bring him to action, for which he eagerly prepared himself, not doubting that he should be able to give the enemy such a check as would secure his army from further molestation during the retreat and the subsequent embarkation. The troops were drawn out for battle on the 8th; but this was not Marshal Soult's object; and as Sir J. Moore could not attack him with any advantage in the position which he occupied in his front, nor remain where he was from want of provisions, he determined to prosecute his march.

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Vigo had been originally the point fixed upon for the embarkation, and the transports and ships of war were principally collected there; but when Sir J. Moore reached Lugo, he judged Vigo too distant to proceed to with troops so harrassed, and that it afforded no advantages for embarkation, in face of a superior enemy. He, therefore, sent notice to the Admiral to prepare the transports, and to bring them to Corunna. Sir John then was to retire into the peninsula of Bestangos, and he hoped to find a position to cover the embarkation; but the report of the officers sent to inspect the ground proved unsatisfactory, and induced him to prefer Corunna. He continued his retreat on the night of the 8th, and in two forced marches he reached Bestangos on the 10th. These marches were long and severe, the weather bad, the roads deep, and many men, unable to bear the exertion, remained behind, or straggled.—On the 13th the enemy had come up: the position of the British army was bad, and the town of Corunna (if forced to retire into it) commanded within musquet-shot; the harbour commanded by cannon from the coast. Under these circumstances, it was suggested to him to make proposals to Marshal Soult, to allow the army to embark quietly, but he would not listen to the suggestion.

The subsequent events have been most clearly and ably detailed in Lieut.-General Hope's dispatches, which produced a result so glorious to the brave officers and men engaged, and so creditable to the exertions of the army and navy, although clouded by the death of a hero, whose loss can never be sufficiently regretted by a country which he honoured by every virtue which distinguishes the soldier and the man, in public and private life.

It only remains to observe, that the position which the army occupied, and which Sir J. Moore himself admitted to be bad, was taken from necessity, and not from choice. The occupation of the more elevated ground in front of it, from which the enemy made their attack, would have required too great an exertion of the troops, which, consisting wholly of infantry, did not exceed sixteen thousand five hundred effective rank and file, a division of infantry having been detached to Vigo.—From the observations made, from the reports of prisoners, &c. it was ascertained that the enemy had not brought forward less than forty thousand men; yet so severe was the chastisement which they received, that during fourteen hours they remained motionless, and suffered the British army and navy to execute unmolested, an operation which, in point of exertion and of difficulty, may be said to be unexampled.

In the interval between the arrival of the army at Corunna and the embarkation, a great proportion of the stragglers had come in, or had been sent in boats from Ferrol.

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

TOGLATIMUR, Chan of the Tartars, was one day informed that there was in his dominions a man, who had such a strict regard for truth that he had never told a lie in all his life. The Prince knowing how rare it is to see such persons about monarchs, congratulated himself on the possession of so valuable a treasure, which he resolved to appropriate to his own use, and accordingly gave him the post of master of the horse, for which he was peculiarly well qualified.

A courtier of such an extraordinary character could not fail to have enemies, who employed all the means they could devise to precipitate him from his newly acquired elevation. The King, who was not easily duped, and who had often put the virtue and integrity of his master of the horse to the test, only became so much the more strongly attached to him; and gave him the surname of Saddig, which signifies the man who speaks the truth.

Of all Saddig's enemies, Wangriburdi, the vizir was most solicitous to effect his ruin. The vexation which he felt on seeing him in such high favour with the Prince, preyed upon him night and day; and so excessive was his mortification that it was soon betrayed by his looks. His daughter, Hoskendan, perceived it, and enquired the cause. "You know Saddig," said Wangriburdi; "he indeed possesses numberless virtues, but they are not fit for the court; nevertheless he is the instrument of the Prince, and every thing is done through him alone; even my post, which is the highest in the kingdom, has ceased to confer any influence. We have tried every possible expedient to deprive him of the credit he enjoys, but they have invariably covered ourselves with shame. If he continues to possess so com-

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pletely the favour of the sovereign, perhaps the public affairs will be the more prosperous, but my interest will be ruined, and perhaps a fatal cord will be the recompence of my services."

"Give yourself no farther concern," replied Hoskendan; "I know the way to bring Saddig into disgrace with the King; you may rely on the success of my endeavours. Let his virtue be ever so great, I promise to bring him into such a dilemma, that it will be impossible for him to avoid telling a lie." The vizir, blinded by envy, gave his daughter liberty to do whatever she pleased. He would have been satisfied to plunge himself into ruin, had he been sure to involve his enemy at the same time in destruction.

Hoskendan took care to dress and adorn herself in her most costly attire. Her eyebrows were stained with the purest *vesme*, her whole person was perfumed with the most fragrant *cus*; and her dress, combined with the desire to please, gave a new and powerful effect to her charms, which was infinitely heightened by the air of modesty which she assumed. In this state, which was so well calculated to excite love, she hastened to the apartment of Saddig. He was sitting on a sopha, reflecting on the artful wiles and inquietudes of the court, and enjoying the transcendent delight proceeding from a pure conscience. Hoskendan, without speaking, seated herself beside him. Saddig, who had never beheld such a display of beauty, was thrown into the utmost embarrassment; a thousand emotions to which he had before been a stranger, suddenly arose in his heart; but taking her for one of those immortal females who are destined to enhance the joys of the true believers in heaven, his ardent impetuosity was restrained by respect. The sighs of the crafty Hoskendan completely subdued him. When she saw that his passions were sufficiently inflamed for the accomplishment of her purpose, she addressed him in these words:—"Be not surprized, virtuous Saddig, to see a woman who loves you. I have long withstood the passion which reigns with despotic sway in my bosom, but my virtue is incapable of farther resistance. Breaking through all the restraints that decency imposes upon my sex, the night which I have chosen for my visit, is merely a cloak with which I endeavour to conceal my rank."—"Dearest object of my life," cried Saddig; "O that I could express to you what is passing in my heart; let me know what you would have; there is nothing that I will not do to convince you of the ardour of the flame which consumes me."—"It is not my intention to oppose your wishes," replied Hoskendan; "it would be difficult to refuse you any thing, and indeed love forbids me; but I venture to flatter myself that in return for the sacrifice which I make, you will confer on me the favour I ask. I have an invincible desire to eat the heart of your King's beautiful nag; hasten to the stable, order him to be killed, and we will give the rest of the night to love."—"Enchanting Houri," replied Saddig starting, "rather demand my death. I love my master; he has loaded me with favours; how could I give him such just cause of displeasure! Besides, he would certainly punish me and the pleasures of a moment would infallibly cost me my life."

"Need he, then, know it?" rejoined Hoskendan. "Be it as it will, supposing he should ask for the nag, can you not say that he was suddenly taken ill, and as there were no hopes of his recovery, you ordered him to be killed. He knows that you are a friend to truth, and will never conceive the slightest suspicion that you have told him a falsehood."—"To what a severe trial you expose my love," replied Saddig; "this nag is the only one that the King likes to ride. Wait till morning, and I will buy for you the finest horse in the whole country; our joy will then be unmixed with fear."

"King of my heart," replied Hoskendan, throwing herself into his arms, "how difficult it is for a woman to renounce what she desires. Gratify me in this instance, and I promise that for this favour I will love you as long as I live."—At these words Saddig still hesitated; but in a moment he formed his resolution. He flew to the stables, ordered the nag to be killed, and his heart to be taken out, and passed the remainder of the night with the vizir's daughter. The return of day separated them; Hoskendan hurried home to acquaint her father with the success of her guilty artifice. The overjoyed vizir lost no time in repairing to the monarch and acquainting him with the circumstance; but he took good care not to state that his daughter was the cause of the fault committed by the master of the horse.

While Wangriburdi and the other courtiers were secretly exulting that Saddig had at length fallen a victim to their malice, the latter was overwhelmed with the most cutting reflections. "How weak are men," said he, "that they are unable to resist the allurements of a transient pleasure? What shall I say to the good Toglatimur, if he asks me for his nag? If I conceal the truth, I shall perhaps save my life for a few days; but my enemies will discover the falsehood of my excuse, and a shameful death will be the con-

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sequence. If I tell the truth, the King to be sure will be angry: but perhaps I may move him by my sincere contrition. Let me turn to which side soever I will, I cannot escape death. It is better, then, to acknowledge the truth, than to add to my guilt the shame of telling a lie." While he was in this dilemma, he was sent for by the King. He repaired trembling to the apartment where the King and his courtiers were waiting for him.

"Saddig," said Toglatimur, "order my favourite nag to be saddled; I am going out a hunting." "Great Prince," replied Saddig, throwing himself at his feet, "the nag is dead. Last night I was quite alone in my house, when a most beautiful young female came to pay me a visit. A thousand charms which she exhibited to my view excited in me the utmost astonishment. She would not go away; my passions were inflamed, and she promised to gratify them, if I would only give her the heart of your nag. Notwithstanding the violence of my desires, I at first refused; but her intreaties and blandishments were so irresistible that I was no longer master of myself, and complied with her wish. My crime is very great, I acknowledge, and therefore I shall not attempt to excuse it. I know that I have deserved death.—Here is my sabre, and here my head. I demand from the hand of my most gracious sovereign the just punishment of my ingratitude."

The King, moved by the upright confession of Saddig, asked all the courtiers who were present what punishment they thought he deserved, and what kind of death ought to be inflicted upon him. Some invented new torments, and the mildest opinion was that he should be burned by a slow fire. Toglatimur, who clearly perceived that malignity and hatred had a greater share in these opinions than zeal for his person, turned to Saddig, and thus spoke:—"Thy integrity astonishes me, Saddig. Far be it from me to punish a weakness to which all men are subject. Had I been in thy place, I had perhaps sacrificed not the nag alone, but all the horses entrusted to my care. Thou hast my pardon; and pleased with thy candid confession, it is my will that the vizir shall accompany thee in a splendid equipage, and shew thee to my people as an admirable example for their imitation."

The courtiers with tears approved the justice of the King. The vizir, deeply mortified at being the cause of his daughter's shame, could not endure to be made the sign of his enemy's triumph, and hanged himself. Saddig succeeded him in his office. The people were happy under the sway of the Chan Toglatimur. How, indeed, could they have been otherwise, when they were governed by justice and truth!

ANECDOTES OF DRESS, AND THE CAPRICES OF FASHION.

FROM MALCOLM'S "ANECDOTES OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF LONDON DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

"REASON demands that the human body should be covered; decency and the chill of the weather confirm her dictates. In a changeable climate like that of England, caprice receives full gratification; the public may indulge in the use of every intervening article from muslins to furs; and it must be acknowledged the license is used to its full extent. The changes in the fashion of drapery, traced minutely through ten years, would completely tire the reader's patience; how then is he to endure the mutations of a century? In the succeeding abridged state they may perhaps be tolerated.

"The ladies' bodice, or stays, were sometimes made of silk, with black straps to fasten with buckles set with stones or false jewels. The head had a covering called a hood, and this was in the form that is now worn by old-fashioned people on the upper part of the cloak: they were of satin, sarsnet, or velvet.

"Earrings, and girdles fastened by buckles, were common, as were coloured gowns lined with striped silks. Lady Anderson, whose house was robbed at a fire in Red Lion-square in 1700, lost one of this description of *orange* damask lined with striped silk. And the family of George Heneage, Esq. at the same time, and by the same casualty, lost 'a *head* with very fine looped lace of very great value; a Flanders laced hood; a pair of double ruffles and tucker; two laced aprons, one point, the other Flanders lace; and a large black scarf embroidered with gold.' At the same period the ladies wore holland petticoats, embroidered in figures with different-coloured silks and gold, with broad orrice at the bottom.

"It may be inferred from the ensuing story,

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that wigs of delicate and beautiful hair, whether for the use of ladies or gentlemen, were in great demand, and highly valued by some of our beaus or belles. 'An Oxfordshire lass was lately courted by a young man of that country, who was not willing to marry her unless her friends could advance fifty pounds for her portion; which they being incapable of doing, the lass came to this city to try her fortune, where she met with a good chapman in the Strand, who made a purchase of her hair (which was delicately long and light), and gave her *sixty pounds* for it, being twenty ounces at *three pounds an ounce*; with which money she joyfully returned into the country, and bought her a husband.'—*Protestant Mercury*, July 10, 1700.

"The sword was one of the most reprehensible articles used in the dress of the gentlemen. It is undoubtedly an incumbrance to a well-bred man; but dangling by the side of an awkward person it becomes ridiculous, troublesome to himself, and intolerable to his neighbours. These observations apply only to the absurdity of the custom; as a dangerous weapon ready on a sudden quarrel, humanity revolts against its use. The following notice from the Gazette of January 1, 1701, will shew that government was at least careful of the lives of that honourable set of gentlemen yeleped footmen, who sported their side arms: 'By the Right Hon. Charles Earl of Carlisle, Earl Marshal of England during the minority of Thomas Duke of Norfolk: Whereas many mischiefs and dangerous accidents, tending not only to the highest breach of the peace, but also to the destruction of the lives of his majesty's subjects, have happened and been occasioned by footmen wearing of swords: for prevention of the like evil accidents and disturbances for the future, I do hereby order, that no footman attending any of the nobility or gentry of his majesty's realms shall wear any sword, hanger, bayonet, or other such like offensive weapon, during such time as they or any of them shall reside or be within the cities of London and Westminster, and the precincts of the same, as they will answer the contrary hereof.'

"Muffs were in use before the year 1700, but very different in shape and materials from those of the present day. What would a fashionable belle say to a furrier who would offer her one for sale made of the leopard's skin? yet such were worn in 1702.

"In the same year it was customary to adorn the arms with lockets, as they were then called. A large one is thus described in an advertisement as lost by a lady:—'Striped with dark-brown and fair hair, wrought like camlet, the hair set in gold, over the hair a cypher of four letters, R. A. M. L. under a cut crystal, and set round with ten rose diamonds.' Diamond stomachers adorned the ladies' breasts, which were composed of that valuable stone set in silver, and sewed in a variety of figures upon black silk; and they must be admitted to have been a brilliant, if not an elegant ornament.

"The men imported the Campaign wig from France. Those were made very full, were curled, and eighteen inches in length to the front, with drop locks. When *human* hair was scarce, a little *horse* hair supplied the place in the parts least in sight. An advertisement issued in 1703 gives a whole-length portrait of the dress of a youth in the middle rank of life; such a figure would attract much wonder at present in the streets of London.—'He is of a fair complexion, light-brown lank hair, having on a dark-brown frieze coat, double-breasted on each side, with black buttons and button-holes; a light drugget waistcoat, *red shag breeches striped with black stripes*, and *black* stockings.' Mourning rings were used in 1703. Satin gowns were lined with Persian silk; and laced kerchiefs and Spanish leather shoes laced with gold, were common. To these the ladies added bare breasts, with gold and other crosses suspended on them. The odd custom of setting little circular pieces of black silk on various parts of the female face, well known by the name of *patches* even in our enlightened days, prevailed in a most extravagant degree at the time I am now treating of; they then, as at present, varied in size, and were supported by their auxiliaries in elegance, frizzed and powdered *false locks*, and emulated by the men's sword-knots and black silk facings to their coats.

"The ladies must indeed have exhibited a wonderful appearance in 1709: behold one equipped in a black silk petticoat with a red and white calico border, cherry-coloured stays trimmed with blue and silver, a red and dove-coloured damask gown flowered with large trees, a yellow satin apron trimmed with white Persian, and muslin head-cloths with crowfoot edging, double ruffles with fine edging, a black silk furbelowed scarf, and a spotted hood! Such were the cloaths advertised as stolen in the *Post-Boy* of November 15. The *Female Tatler* of December 12, says:—'The young gentleman belonging to the Custom-house, that borrowed the *umbrella* at Will's Coffee-house in Cornhill of the *Mistress*, is hereby advertised that to be dry from head to foot on the like occasion he shall be welcome to the

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Maid's pattens;' which seems to imply that this useful invention was then considered as too effeminate for men.

"Sedans were in use at the same time; but I should imagine not generally, as the same writer describes a city lady rendered sick, and dislocating her neck, by being carried in one, and rising too suddenly.

"The ridiculous long wigs of 1710 were very expensive: one was advertised as stolen in that year, and said to be worth five guineas; and Daumvir's 'fair wig' in the *Tatler*, No. 54, 'cost forty guineas.' But, lest it should be supposed that the gentlemen only were extravagant in decorating the *caput*, take the prices from the Lace-chamber on Ludgate-hill:—'One Brussels head at £40; one ground Brussels head at £30; one looped Brussels head at £30.' The *Tatler* ludicrously advertises—'A stage-coach as departing from Nando's Coffee-house for Mr. Tiptoe's dancing-school every evening;' and adds the following 'N. B. Dancing-shoes not exceeding *four inches height in the heel*, and perriwigs not exceeding *three feet in length*, are carried in the coach-box *gratis*.'

"A lady's riding-dress was advertised for sale in the *Spectator* of June 2, 1711, 'of blue camblet well laced with silver; being a coat, waistcoat, petticoat, hat and feather.' Another in 1712 mentions an *Isabella* coloured *kincob* gown, flowered with green and gold, a dark-coloured *cloth* (probably linen) gown and petticoat with two silver orrices, a purple and gold atlas gown; a scarlet and gold atlas petticoat edged with silver, a wrought underpetticoat edged with gold, a black velvet petticoat; *Alleja'* petticoat striped with green, gold, and white, a blue and silver silk gown and petticoat, a blue and gold atlas gown and petticoat, and clogs laced with silver. These were the property of Mr. Petter Paggen of Love-lane near Eastcheap, brewer, who fined for Sheriff in 1712; and were probably the dresses of the females of his family. That they, or whoever wore such, were very gaudy, cannot be denied; but those rich coverings for the body were matched by the decorations of the head; if the hips had their scarlet, the seat of the understanding had its blue, yellow, pink, and green hoods. The *Spectator* says, 'When Melesinda wraps her head in *flame* colour, her heart is set upon execution.' The majority of these fashions were doubtlessly from France, as the same work describes a Parisian doll imported by the milliners; a custom most religiously continued during the rare intervals of peace between the two countries.

"To the above list of finery pray let me add Mrs. Beale's loss in 1712.—'A green silk knit waistcoat with gold and silver flowers all over it, and about fourteen yards of gold and silver thick lace on it. And a petticoat of rich strong flowered satin red and white, all in great flowers or leaves, and scarlet flowers with black specks brocaded in, raised high like velvet or shag.' Surely if James I. had seen this waistcoat and petticoat, he would have sadly abused his two subjects who wore them; they even set the stomachers of Queen Bess at defiance, except that they are deficient in jewelry. And in 1714, Mr. John Osheal had the misfortune to be robbed of 'a scarlet cloth suit, laced with broad gold lace, lined and faced with blue; a fine cinnamon cloth suit with plate buttons, the waistcoat fringed with silk fringe of the same colour, and a rich *yellow* flowered satin gown lined with a cherry-coloured satin, with a pocket on the right side.'

"The *Weekly Journal* of Jan. 1717, mentions the death of the celebrated mantua-maker Mrs. Selby, whose inventive talents supplied the ladies with that absurd and troublesome obstruction, that enemy to elegance and symmetry, the hooped petticoat. The same paper of a subsequent date contains an humourous essay on the advantages and disadvantages of the hooped petticoat; as I presume the reader with me inclines to the disadvantages, he will be pleased with a short extract:—'I believe it will puzzle the quickest invention to find out one tolerable convenience in these machines. I appeal to the sincerity of the ladies, whether they are not a great incumbrance upon all occasions (vanity a part) both at home and abroad. What skill and management is required to reduce one of these circles within the limits of a chair, or to find space for two in a chariot; and what precautions must a modest female take even to enter at the doors of a private family without obstruction! Then a vivacious damsel cannot turn herself round in a room a little inconsiderately without oversetting every thing like a whirlwind; stands and tea-tables, flower-pots, China-jars and basons innumerable, perish daily by this spreading mischief, which, like a comet, spares nothing that comes within its sweep. Neither is this fashion more ornamental than convenient; nothing can be imagined more unnatural, and consequently less agreeable. When a slender virgin stands upon a basis so exorbitantly wide, she resembles a funnel, a figure of no great elegance: and I have seen many fine ladies of a low stature, who, when they sail in their hoops about an apartment, look like children in go-carts.'

"The man of fashion in 1720 wore the full-curled flowing wig, which fell in ringlets half

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way down his arms and back; a neckcloth tied tight round his neck; a coat reaching to his ankles, laced strait formal, with buttons to the very bottom, and several on the pockets and sleeves; his shoes were square at the toes, had diminutive buckles, a monstrous flap on the instep, and high heels; a belt secured the coat and supported the sword.

"A man advertised a wonderful wig to be seen in Sidney-alley, Leicester fields, at one shilling each person in February 1721. He said it was made without weaving or sewing, in short, as Sterne says, it might be immersed in the ocean without derangement

"The ladies wore hooped petticoats, scarlet cloaks, and masks when walking. The hoops were fair game for the wits, and they spared them not:—

"An elderly lady whose bulky squat figure
"By hood and white damask was rendered much bigger,
"Without hood and bare-neck'd to the Park did repair,
"To shew her new cloaths, and to take the fresh air;
"Her shape, her attire, rais'd a shout and loud laughter;
"Away waddles madam; the mob hurries after.
"Quoth a wag, when observing the noisy crowd follow,
"As she came with a *hoop*, she is gone with a hollow."

[*To be continued.*]

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

On Tuesday, February 7, a new Farce was introduced at this Theatre, entitled "*Is he a Prince?*"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Baron Crackenburg,.. Mr. MUNDEN.
Count Rosenblum,..... Mr. LISTON.
Mr. Bluffberg, ... Mr. FAWCETT.
Moritz, ... Mr. FARLEY.
Captain Lindorf, ... Mr. JONES.
Miss Crackenburg, ... Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Caroline, ... Miss NORTON.

The scene lies in the Principality of Anhalt, and the following sketch will comprehend the principal interest of the Fable:—

A portrait of the Duke of Anhalt being in the possession of Caroline, who means to present it to her aunt, Miss Crackenburg, for the purpose of wearing at court, Caroline by mistake gives the portrait of her lover, Captain Lindorf, who is in consequence frequently subjected to the interrogatory, "Is he a Prince?" Much equivoque ensues, but after an explanation, the piece concludes with the union of Lindorf and Caroline.

This Farce is from the pen of the gentleman who prepared the *Portrait of Cervantes* for the stage—it is whimsical and lively; it runs upon a string of *equivoque*, and it is highly seasoned with burlesque. It was very much applauded, and will be popular.

DRURY LANE.

On Thursday, February 9, a new Farce was performed at this Theatre, entitled "*The Unconscious Counterfeit.*" It is a light and sprightly trifle, turning altogether on *equivoque*. A *Captain Dashwood*, flying from London into Wales to avoid a demand made upon him by a usurer in possession of his bond for two thousand pounds, is entertained in the family of *Mr. Oakdale*, a wealthy citizen, whose daughter he wishes to marry to *Young Belville*, the nephew of the usurer, *Shufflebag*. In consequence of a letter written by the miser, *Oakdale* takes the Captain for *Belville* in disguise, and refuses to encourage the addresses of the real nephew of *Shufflebag*. Mistake upon mistake succeeds upon this ground, till the usurer coming down with a bailif to arrest *Dashwood*, an *eclaircissement* takes place, and the union of *Oakdale*'s daughter and *Belville* follows of course; when the lady finds in her intended husband the man of her own particular choice The acting of Elliston, Dowton, Mathews, Pearley, Smith, Miss Boyce, and Mrs. Harlowe, gave powerful support to this *bagatelle*, which was given out for a future representation with universal applause. It is full of laughable incidents, and the dialogue is very animated.

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FASHIONS

For MARCH, 1809.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—A MORNING OR WALKING DRESS.

A round gown of French cambric, or fine jaconet muslin, let in with lace beading round the feet. A Roman stomacher front, ornamented with the same, and laced with cord. High Armenian collar in small half plaits, edged with vandyke lace; antique ruff to correspond. Reversed strap back, buttoned from the throat to the termination of the waist. A helmet poke bonnet of light blue, or green velvet, bound with Chinese floss, and ornamented with bands of vandyke lace and beading. Half-boots of fine cloth the colour of the bonnet, calashed with yellow Morocco, and laced with black cord. An occasional kerseymere scarf, or shawl, of crimson, with deep gold-coloured shaded border, and fringe.—Gloves pale-grey kid, or York tan. This dress is furnished by the Miss Walthers, No. 75, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

No. 2.—CARRIAGE COSTUME.

A Polanese coat, and Saragossa mantle, of fine Vigonia cloth; the colour spring green, trimmed round the edges and up the front of the coat, with black velvet bindings, and edgings of gold lace. A high puckered collar, confined round the throat with a gold cord and acorn tassels. A belt of black velvet, and rich gold clasp. Military cap formed of the same material, and trimmed also with black velvet and gold. A short white lace veil falling from the edge of the cap just below the chin. Half-boots of green kid or cloth, calashed and bound with black, and laced with gold cord.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE MOST APPROVED

FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

TILL the approach of the *demi-saison*, our fashions, though numerous, tasteful, and splendid, will admit of little variation as to style or substance. The changeful temper of the atmosphere sufficiently sanctions that sensible variety which adapts itself to the several degrees of heat and cold to which our versatile climate is subject, and which renders a habit appropriate at one period of the day that would be unseasonable and inconsistent at another. Let not therefore our fair countrywomen be longer stigmatized as possessing dispositions unsteady and wavering; but rather let us applaud their good sense and genius, which so readily perceives, designs, executes, and adapts. In our Prints of Fashion for the present month is displayed a morning and carriage costume, comprising in their separate constructions much neatness and unique elegance. As the most clear elucidation of these habits is given under our usual head of explanations, it is unnecessary that we here dwell further on their becoming attraction, than to recommend them more forcibly to the notice of our several Correspondents. Amongst the list of out-door habiliments, that given in No. 2, of our Figures, may be placed at the head.—Mantles and coats of green Vigonia, or Merino cloth, of various shades, from the sober hue of the Spanish-fly to the more lively pea-green, have succeeded to the purple, which though a colour most pleasing in itself, is now become too general to find a place in a select wardrobe. Scarlet cloaks are no longer seen on genteel

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women, except as wraps for the Theatres; the satiated eye turns overpowered by their universal glare, to rest on more chaste and more refreshing shades. Mantles and pelisses are now considered more elegant when trimmed with gold or silver lace, or binding; or with black velvet, bound, or laid flat, and which is sometimes finished at its terminations with a narrow gold edging, or flat braid. Some are decorated with borders of coloured chenille, but these can only consistently belong to the carriage costume.

Bonnets continue to be formed of the same materials as the coat or mantle, and trimmed to correspond. The Patriotic helmet, and the College bonnet, each worn with short white lace veils, are amidst the most novel and attractive articles of this kind. The purple and the green beaver hat, somewhat of the Spanish form, turned up with a loop and acorn tassel of gold, falling towards the left eye-brow, and ornamented with a small Persian plume of the same colour, is making its appearance, and as a carriage decoration, possesses much becoming attraction. The fair pedestrian, however, discovers a due discrimination of taste and judgment, when she appears in this article divested of the feather and gold ornament. The former is far more genteel and consistent formed of silk, the colour of the hat; and for the latter, we cannot so far deviate from our expressed ideas of that proper distinction we have ever recommended as to allow them a place in the walking or morning dress. Feathers, however constructed or disposed, and gold, however introduced or applied, may become fashionable on these occasions; but can correctly only belong to full dress. The morning habit will best recommend itself to females of a just taste, by a neat, unstudied, and unobtrusive elegance. The construction of gowns and robes are at this time exceedingly various and attractive. In the morning dress, whether the gown is formed as a wrap, Spanish jacket, or round frock, it is invariably worn high in the neck; either with the arched collar *semblable* with that given in No. 1, of our Prints of Fashion, or with a vandyke ruff, or collar *à la-spencer*. The antique cuff is attached to every species of long sleeve. In full dress, however, the loose Turkish sleeve, falling in a point at the elbow, where it is sometimes finished with a correspondent tassel, is in the first style of novel elegance. Were we to attempt a description of the several attractive garments displayed by our fair fashionables at this season, we should find it an Herculean labour, so numerous are the claims to a tasteful distinction. We shall content ourselves therefore by noticing such as appear most worthy of delineation.

The robe *à-la-Dido*, formed of Tyrian bright velvet, or sarsnet, ranks high in fashionable splendour. It is trimmed with gold lace, and a Roman girdle of gold tissue, confined in front with a rich embossed clasp, ornaments the bottom of the waist. The hair is secured with a caul, or gold net behind, and ornamented with a bandeau or diadem in front. The Carthage cymar, or fancy scarf, formed of Paris net, with gold embossed border and stars, shades the shoulders, which this splendid costume would otherwise too much expose; but we remark that sometimes in full dress the robes are made to sit high in the neck, like morning habits, but more ornamented about the throat and bosom: we cannot, however, in any way subscribe to a fashion which levels a just distinction. The throat and bosom, if well formed, should be exhibited in full dress, as far as may be permitted without infringing on those rules of delicacy which propriety proscribes, and which can never in any instance be departed from without danger and disadvantage. The fair and uncovered throat allows a place for the necklace, which almost exclusively belongs to this species of costume, and which can never appear to advantage when worn over the robe. Muslin or net round dresses, are worn over coloured satin or sarsnet, with a deep binding over the same round the bottom; or trimmed with a deep vandyke lace: we, however, never recollect the period when coloured dresses were so universally adopted. Those of the intermediate style are made round with demi-trains, and a simple cuff of deep antique lace; the same falling flat round the bosom, with a plain drawn tucker above. There is much appropriate neatness in these well-contrasted habits. Trinkets at this season exhibit much taste and splendor. Diamonds, and every species of gem, set transparent, and judiciously adapted to the dresses with which they are worn, adorn our fair fashionables in full dress. Bracelets are now worn broad, the size of the wrist, and corresponding with the armlet. This latter ornament is not, however, very general. Clasps of the most brilliant cut steel succeed those of gold or silver, and in absence of the diamond and other valuable gems, we know of none to exceed it in splendour. Combs of steel also rank amidst other fashionable ornaments for the hair. Shoes are now very much trimmed, and are more showy than we have observed them for some years. Half-boots of cloth, the colour of the pelisse or mantle, are also much in request. The ap-

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propriation of gloves will speak for themselves to every female of a correct taste; otherwise we refer them to our former remarks on this head of our subject. The most genteel colours are Saragossa brown, various shades of green, amber, and pale geranium; the most general, purple and scarlet.

LETTER ON DRESS,

EXPLANATORY AND DESCRIPTIVE.

Be convinced, my dear Frederica, by this my haste in fulfilling the promise I gave you at parting, that however beguiled by the fascinating pleasures of this gay metropolis, they will never be suffered to intrude on those emotions sacred to friendship and to you. I shall during my sojourn here, give you a full and particular account of my pursuits and my pleasures—my rovings and my wanderings, should I be so affected. And if any attack of the arch God should assail this hitherto stubborn heart, you shall have a faithful detail of the combat—whether I commence open hostilities, or surrender to terms of capitulation. I have already found that love in the country and love in the city is quite a different sort of thing. No sighing and whining here. Our Cupids abound in native roguery, and approach us clad in smiles. Here the rosy God rejects constraint and flies controul, and shoots his arrows free as air. You, who are well acquainted with my disposition, will therefore readily perceive that I am in more danger from a town than a country Cupid. In the latter there is more sentiment and more deception; in the former more fire and more fairness, and that agrees best with my spirit and my candour. But truce to a subject in which I have only theoretical knowledge.

Let me now proceed to give you some account of this stylish family, with whom I have the prospect of passing a most agreeable season. It consists, first, of a host and hostess; the former a most accommodating good humoured sort of a husband enough, aged fifty; the latter, an elegant stylish woman, about forty; two daughters, very pretty, endowed with every fashionable acomplishment, aged from seventeen to twenty; a gay and dashing brother, three years older, heir to the fortune and honours of the family; and an elegant and interesting man, about thirty, who is like myself, on a visit of courtesy, but who has stronger claims to hospitality, from being a cousin of the lady of the mansion. The house, which is situated in Grosvenor-square, is one of the most spacious and sumptuous mansions in town. It is just furnished in the highest style of the present mode. The drawing room comprises a most attractive assemblage of the Greek and Chinese. The eating room is the most convenient, novel, and elegant design I have ever witnessed, and serves at once as an emblem of our advancement in luxury and genius, as well as our just sense of what constitutes the comforts of affluence.

But I must not pass over the unique elegance of the sleeping rooms; to each of which is attached a *boidour*, fitted up in the most tasteful and appropriate style. A private door, ingeniously contrived, leads to the sleeping rooms, while a public one leads to the grand stair-case. The drapery, furniture of mine, is a mixture of pea-green and pale rose-colour, representing the damask patterns. The poles and Grecian longes are bronze, twined with raised oak-leaves and berries in gold, and the cabinets and bookcases are rose-wood, inlaid with ivory and ebony after the Chinese taste. The windows are filled with native and exotic flowers and shrubs. The ground of the carpet is shaded green, with red and white roses scattered over, in true Arcadian taste.

This elegant retreat I call my Sanctuary; for it is here that I fly to regulate my mind when shaken by the whirlwinds of pleasure; it is here that in the turning over the pages of some well-inspired author, I compose my distracted senses, and learn lessons of reason and rationality. But to quit my sober strain, let me proceed to tell you that we have already had one most brilliant concert and ball since my arrival. The first public and many private singers lent their voices on the occasion. The dancing was exquisite, but I thought it favoured rather more of public science than private elegance. The dresses of the ladies were of unrivalled attraction. Some very splendid robes of velvet and cloth, in green, purple, and orange, trimmed with gold and silver, with rich antique stomachers, and military fronts, in gold mosaic patterns, had a large share of my attention. Sometimes these dresses were relieved by trimmings of antique lace and beading, while the same was introduced in various fanciful directions in the bosom and sleeves. But as this letter will be accompanied with a long list of general information, I shall accommodate you with a few particular delineations, and then close my letter.

We are all going on Saturday next to a grand ball given by the Countess of L——; and I

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know not how better to fulfil my intention than by giving you a description of our several dresses which are chosen for the occasion.

The lady of our mansion has ordered a most superb robe of the finest orange coloured cloth. It has a broad black velvet border, laid flat round the bottom, above which is seen a gold lace. The same is continued up the front, with the gold lace terminating its edges, and continued, in the form of a nun's bib, across the bosom and shoulders, and it is finished in pointed capes behind. The sleeves, which are long and wide, are formed of black and gold tissue; the shoes are of black satin, embroidered with gold at the toes. Her hair (which is still very fine) is ornamented with a Spartan diadem, composed of the finest brilliants; her necklace, bracelets, and earrings are also of diamonds. The commanding height and extreme elegance of this lady's figure, suits well with the splendid attraction of this habiliment. Her two daughters will wear dresses similar with each other; and are, round robes of pale-blue or pea-green, twill sarsnet, short Turkish sleeves, with high fronts; the whole trimmed with black velvet bindings, and silver or gold lace. Their hair is to be disposed *à-la-Grecque*, confined with a comb of the finest pearl; necklace and earrings of the same. Their shoes are white satin, laced with silver cord at the toes, and the quarters trimmed with correspondent fringe. They will each wear a Carthage cymar of cobweb net, bordered and spotted with silver. The above-mentioned style of trimming, composed of black velvet and gold lace, is all the rage amidst the *haut ton*, and coloured dresses were never more in vogue than at this period: yet I have the courage to depart from the general order of the day, on the ensuing occasion, and intend appearing in a French frock of white figured net; but with a view of accommodating myself a little to the general standard, I shall wear it over an under dress of pink satin; not a particle of gold or silver will be allowed to glitter on my little person. A girdle of pink satin, with a Roman clasp of finely cut steel, will simply confine my waist; a simple tucker of French net will shade my bosom; a single row of pearl will constitute my necklace and bracelets; a simple Persian pin of the same, confine my hair. My slippers will be white satin, with pearl buttons; and thus you will see I am determined not to obscure the little attraction which my *petit* person may or may not boast, with a redundancy of ornaments; and it would be more to their advantage, I believe, if every little woman would be guided by me in this single particular. I have scribbled so much of worldly trifles, that I have little room for more intellectual matter.

I inclose for your amusement, "*Tales of the Manor*;" and will send you Sir Robert Ker Porter's book the instant it makes a public *entrée*. It is true, as you have heard, his ingenious sisters are engaged in some novel productions—depend on them the moment they issue from the press. I wonder not at what you say on this subject. Who can but look forward with pleasurable expectation to any forthcoming work from the authors of "*Thaddeus of Warsaw*," and "*The Hungarian Brothers*."—Farewel.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton-street, Strand.*

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR MARCH, 1809.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An Elegant PORTRAIT of the RIGHT HON. LADY CHARLOTTE DUNCOMBE.
2. TWO WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON, COLOURED.
3. An ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-forte; composed exclusively for this Work, by Mr. M. P. KING.
4. Two elegant and new PATTERNS for NEEDLE-WORK.

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London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Proprietor of the* WEEKLY MESSENGER, *Southampton-Street, Strand, April* 1, 1809.

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TO OUR READERS.

WE submit to our Subscribers in our present Number a Specimen of the improved manner in which we shall give our Plates of Fashion.—In our subsequent Numbers we shall expect to improve further upon this specimen.

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Engraved by R. Cooper.

LADY CHARLOTTE DUNCOMBE.

Published for the 23. Number of La Belle Assemblée. Printed for T. Bell Proprietor of the Weekly Messenger, Southampton Str., Strand, Apr. 1809.

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the Painter and the peculiar characteristics

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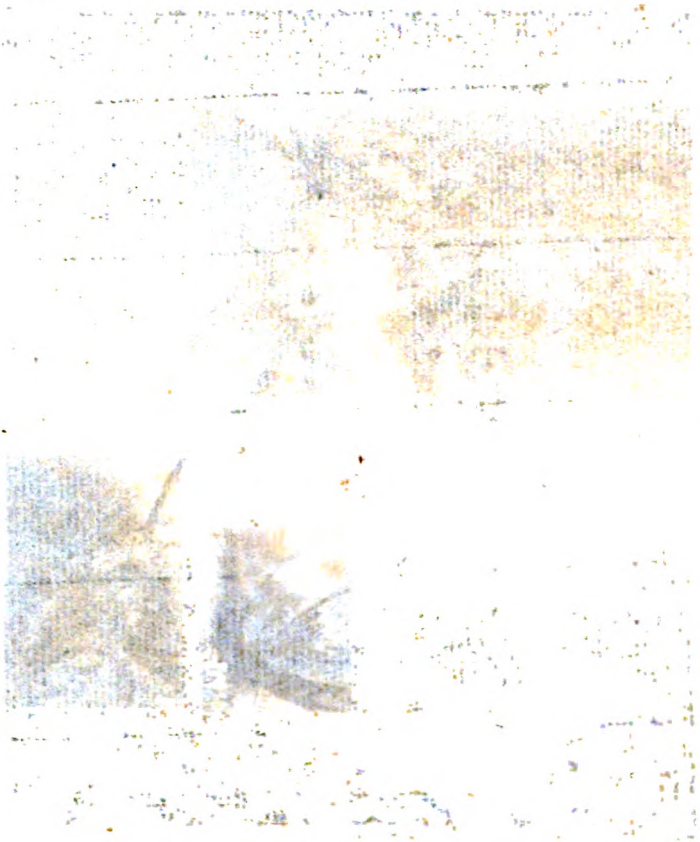

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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For MARCH, 1809.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF *ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

The Forty-third Number.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY CHARLOTTE DUNCOMBE.

LADY CHARLOTTE DUNCOMBE, whose Portrait, from the fascinating pencil of Hoppner, is prefixed to the present Number of *La Belle Assemblée*, is the only daughter of William, Earl of Dartmouth (the present Lord Chamberlain), by Frances Catharine, sole daughter and heiress of Sir Charles Gounter Nicoll, K. B.

Her Ladyship is married to Charles Duncombe, Esq. eldest son of Charles Slingsby Duncombe, of Duncombe Park, in the county of York.

The painting, from which we have obtained an exclusive permission to copy the present Portrait, was executed by Mr. Hoppner a few years since, and is now in the possession of the Hon. and Rev. Edward Legge.

In order to retain the decided character of the Painter and the peculiar characteristics of the portrait, our readers will remark that the present Print is engraven in the most prominent *chalk* manner, so as to preserve the air, the taste, and full freedom of the original drawing. Some of our correspondents have imagined, on this account, that the Portrait was unfinished and imperfectly executed; but the amateur will immediately decide, that the value of the Print is increased by this fidelity and adherence to the style of the original master. Much of the beauty of the chalk engraving depends upon its close imitation of the freedom of touch, and the bold carelessness of drawing, and a laborious finishing, and too attentive polish would perhaps hazard the resemblance of the Print to the character of the original, without improving the engraving in any other quality.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

HYMENÆA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM one of those beings of whom it is very difficult to say whether they are to be envied or pitied.—If the possessor of an ample fortune, of a good person, and a tolerable understanding, be sufficient to render a woman an object of envy to some of her sex, Hymenæa is, in these points, most assuredly to be envied.—But, on the other hand, if those are to be pitied on whom all such advantages are nearly thrown away, who has a sufficient fortune without being enabled to employ it in the way she wishes, who has personal beauty without having obtained a lover whom she can esteem, and whose understanding is as useless as her fortune, Hymenæa is to be pitied. I wish to stand well with you, Mr. Editor, and therefore that you may not imagine my dissatisfaction to arise from any of those fanciful causes, by which people so ingeniously torment themselves, shall make no farther preface or apology, but enter at once on the pith and marrow of my subject; you will best understand this by the narrative of my operations, active and passive, for the last ten years.

One thing, however, it is necessary to premise as the clue to this narration. You must know, Mr. Editor, that I am now in my twenty-eighth year, and a *single woman*. I need say no more, I think, as to my previous assertion, that my dissatisfaction is not founded in any fanciful causes; and when I add, that my fortune does not fall short of a good forty thousand pounds in the five per cents, and that, as I have said before, I am generally acknowledged by the gentlemen not to be wanting in personal beauty, you will very naturally conclude, that my present state is not for want of offers.—No, Sir, I have had as many offers as might have been anticipated from this enumeration of my advantages, and I have had no difficulty in consequence but to make my selection. I have exerted all the powers of my understanding in this office during the last twelve years, and it is with regret I have to add, that in all this time, and with the selection out of many, I have never been able to make such a choice as my understanding approved. Perhaps, you may here feel inclined to apply to me the common adage, "*More nice than wise*," but before you adopt this conclusion, have the goodness to read my statement, and give some attention to my reasons.

My father was one of those country gentlemen who seem to have no other purpose or object in life than to inherit and transmit an estate of three thousand pounds a year in the line of lineal descent. He was a country gentleman, in the true sense of the word, with a tolerable understanding, and about as much of manners and decorum as his own dogs. He employed the winter in shooting, and the autumn in hunting, and in the two other seasons of the year, when the weekly justice meeting did not necessarily require his attention, in sleeping. His education was precisely squared with his style and manner of life, he knew the point of excellence in a pointer, and would give the price of one of his best acres for a greyhound. He was well read in *Burn's Justice*, but was so apt to mistake the application of the cases, that he had been two or three times before the Court of King's Bench. His table was hospitable beyond his income, and, in a word, he was generally reputed a good neighbour, and a very worthy member of the peace.

My mother was in every possible respect a totally different woman. She was one of the numerous daughters of a decayed nobleman, and had therefore brought nothing to my father but herself. But in this one word, was included every thing which would have made a wise man happy, and have satisfied the most unreasonable one. To an uncommon share of personal beauty she added a still more uncommon good sense, and such a sweetness of temper, and

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constant complacency, as threw a charm over every society in which she moved. My father was certainly very ill calculated for a woman like this, but being himself a very good tempered man, he compensated by this quality for many defects. They accordingly lived very happy together, and had less bickerings than fall to the share of the greater part of married families.

My brother and myself were the only children of this union. My brother, after having been kept at home, in despite of my mother's remonstrances, till nearly twelve years old, was then dispatched to learn Latin and writing at a school about ten miles from my father's residence. Here, being the Squire of the school, and the vanity of the master being tickled by having such a scholar, Squire Dick, as he was called, was even more indulged than at home. If he had not learned his lessons before the usual hour of the scholars being set at liberty to their play, the lesson of the morning was passed over to the lesson of the afternoon, and if in the afternoon he was still backward, his task was remitted to the succeeding morning. He was introduced and called out to every visitor of his master, so that, with such indulgences, he would have been a miracle of capacity, if in eight years he had acquired any thing beyond his grammar and the first lines of Ovid. My brother's capacity was no such miracle, and he accordingly, after a course of education of eight years at a private school in the country, returned as might have been expected, but a very few degrees from a perfect ignoramus.

Under the immediate care of my mother, the course, and therefore very naturally the result of my education, had been very different. My mother loved me with the most maternal affection, but had too good an understanding to suffer the effect of this tenderness to relax the necessary discipline of early education. My capacity being quick I improved very rapidly under such an instructress, so that at the age of sixteen, I had acquired whatever is deemed necessary to female education. I could not indeed paint on velvet, nor dance with the *figurantes* at the Opera, but I could draw with sufficient skill to copy the landscapes in the neighbourhood of my father's house; and as to music, I knew enough to avail myself of it as an amusement, if not to practise it as a science. I had learned enough of French not to be dumb in the presence of a foreigner, but as I see no sufficient cause for deception, I must be free to avow that this was the extent of my acquisition. I could neither read Leonora in German, nor the indecencies of Boccaccio in Italian;—I had attended no lectures at the Institution;—I knew nothing of the laws of the circulation of the blood, and no more of those of gravity, than that if a tea-cup slipt from my hands it must necessarily fall to the ground. But when Lady Letitia Medlecot, one of the subscribers and patronesses of this Institution, once asked me, why it fell to the ground, and by what laws it was attracted?—what was the cause of its fall, and the measure of its descent? I must confess that she puzzled me.—I knew of no cause but the removal of my hand, and of no reason for its breaking with so much force, but that it had fallen upon a marble hearth.

Being a very tall girl of my age, my father thought it high time that I should make a proper match, as he expressed it, a determination to which he was hastened by a circumstance of considerable weight. In his immediate neighbourhood were two country gentlemen, with both of whom he was in the habits of strict intimacy, and for both of whom he entertained an equal respect, for there was no perceptible difference in their estates, and little in their talents as sportsmen. One of them, Sir Toby Wilkins, was a young heir just arrived at his majority; of robust health, and of never ceasing good-humour. The other gentleman was an only son, a young man of great expectations, and reputed the most sober sensible youth in the county; he had been chiefly educated under an old Admiral, his uncle, and at the death of whom he was expected to inherit his immense wealth.

My father addressing me one day, whilst I was working at my needle with my mother, told me, that he put the finishing hand to a job that morning which would make a woman of me; that nothing now remained but to conduct myself in a manner worthy of his kindness, and thereby justify all the praises which he had given me. My mother here demanding an ex-

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planation.—"Why you must know," said he, "that Sir Toby Wilkins rode home with me yesterday from the justice meeting at B——. In the course of our journey the young man seemed to have something on his mind, and at length with great difficulty brought forth; that he had taken a great fancy to Hymenæa, and that if I had no objection, and his mother should have none, he should wish to be permitted to visit her as her intended husband. I gave my consent; and I feel some surprize that he has not already availed himself of it, and made you a visit to day. However, when I thought last night in my bed on what I had done, I began to think that I had been too precipitate, and that something was due to Hymenæa herself, and that she should have a choice. I formed my resolution accordingly, and ordered my horse early this morning for the purpose of executing it. And I have so executed it; and now guess what it is."—"It can be but one thing," said my mother; "you doubtless rode over to Sir Toby".—"No such thing," replied my father.—"No, my dear, Sir Toby offered himself to my daughter; but one, as you know, makes no choice; so I rode over to Mr. Honeycomb, and made an offer of my daughter to his eldest son, provided the parties could be agreeable to each other. So you see that I have kept my word to you, Madam," said he, turning to my mother; "and I have given Hymenæa the power of choosing."

My mother smiled at my father's plan; and after he had withdrawn inquired of me, if either of the gentlemen had ever spoken to me on the subject. I replied that Sir Toby had certainly made those kind of rustic addresses from which I might fairly presume that I was not indifferent to him; but that on my part, though I liked his good-humour, and was accustomed to him as an early friend, I had no decided sentiment either for or against him.—"Well," replied my mother, "you must receive these gentlemen according to your father's wishes, but you have his permission to make a choice, and you have mine to reject both if your understanding should so dispose you. But as you owe some respect to your father's desire, you must not decide abruptly.—See them both; see the character of both, and then act as your feelings and reason shall impel you.—You are at perfect liberty."

Sir Toby called on me the same day; informed me what he had communicated to my father, and hoped my approbation.—I very naturally suggested that we were as yet early acquaintance; in a word, the business immediately took its proper shape, the two gentlemen became my professed lovers, and without presuming that either had more right than the other, each endeavoured to recommend himself.

Sir Toby is a character which I conceive myself to have already sufficiently described. He was a good-natured country Baronet, with a good estate, and robust habit, managing what business he had with sufficient discretion, and by no means deficient in a plain understanding. Such was Sir Toby.—My other lover, Mr. Honeycomb, or rather Major Honeycomb, was totally a different man; he had been very well educated, having been brought up at Harrow, and thence passed through the regular collegiate course at Oxford. An old uncle, an Admiral, who had made an immense fortune by prize money, having taken a fancy to him, had taken him to live with himself. Mr. Honeycomb was naturally rather a calculating man, and with this turn of mind was not insensible to the advantages of his situation. He accordingly applied himself to every effort which could confirm or augment the favour of the Admiral, and had thus become habituated at once to the most abject servility, and the most narrow selfishness. Every word and every look was measured. He almost thought as well as spoke by an adopted rule. Such was my second lover, the silver-tongued Mr. Honeycomb.

Shall I confess to you, Sir, that though neither of these gentlemen were much to my taste, I had still so much of the vanity of my sex that I was pleased with their addresses, and therefore had no intention of rejecting either, and with my good will they might have dangled about me till this time. But Sir Toby, having most frequent opportunities, had insensibly gained on my attention, and I was so accustomed to see him, that I felt a kind of vacuum when he was not present. This feeling is certainly not love, but at a certain age is so like it, and therefore is so fre-

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quently mistaken for it, that I am persuaded from what has fallen within my own observation, that the greater part of fashionable marriages are entirely founded upon it. Be this as it may, Sir Toby had once pressed me hard to consent to our union; the opportunity, as the poets say, was favourable to him; we were returning from an assize ball by moonlight, and my father had got so intoxicated at the dinner that he was senseless, and in a profound sleep in one corner of the coach. Sir Toby and myself were on the opposite seat; the moon, as I said, shone bright, and it being midsummer the nightingales were singing: you will allow that this was a happy moment for a lover. Not to go into the detail of a novel, Sir Toby pressed my consent to a day which he named, and being perfectly in good-humour with him, I was on the point of pronouncing my irrevocable doom, when one of those accidents which at once vary the whole tenour of life, interposed in the very moment that the word was on my lips. Sir Toby happened to tread on my father's gouty foot; he awoke in the instant, and the conversation necessarily took another turn.

On the following day whilst I was expecting the usual visit of Sir Toby, I was summoned down to a gentleman who wished personally to speak to me from him. To make short of the matter, Sir Toby had slipped his shoulder in a coursing match the same morning, and had sent me the information as an apology for his absence. The hurt was not indeed dangerous, though such as necessarily to confine him to his chamber for a few days.

The gentleman who brought me this information, and whom I shall call Horatio, as he is now living, and might not approve the publicity of his real name, was the son of an officer of very small fortune; his interest, however, had procured the young man a commission, and he had been quartered in the neighbourhood of Sir Toby. I will not lose myself in words by a detailed description of this young Lieutenant, whom you may readily imagine a new lover. Suffice it to say, that to the good-humour of Sir Toby he added the manners of the accomplished gentleman, and the knowledge of the scholar refined and familiarized by a converse with the world. In plain and simple words, he wanted nothing but fortune, and this he certainly most completely wanted.

Whether this gentleman was struck with me, or fancied that I was so with him, I know not, but his first visit was soon followed by a second, and by rendering himself agreeable to my father he received a general and daily invitation to our house. Insensibly the whole of his time was spent with us.—To make short of the matter, we soon became agreeable to each other, and as usually happens in such cases, soon made the discovery of our secret. The difference of fortune necessarily compelled us to discretion and present secrecy, but we continued to cherish our mutual attachment in the confidence that an opportunity might at length occur which would favour the discovery of it to my father.

Things were in this situation; Sir Toby confined to his room, but daily writing to me, whilst another had totally supplanted him; in this manner, I say, were our affairs situated when a new occurrence took place in my family. My brother had been long paying his addresses to Lady Emily Belcour, and after much difficulty on the side of the nobleman her father, the union was to take place on the following condition,—that in the event that my brother had no children by Lady Emily, the family estate of my father was still to pass into the family of the old Earl, Lady Emily's father. My father, in his eagerness for this splendid match, overlooked the peculiar modesty of this proposal; he accordingly consented to it, but as the estate was a general entail, it was necessary likewise to procure my consent. I gave it most cheerfully. "There is one other requisite," said my father.—"Your two lovers, Mr. Honeycomb and Sir Toby, are addressing you under the impression that the estate is yours on failure of issue, or the death of your brother; I am sorry to say that the latter is but too probable from his late state of health. It is necessary, therefore, that I should inform these gentlemen how the matter now stands, that all may be open and mutually understood between us; I shall do it instantly."

The letters were accordingly sent the same day. Sir Toby immediately answered, that he had addressed me for myself

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and not for my fortune. That my fortune was still as much as he had any right to expect with any wife, and certainly more than he wished with me, as I had qualities which might compensate even for a total want of it. This letter to my father was accompanied by one to me, which I confess gave me much pain, as it proved that though rough, and without the grace of manners, Sir Toby had a natural honour, and an inbred generosity, which does not always accompany more manners and more knowledge.

To speak plainly, I began to think that Sir Toby was not altogether well treated. The other letter, the one from Mr. Honeycomb, was of totally a different nature. My father entered with it in his hand, and gave it to me.—"Here is a pitiful fellow," said he; "but I am persuaded, Hymenæa, that you will congratulate yourself on a good riddance." My father concluded with an oath against knowledge of the world, politeness, and an Harrow education. The letter was as follows —

"Mr. Honeycomb has had the honour to receive Mr. Wellwood's letter. Mr. Honeycomb has only to add, that the information contained in it makes a most material alteration in what he conceived to be the situation of Miss Wellwood; a circumstance, indeed, of which Mr. Wellwood himself seems to have been aware, by sending Mr. Honeycomb the notice. Under these circumstances Mr. Honeycomb has only to add, that with the highest respect for Miss Wellwood, as well as for her father and family, he must so far consult the prudential considerations resulting from his own situation, as most reluctantly to resign his former pretensions."

"This letter explains a circumstance," said my father, "which I had heard before, but which I had some difficulty in believing. The Earl of A——, has two daughters, Lady Charlotte and Lady Emily. They are co-heiresses, and your brother, as you know, is to have one of them. Since this has been known in the country, Honeycomb has spared no efforts to get the other." "Is she not deformed," said I. "What is that," replied my father, "to Honeycomb, when she is co-heiress to one of the finest estates in the country. But let us have done with the hateful fellow. Sir Toby's the man. I have taken a resolution. Your brother and yourself shall be married both on the same day. Sir Toby dines here on Sunday, and on the following Saturday you shall be married. Say not a word, Hymenæa, this is my will, and in this I will be positive. I ask nothing unreasonable. Sir Toby is in every way worthy of you." You may imagine that this resolution of my father embarrassed me not a little; I will not say it distressed me, for as I had made up my own mind, I consoled myself in the idea that nothing could compel me to a wilful sacrifice of my own happiness.

Horatio dined at our house as usual; you may imagine that I watched my opportunity, and informed him of all that had happened. He conjured me to abide by my determination not to sacrifice him for Sir Toby, and then left me as I thought very abruptly. I was offended, moreover, with what I then thought an unpardonable omission. There was one ready and immediate escape from all our difficulties; why did he not propose it? why did he not suggest an elopement and a Scotch marriage?

I saw nor heard nothing of Horatio till the following day, when my father entered my room in a fury of passion, and after his abuse of me, for such it was, became distinct, I discovered that the cause of it had been a letter from Horatio, in which my lover had pleaded his passion, acknowledged his inequality of fortune, and suggested that I had overlooked it. "You are thus about," said my father, "to throw yourself away on a beggar. It was not enough that I gave you a choice out of two of the best matches in the country, and certainly one of them perfectly unexceptionable. You know that I have but one wish at my heart, to see you well married. But my resolution is taken, marry Sir Toby, or you are no longer my child. To this officer I have a most insuperable objection, I neither like his connections, and I abhor him for his breach of hospitality. Do not defend him. It is enough that I hate him. Marry Sir Toby," repeated he, "and keep your room till you have decided your purpose." With these words he left me, locking the door, and taking the key away with him.

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You must imagine that under these circumstances I felt as young women usually do. I thought myself an heroine, and examined the window; but on second thoughts I considered it better not to break my neck. I took up my scissars, but had the prudence to lay them down again. In a word, I fairly wept myself to sleep, and by the next day had exhausted myself into reason and submission. My mother entered my chamber about noon, accompanied by my father, who had hitherto suffered me to see no one, and had brought my food himself. My father left my mother and myself together, but still locked the door, desiring my mother to ring when she wished to leave me.

My mother now reasoned with me in a style of good sense, which at once softened my obstinacy and inspired my confidence. I will not weary you with a detailed narrative of our discourse on both sides. Suffice it to say, that my mother left me to propose a compromise to my father, which briefly was, that I should think no more of the Lieutenant, and that he should press me no more on Sir Toby. This compromise was accepted, and I was restored to liberty, though, as I afterwards understood, very closely watched. In this manner had I lost at once three lovers. You may perhaps feel some curiosity as to their subsequent fate. Horatio, the elegant accomplished Horatio, eloped about three weeks afterwards, with the daughter of a rich brazier, who in the event made him an excellent wife. Sir Toby, as a matter of slight to me, addressed himself to the deformed daughter of the Earl of A——, and much to the satisfaction of my father supplanted Mr. Honeycomb and married her. So much for my three lovers.—In my next I shall give you an account of others.

HYMENÆA.

SECOND-SIGHT.

ISLE OF SKY, NORTH-BRITAIN.

Sir,

I AM one of those singular characters whose existence every one is inclined to doubt till they have received the evidence of their senses, and even then, if they happen to be of that class of men who are termed philosophers, it will run hard with them but they will doubt their senses too. It is my fortune indeed, to have seen one or more examples of these beings, who, though brought in to my presence, and absolutely seeing me in action and operation, as they term it, have still gone on hesitating, and having begun by doubting me, finish by doubting themselves.

To such people I am not now writing, and have but one answer for all their *hems* of incredulity. "What you assert is impossible," said a philosopher to a peasant. "You may be very right, master, for all that I know," replied the countryman, "but what I say is true, though you may have very good reasons to the contrary."

All travellers in Scotland, who have visited the Isle of Sky, cannot but have remarked a very lofty hill which almost loses its top in the clouds, and frowns over the subject sea; they must have observed, moreover, that the top of this hill is crowned with the ruins of an antient castle, nothing of which indeed now remains but its walls, and its grand portal; this portal, like all those attached to the larger castles in North-Britain, is flanked by two towers, connected together by the curtain, through the centre of which is the arched gateway. The loftiness of these towers is generally in proportion to the magnitude of the castle. In Sky Castle therefore they are unusually lofty; that structure having been formerly one of the most considerable in the kingdom.

In this castle, Sir, were my ancestors born, and for many centuries enjoyed all the sovereign power possessed by the antient Barons. They were the Lords of the Island, and though they nominally, and by an homage of form, acknowledged the supremacy of the Kings of Scotland, this homage, and this acknowledgment tended nothing to diminish their own immediate power. In plain words, they were as absolute as the Kings of Asia, and were in every sense of the word true Knights and Barons.

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They loved liberty, and kept it all to themselves. The were clamorous enough when the Kings attacked their own privileges, but were equally patient and submissive when he assailed only the rights of the people. In short, in these early days, whatever your historians may say of balanced powers, and interposed checks, there were but the two divisions of the community mentioned by the Greek poet, the devourers and the devoured. The people were in fact the fleece between the Kings and the Barons, and the two latter never quarrelled but when they thought the one interfered beyond his proportion to the prejudice of the other. This, Sir, I know to have been the antient state of what is called liberty and constitution in Scotland, and unless I am mistaken, this was likewise the antient state of the same liberty and constitution in all the nations of Europe.

My family possessed that distinction and reputation which rank and birth gives in every country under heaven, and more particularly in Scotland. There is a proverb current in every nation in the world, that the poorest nations are always the proudest. Those who have nothing to console themselves with have usually the happy art of finding consolation in themselves. Many families in Scotland may not have the property of an acre,—what then, they have that of a title? Many of them may want a house, but then they have a titular Barony. Many of them may not have a shirt themselves,—what then, their angestors wore ermine. These are solid consolations, and he is not a Scot of the true blood, who, whilst his own brawny back, as the poet calls it, is bleaching under the northern blast, does not comfort himself and become insensible to the bitter wind, when he reflects that the illustrious Barons, his ancestors, were warm enough in their costly robes.

The pride of ancestry, and the advantages of family distinction, are not sufficiently understood in your part of the world, and indeed are no where understood except it be in North-Britain. In North-Britain, to have had illustrious ancestors is to have had a former compensation for all present difficulties and distress. We are in fact so identified with the persons of our ancestors, though they might have lived a thousand years ago, that we transfer every thing which belongs to them, to ourselves. If they have eaten, we eat,—if they have been great, we *are* great, and all our actual beggary and insignificance is only a delusion of the senses. Take this principle with you, and you will hereafter cease to wonder at many of the actions of Scotsmen, which without this principle will appear obscure and unintelligible.

To return, however, to my own family; though, if you have any Scotch blood in you, I mean any *o' the gude blood*, you will need no apology from me that I have digressed from myself to my nation. To return, however, to my more immediate subject.

My family had two other claims to distinction besides their birth. The first was wealth, for they were really wealthy, they had glass to their windows and soles to their shoes, when half the houses in Scotland were open to the wind and rain, and no one under an Earl had a stocking to his leg.

The other distinction of my family was still more important. You are not perhaps sufficiently acquainted with northern customs to understand what is understood amongst us by the term gifts. I will briefly explain it, Sir.

There are certain families in Scotland who, from chance or a happy constitution of nature, are peculiarly favoured with some advantage over their countrymen, some additional quality to what is common to mankind in general, or some greater degree of such qualities as are common.

These supernumerary qualities are what is termed GIFTS.—Thus, for example, different families in North-Britain have been famed time immemorial for possessing different gifts. One family, by the gift of *booing*, and a peculiar suppleness of knee, have been raised in their successive members to the highest honours of the state. Another has had equal good fortune by what is vulgarly called the gift of *gab*. The members of these two families, which will be known without naming them in North-Britain, have been ministers and lords of the bed-chambers in every succeeding reign. In the same manner, the family of the Second-sights have likewise had their share of good fortune; some of them have

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been financiers, some celebrated almanack-makers, and others have written with some reputation on the Millenium.

Having said so much of the antiquity of my family, and of the sources of its reputation, you may naturally enough inquire whence they derived this extraordinary *gift*. Why, Sir, there is a tradition in the family, that when our good King James wrote upon witchcraft, and to act up to the principles of his book, ordered all the witches to be burned throughout his good realm of Scotland, there is a tradition, I say, Sir, that the then Lord of Sky gave a refuge and an asylum to the white witches, which from time immemorial had possessed, and in a degree governed that island. In return for this protection, he is said to have received the *gift* in question from a conclave of the Weird Sisters. Be that as it may, Sir, for the Scottish family-records, like those of the Welch, become illegible as they mould into dust, so far is certainly true, that Malcolm, surnamed Whitebeard, the sixth in ascent from my father, has left a written document, or family-record, in which it is stated, that so many of the females of his family as shall remain virgins, shall at a certain age acquire, and thereafter retain, the faculty of Second-sight; that is to say, that they shall foresee all such events as shall happen within the period of their own life; that they shall see the images of things yet in futurity; and at their will shall call before their mental eye all those embryoes of events which yet lie in the womb of time.

This, Sir, is what is understood by Second-sight; and this, Sir, is what my family have now possessed for some centuries, and what, having fulfilled the condition on which it is given, I possess likewise. Now, Sir, it is in the character of one possessing this quality, that I wish to become your correspondent, as I flatter myself that I can thereby both assist you and exercise my own peculiar talent and enjoyment. There are doubtless many of your readers who would wish to have the mirror of their fate holden up before them; to such I offer my assistance; let one inform me of the circumstances of their situation, and my faculty will enable me to conjure the procession of their future life, and the train of events which will compose their future fortune. In one thing alone we are limited, and Second-sight therein falls short of prediction. We cannot see the end of the procession, the train terminates in clouds, which are impenetrable to Second-sight; in a word, which are pervious only to prophecy. To explain myself by an example; suppose that one of your correspondents had informed me, as I was indeed last week informed, that she, a young woman, had married herself to an old man; it would doubtless be in my power to call up before my eyes and her own the greater part of the train of events which would make up the tissue of her future life, but how that life should end, when it should end, &c. &c. would be even beyond my powers of sight or prediction. I should perhaps, under the circumstances above mentioned, see a train of images, such as a young woman, a coffin, a buck with branching horns, and perhaps an unseen hole or precipice, into which, whilst the young female was anxiously looking at the coffin which was following her husband in the fond expectation that it would overtake him, she herself might fall, and the funeral procession might have another object than the one anticipated.

Having now, Sir, as fully explained myself as is required of a woman, I think you must perfectly understand both my powers and my wishes. Man, says the philosopher, and more particularly woman, is a sociable, communicative animal, and no one can be found possessed of any peculiar gift or acquisition, any quality of nature or attainment of education, who does not find his pleasure in the active operation of communicating his knowledge, or the effects of his knowledge, to others. There is no such things as avarice in these possessions. They are valuable only as they shine, and according to the expression of a Latin poet, "*non splendent nisi in usu.*" They shine only as they are used. It is from this natural impulse, that of a social communication and exchange of favours, that I am induced, at a very advanced age, to introduce myself into your pages, and by the help of your arm seek to hobble into the drawing-room of your *Belle Assemblée*. Though a "wise woman," a "woman of ken," as they call me in these parts, I am still a woman, and therefore have all the

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curiosity, if not all the meddling impertinence which distinguish our sex. I will not deny, therefore, that the circumstances detailed in the letters of my expected correspondents will more than compensate for any trouble I may have in answering them, if trouble, indeed, that can be called which is but the natural exercise and the active operation of my peculiar faculties.

To prevent all possible disappointment, however, I must repeat that there will be limits to the information which they will derive from me, and that though they may very fairly expect me to know more than themselves, they must not expect me to know more than the Witch of Endor and the Wandering Jew. To say all in a word, they must not expect two things from me.

They must not expect, that in the first place, I shall be able to foretel any certain event. This, as I have said before, belongs to prophecy, to absolute prediction, and not to Second-sight. Second-sight, as the term indeed expresses, is a kind of prolonged vision, which certainly sees at a greater distance both of space and time, but does not see very distinctly and clearly, which sees in shadows and clouds.

And secondly, for the very same reason, as they must not expect me to foretel any certain event, so must they likewise not expect that I shall foretel any event certainly. The images, presented to the faculty of Second-sight, pass before our eyes in allegories and emblems; they are emblematic representations of futurity, the skeletons and external forms of events yet in progress. It is not very easy upon this point to render myself intelligible, therefore I shall leave the further explanation of it to the experience of my correspondents.

As an example to such ladies, or even gentlemen, as wish to consult me, you may take the following letter, which I received last week from a young lady at York:—

TO THE LADY SYBILLA MACKEN.

"My dear Madam,—Your knowledge is as much spoken of in these parts as the departure of Colonel Thornton and his fox-hounds; and I myself have met two or three ladies who acknowledge themselves under obligations to your wisdom. In the confidence of your goodness, and in the full persuasion of your knowledge, I shall make no further apology, but proceed to state my case, and to solicit your opinion. Briefly then, my dear Madam, I am the daughter of a gentleman who has seven children besides myself, and a very small annual income, which expires with his life. The points of my case are these two.—I am addressed by two gentlemen; the one of them a young Officer quartered in the town, but who has no fortune but his commission; the other an old gentleman just returned from India, who has an immense property, but is gouty, bilious, and as far as I know has nothing in the world to recommend him but his fortune, and the hopes of a speedy deliverance by his great age. Now, Madam, what is your advice; I most sincerely love the Officer, and *will* have him; I should wish, however, to have your advice, because I should wish to have some one on my side. As to the old gentleman he is a favourite of my father's, and my sisters and brothers all unite in his favour. My father, of course, thinks it the more prudent match, and my sisters have no objection to having their sister possessed of a carriage of her own. But I do not think that either they or my father are the best judges of what belongs personally to my own feelings, to use an old proverb, Madam, they are the best judges of the shoe who are to wear it. What I have to request, therefore, Madam, is your advice, but let it reach me, if possible before the 20th of the month, as I expect to be married to the Officer on the 19th, and on the following day shall leave this place for Bath.—I am, Madam, yours in haste,

ELIZABETH SPEEDWELL."

[*To be continued.*]

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ANECDOTES OF DRESS, AND THE CAPRICES OF FASHION.

FROM MALCOLM'S "ANECDOTES OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF LONDON DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

[*Concluded from Page* 64.]

"In June 1722, the Bishop of Durham appeared on horseback at a review, in the King's train, in a lay habit of purple with jack boots, and his hat cocked, and black wig tied behind him like a militant officer.

"George II. reviewed the Guards in 1727, habited in grey cloth faced with purple, with a purple feather in his hat; and the three eldest Princesses went to Richmond in riding habits, with hats and feathers and periwigs.

"I have met with the following description of the dress of a running footman in 1730:—'They wear fine holland drawers and waistcoats, thread stockings, a blue silk sash fringed with silver, a velvet cap with a great tassel; and carry a porter's staff with a large silver handle.'

"The beaus of the day seemed emulous of the running fraternity in the latter part of their insiguia, according to the *Universal Spectator*, which says:—'The wearing of swords at the court-end of the town is by many polite young gentlemen laid aside; and instead thereof they carry large oak sticks, with great heads and ugly faces carved thereon.'

"An advertisement in March 1731, mentions several articles of the dress of the time; amongst which were, 'a black velvet petticoat; a rose-coloured paduasoy mantua, lined with rich mantua silk of the same colour; a suit of black paduasoy; a long velvet scarf, lined with a shot silk of pink blue; a long silk hood laced, two white short silk aprons, one embroidered with silk at the edges; one green silk apron embroidered with silk and silver; three new muslin India half handkerchiefs, spotted with plated silver; two gauze half handkerchiefs, one brown embroidered with gold, silver, and silk; a short crimson satin cloak, lined with white silk; a gold and silver girdle, with buckles set with Bristol stones, &c.'

"The *Weekly Register* of July 10, 1731, contains the following lively survey of female dress:—

"The love of novelty is the parent of fashion, and as the fashion sickens with one image it longs for another; this is the cause of the continued revolutions of habit and behaviour, and why we are so industrious in pursuing the change; this makes fashion so universally followed, and is the true reason why the awkwardest people are as fond of this folly as the genteelest, who give a grace to every thing they wear. I shall not busy myself with the ladies' shoes and stockings at all; it may serve to recal some ideas to the young fellows of this age, which it does not become my character and office to encourage; but I cannot so easily pass over the hoop when it is in my way, and therefore I must beg pardon of my fair readers, if I begin my attack where the above mentioned pretty gentlemen end theirs. It is now some years since this remarkable fashion made a figure in the world, and from its first beginning, divided the public opinion as to its convenience and beauty. For my own part I was always willing to indulge it under some restrictions; that is to say if it is not a rival to the dome of St. Paul's, to incumber the way, or a tub for the resistance of a new Diogenes; if it does not eclipse too much beauty above, or discover too much below. In short, I am for living in peace; and I am afraid a fine lady, with too much liberty in this particular, would render my own imagination an enemy to my repose.

"The farthingal, according to several paintings, and even history itself, is as old as Queen Elizabeth, though it is possible it had its origin in the same manner as the hoop, and was worn as universally; but the prudes of our days revived it in stark opposition to that fashion, and boasted that while they were in that circle they were secure from temptation; nay, some of them have presumed to say that it gave them all the chastity of that heroic Princess, who died, as she had lived, a virgin, after so many years of trial.—N. B. Her Maids of Honour wore farthingals as well as her Majesty, and undoubtedly participated of the same virtue, though I submit that point to the examination of the learned.

"The stay is a part of modern dress that I have an invincible aversion to, as giving a stiffness to the whole frame, which is void of all grace, and an enemy to beauty; but, as I would not offend the ladies by absolutely condemning what they are so fond of, I will recal my censure, and only observe that even this

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female armour is changing mode continually, and favours or distresses the enemy according to the humour of the wearer. Sometimes the stomacher almost rises to the chin, and a modesty-bit serves the purpose of a ruff: at other times it is so complaisant as not to reach half way, and the modesty is but a transparent shade to the beauties underneath. This is what one may call opening the windows of heaven, and giving us a view of paradise; the other shuts up every avenue, and makes reserve a dragon for its security: the first may give passion too great a licence, and the last may be an injury to nature: for which reason I recommend a medium; coquets are the encouragers of one, and prudes of the other.

"I have no objection to make to the tippet. It may be made an elegant and beautiful ornament; in winter the sable is wonderfully graceful, and a fine help to the complexion: in summer the colours and the composition are to be adapted with judgment, neither dull without fancy, nor gaudy without beauty.

"As the breast-knot allows a good deal of ingenuity in the delicate choice of colours, and disposition of figure, I think it may be indulged; but very sparingly, and rather with a negligence than the least affectation.

"I come now to the head-dress, the very highest point of female elegance; and here I find such a variety of modes, such a medley of decoration, that it is hard to know where to fix; lace and cambric, gauze and fringe, feathers and ribands, create such a confusion, occasion such frequent changes, that it defies art, judgment, or taste to reconcile them to any standard, or reduce them to any order. That ornament of the hair which is styled the horns, and has been in vogue so long, was certainly first calculated by some good-natured lady to keep her spouse in countenance; and, by sympathy, the fashion has prevailed ever since.

"The high-crowned hat, after having been confined to cots and villages for so long a time, is become the favourite mode of quality, and is the politest distinction of a fashionable undress. I quarrel with it only because it seems to be a kind of masquerade; it would insinuate an idea of innocence and rusticity, though the Park is not the likeliest place to be the scene of either: in short, if a woman is dressed like a wood nymph, I expect the simplicity of manners, and full force of rural nature, which is of a piece with the character; but I am generally most egregiously disappointed. Some lady who was intimate with the intrigue of romances was certainly the reviver of this custom; she had read of lucky adventures in that disguise, and fancied an amour was its inseparable companion. On which account I give public notice that a high-crowned hat shall be esteemed as an emblem of an amorous heart, and a signal for the first assignation that falls in the way.

"The hat and peruke, which has been some time made part of a lady's riding equipage, is such an odd kind of affectation, that I hardly know under what species to range it; it is such an enemy to female beauty, it is so foreign to every amiable grace, it adds such a masculine fierceness to the figure, and such a shameless boldness to every feature, that neither decency nor elegance can justify it.—None but Amazons ought to wear it; and, if any of the sex are now courageous enough to bid defiance to mankind, I must insist on their wearing the breeches too, to make their disguise complete. But I am apt to believe it is made use of on quite different motives; it must certainly take place out of a more than ordinary regard to us, and must be meant as the highest compliment. Beside, it may serve to tickle the mind with pretty imaginations; sometimes supply the absence of a beau, and sometimes please with the resemblance. I never see one of these heroines without ascribing some such cause for her gallantry; and always surmise with what readiness she would part with the appearance in exchange for the reality.

"The riding habit simply, without the black velvet cap and white feather, is, in my opinion, the most elegant dress that belongs to the ladies' wardrobe; there is a grace and gentility in it that all other dresses want; it displays the shape and turn of the body to great advantage, and betrays a negligence that is perfectly agreeable. This fashion was certainly first invented by a woman of taste; and I am pleased to see the ladies in general so well reconciled to it. It argues something like good sense in their choice still remaining; and she who makes her whole actions most conformable to that standard, will always be most secure of conquests and reputation."

"Perukes were an highly important article in 1734. Those of *right grey human hair* were four guineas each; light grizzle ties three guineas; and other colours in proportion, to twenty-five shillings. Right grey human hair cue perukes from two guineas to fifteen shillings each, which was the price of dark cues: and right grey bob perukes two guineas and an half to fifteen shillings, the price of dark bobs. Those mixed with horse-hair were much lower. It will be observed from the gradations in price, that real grey hair was most in fashion, and dark of no estimation.

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"The following extracts will describe the dresses of 1735:—'On his Majesty's birth-day, the Queen was in a beautiful suit, made of silk of the produce of Georgia; and the same was universally acknowledged to excel that of any other country. The noblemen and gentlemen wore chiefly at court brown flowered velvets, or dark cloth coats, laced with gold or silver, or plain velvets of various colours, and breeches of the same; their waistcoats were either gold stuffs, or rich flowered silks of a large pattern, with a white ground: the make much the same as has been worn some time, only many had open sleeves to their coats: their tie wigs were with large curls, setting forward and rising from the forehead, though not very high: the ties were thick, and longer than of late, and both behind; some few had bag wigs.

"The ladies wore flowered silks of various sorts, of a large pattern, but mostly with a white ground with wide short sleeves, and short petticoats: their gowns were pinned up variously behind, though mostly narrow. Some few had gold or silver nets on their petticoats, and to their facings and robings; and some had gold and silver set on their gown sleeves, like flounces: they wore chiefly fine escaloped laced heads, and dressed mostly English. Some few had their hair curled down on the sides; but most of them had it pinned up quite strait, and almost all of them with powder, both *before and behind*. Some few had their heads made up Dutch, some with cockades of ribands on the side, and others with artificial flowers; they wore treble escaloped laced ruffles, one fall tacked up before, and two down, but all three down behind; though some few had two falls tacked up, and one down before. Laced tippets were much worn; some had diamond solitaires to hook them together; others had their jewels made up bows and ends. Those without tippets had mostly very broad laced tuckers, with diamond necklaces and ear-rings. Diamond buckles were much worn in the shoes both of the gentlemen and ladies. Lord Castlemain made a very splendid appearance among the young noblemen in a rich gold stuff coat; as Lady Harcourt did among the ladies, in a white ground rich silk embossed with gold and silver, and fine coloured flowers of a large pattern.'

"The Editor of the *London Evening Post* has whimsically described the dresses then prevailing, under the character of Miss Townley, in one of his papers for December 1738, who observes:—'I am a young woman of fashion, who loves plays, and should be glad to frequent them, as an agreeable and instructive entertainment, but am debarred that diversion by my relations, upon account of a sort of people who now fill, or rather infest the boxes. I went the other night to the play with an aunt of mine, a well-bred woman of the last age, though a little formal. When we sat down in the front boxes, we found ourselves surrounded by a parcel of the strongest fellows that ever I saw in my life; some of them had those loose kind of great coats on, which I have heard called *wrap rascals*, with gold-laced hats slouched, in humble imitation of *stage-coachmen*: others aspired at being *grooms*, and had dirty boots and spurs, with black caps on, and long whips in their hands: a third sort wore scanty frocks, little shabby hats put on one side, and clubs in their hands. My aunt whispered me, she never saw such a set of slovenly unmannerly footmen sent to keep places in her life; when, to her greater surprize, she saw those fellows *at the end of the act pay the box-keeper for their places*.'

"When our present Queen landed in England 1761, she was habited in a gold brocade with a white ground; had a stomacher ornamented with diamonds; and wore a fly-cap with richly laced lappets. Such was the then female British dress, which her Majesty adopted in compliment to her royal consort's subjects.

"General Napier lost by robbery in the same year 'a painted silk negligée and petticoat, the ground white, a running pattern of flowers and leaves, the edges of the leaves painted in silver, and the veins gold, with some birds and butterflies painted thereon.'

"The author of *Historical Remarks on Dress*, published in 1761 by Jefferies, asserts, that party-coloured coats were first worn in England in the time of Henry I.; chaplets, or wreaths of artificial flowers, in the time of Edward III.; hoods and short coats without sleeves, called tabarts in the time of Henry IV.; hats in the time of Henry VII.; ruffs in the reign of Edward VI.; and wrought caps or bonnets in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Judge Finch introduced the band in the time of James I. French hoods, bibs, and gorgets, were discontinued by the Queen of Charles I. The commode or tower was introduced in 1637; shoes of the then fashion in 1633; breeches, instead of trunk hose, in 1654. And perukes were first worn after the Restoration."

"The Countess Dowager of Effingham was robbed of the robes which she wore at the coronation, and other dresses; and thus described them in an advertisement:—'Coronation robes with a silver tissue petticoat, the gold trimmings to the petticoat, and the tassels, &c.

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to the robe taken off, and put into papers; a scarlet-flowered damask mantua petticoat, very richly embroidered with silver; an uncut red-flowered velvet mantua petticoat, trimmed with silver flounces of net with silver tassels; a very rich blue and silver mantua petticoat, with a figured ground; a mantua petticoat white and gold, with figured ground; a white satin gown and petticoat; a brown satin sack richly brocaded with silver; a new satin sack and petticoat, white satin ground brocaded yellow; a scarlet unwatered tabby sack and petticoat; a white tissue flowered sack and petticoat; a white and silver sack; a red satin fly petticoat, with a broad silver orrice at the bottom; a quilted red silk petticoat; and a blue and gold Turkey silk sack and petticoat.'

"A person whose name is not mentioned, influenced by the same cause as the Countess, described cloaths as follows:—'A brocade, lustring sack with a ruby-coloured ground and white tobine stripes trimmed with *floss*; a *black* satin sack flowered with *red* and *white flowers* trimmed with *white* floss; a pink and white striped tobine sack and petticoat trimmed with white floss; and a garnet-coloured lustring night-gown, with a tobine stripe of green and white, trimmed with the floss of the same colour, and lined with straw-coloured lustring.'

"Such were the gawdy fashions of our dames *circa* 1763. Are we not improved in our taste, good reader?

"The ladies head dress in 1765 is said to have exactly resembled that of Mary Queen of Scots as represented in her portraits.

"Court mournings were continued for a most unreasonable length of time previous to 1768, and became very prejudicial to the manufacturer and retailer; but remonstrances from the city of London procured the ensuing notice, which was inserted in the *Gazette*:—

"His Majesty, in compassion to such manufacturers and people in the trade as by the length of court mournings are, in this time of general scarcity and dearness of provisions, deprived in a great measure of the means of getting bread, hath been pleased to give directions for shortening all such mournings for the future; and the Lord Chamberlain's orders for court mournings will be issued hereafter conformably thereto.'

"The subject of dress is now nearly exhausted; but I cannot part with the follies of thirty years without permitting an observer to speak of one of them:—

"Among the many enormous exuberances of modern dress, I believe there is one lately sprung up which you may not have noticed. You will perhaps be surprized when I tell you it is the *cork rump*. To explain this technical term, you are to know that the ladies have thought it conducive to elegance to make cork under the straps of their stays, in order, that by the protuberance of this new additional rump, their waist may seem the smaller and the more delicate.'

"Some of the then and subsequent exuberances shall now be brought to recollection. And first, the head—this we have seen covered with a *cushion*, as it was termed, generally formed of horse-hair, and something like a porter's knot set upon the ends; over this the hair was combed strait, the sides curled, and the back turned up, and the whole powdered; diminutive caps of gauze, adorned with ribands, and miniature hats, generally of black silk trimmed, were *stuck* on the tower of hair with long pins. The waist was covered by a long-bodied gown, drawn exceedingly close over stays laced still closer; the hips sometimes supported a bell hoop; the shoulders alternately small cloaks and cardinals, the former of muslin and silk, and the latter almost always of black silk richly laced.

"This description of female dress altered by *degrees* to the present fashion: the head insensibly lowered; the horse-hair gave place to large natural curls spread over the face and ears; the cap enlarged to an enormous size, and the bonnet swelled in proportion; hoops were entirely discontinued, except at court; silks became unfashionable, and printed calicoes and the finest white muslins were substituted, and still hold their influence. The ladies have at length, much to their honour, thrown aside those hateful attempts to supply nature's deficiencies or omissions, the false breasts, pads, and bottoms; and now appear in that native grace and proportion which distinguishes an English woman: the hair, cleansed from all extraneous matter, shines in beautiful lustre carelessly turned round the head in the manner adopted by the most eminent Grecian sculptors; and the form appears through their snow-white draperies in that fascinating manner which excludes the last thought of impropriety. Their hats and bonnets of straw, chip, and beaver, are generally well proportioned and handsome; and their velvet pelisses, shawls, and silk spencers, are contrived to improve rather than injure the form.

"But in the midst of this praise I must be permitted to make one observation; and that is, some thoughtless females indulge in the licence of freedom rather too far, and shew their person in a manner offensive to modesty.

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"The male dress changed almost insensibly from formality to ease. This was effected merely by altering the cut of the cloaths: the materials are the same they were a hundred years past; the colours however are more grave. Deep blue, dark browns, mixtures, and black, are worn by the sedate and the gay, the young and the old: the former indeed sometimes appear in coats *rather large* for their persons; but they compensate for this oddity by stretching their pantaloons almost to bursting, and wear something *that resembles* the waistcoat of a boy seven years old. The modern hat is very convenient—a high flat crown and narrow brim, pressed down before and behind, and turned up at the sides. Square toed shoes have been revived; and half and whole boots are, I believe, every thing but slept in. The modern neckcloth should not be omitted, especially as it has undergone more ridicule than the rest of the dress in the aggregate; it is enough to say, the neckcloth has been compared *to a towel tied under the chin*.

"The hair was a long time dressed or frizzed high on the head, like a negro's wool, and perfectly whitened with powder, and alternately plaited and turned up or queued behind. The powder-tax occurred, and thousands of heads became in an instant black and brown; and, as the revolution in France *deserved* imitation, the fierce republican head of Brutus stared us full in the front, mounted upon the shoulders of *Ladies* and box-lobby loungers composed of puppies rather than men.

"Since those days of horror powder again makes its appearance with the hair cropped close, except above the forehead; there it is turned erect in imitation of a cock's-comb.

"And now, fashion, I bid thee, in perfect good humour, heartily farewel!"

THE SPORTS AND PASTIMES
USED IN TIMES OF OLD IN LONDON.

EXTRACTED FROM A VERY ANCIENT PUBLICATION.

"LET us now (saith Fitzstephen) come to the sports and pastimes, seeing it is fit that a city should not only be commodious and serious, but also merry and sportful. Whereupon, in the scales of the Popes, until the time of Pope Leo, on the one side was St. Peter fishing, with a key over him, reached as it were by the hand of God out of heaven, and about it this verse—*Tu pro me navem liquisti, excipe clavem*. On the other side was a city, and this incripsion on it—*Aurea Roma*. Likewise to the praise of Augustus Cæsar, and the city, in respect of the showes and sports, was written—*Nocte pluit tota redeunt spectacula mane*, &c.

"All night it rains, and shows at morrow-tide return again,
"And Cæsar with Almighty Jove hath match'd an equal reign."

"But London for the shows upon theatres, and comical pastimes, hath holy plays, representations of torments wherein the constancy of martyrs appeared. Every year also, on Shrove Tuesday (that we may begin with children's sports, seeing we all have been children) the school-boys do bring cocks of the game to their master, and all the forenoon they delight themselves with cock fighting. After dinner all the youths go into the fields to play at the ball.

"The scholars of every school have their balls or bastions in their hands: the ancient and wealthy men of the city come forth on horseback, to see the sports of the young men, and to take part of the pleasure in beholding their agility.

"Every Friday in Lent a fresh company of young men come into the field on horseback, and the best horsemen conduct the rest. Then march forth the citizens' sons, and other young men, with disarmed launces and shields, and there they practised feats of war.

"Many courtiers, likewise, when the King lieth near, and attendants on noblemen, do repair to those exercises, and while the hope of victory doth inflame their minds, they shew by good proof, how serviceable they would be in martial affairs.

"In Easter holidays they fight battles on the water; a shield is hung upon a pole, fixed in the midst of the stream; a boat is prepared without oars, to be carried with violence of the water, and in the fore-part thereof standeth a young man, ready to give charge upon the shield with his launce. If so be he break his launce upon the shield and doth not fall, he is thought to have performed a worthy deed. If so be without breaking his launce he runneth strongly against the shield, down he falleth into the water, for the boat is forced with the tide; but on each side of the shield

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ride two boats, furnished with young men, who recover him that falleth as soon as they may. Upon the bridge, wharfs, and houses by the river side stand great numbers to see and laugh thereat.

"In the holidays in summer, the youths are exercised in leaping, dancing, shooting, wrestling, casting the stone, and practising their shields: the maidens trip with their timbrels, and dance as long as they can well see. In winter, every holiday before dinner, the boars prepared for brawn, are set to fight, or else bulls and bears are baited.

"When the great fenn or moor which watereth the walls of the city on the north side is frozen, many young men play upon the ice, some striding as wide as they may, do slide swiftly; others make themselves seats on the ice, as great as milstones. One sits down, many (hand in hand) do draw him, and one slipping on a sudden, all fall together. Some tye bones to their feet, and under their heels, shoving themselves by a little picked staff, do slide as swiftly as a bird flieth in the air, or an arrow out of cross-bow. Sometimes two run together with poles, and hitting one another, either one or other do fall not without hurt: some break their arms, some their legs, but youth (desirous of glory in this sort) exerciseth itself against the time of war. Many of the citizens do delight themselves in hawks and hounds, for they have liberty of hunting in Middlesex, Hartfordshire, all Chiltron, and in Kent to the water of Crag."

CALEDONIAN SKETCHES;

OR

A TOUR THROUGH SCOTLAND IN 1807.

BY SIR JOHN CARR.

We make the following extract from this recent tour in Scotland, which is a sample from the best part, and will, we trust, entertain our readers. Sir John Carr seems to have gleaned, with much industry, some expiring embers of historical anecdote upon the field of Culloden. What he relates is not altogether new, but he has compared report with the tradition of the country, he has collated rumours, and confirmed anecdote by the test of oral inquiry. Sir John thus commences his tour over the plain of Culloden:—

"The road to Inverness (says Sir John Carr) winds along the shores of the Murray Frith, which, bounded by mountains in almost every direction, resembles a vast lake. I quitted my chaise, and visited the celebrated moor of Culloden; there is nothing worth this trouble unless it be more forcibly to recollect the memorable incidents of the 16th of April, 1746, which decided the hopes of the expatriated family of the Stuarts. The battle of that day, so distinguished in the history of the times, would, in the present era of military carnage, be considered as little more than an affair of posts. On the evening preceding the engagement, the young Prince Charles Edward slept at Culloden-house, adjoining the field of battle, the residence of the ancient family of Forbes. Distraction and insubordination had made great inroads in the rebel army. On the day before mentioned, the royal army, commanded by the Duke of Cumberland, commenced their march from Nairn, in five lines, of three battalions each, led by Major General Huske on the left, Lord Sempell on the right, and Brigadier Mordaunt in the centre, flanked by the cavalry, commanded by Generals Hawley and Bland, who at the same time covered the cannon on the right and left. In this order they marched about eight miles, when a detachment of Kingston's horse, and of the Highlanders, having advanced before the rest of the army, discovered the van of the rebels, commanded by the young Pretender; both armies formed in order of battle: the royal army amounted to eight thousand eight hundred and eleven men, the rebel to eight thousand three hundred and fifty, so that there was little disparity. About two in the afternoon the rebels began to cannonade the King's army, but their artillery, consisting only of a few four-pounders, being ill served, did little execution, whilst the fire from their enemies was very effective, and produced great disorder. Severely annoyed by this fire, the front line of the rebels, amounting to about five hundred of the clans, charged the right of the royal army with their accustomed impetuosity in order to draw the troops forward. One regiment was disordered by the weight of this column, but two battalions advancing from the second line arrested their career, upon which they turned their whole force upon the

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left when they attempted to flank the front line; this movement was however defeated by the advancing of Wolfe's regiment, supported by cannon, which opened upon them with cartridge-shot. General Hawley, with some Highlanders, had opened a passage through some stone walls to the right for the horse, which advanced on that side, whilst the horse on the King's right wheeled off on their right, dispersed their body of reserve, and met in the centre of their front line in their rear, when, being repulsed in the front, and great numbers cut off, the rebels fell into the greatest confusion. A dreadful carnage was made by the cavalry on their backs; however, some part of the foot still preserved their order; but the Kingston horse from the reserve galloped up briskly, and did terrible execution amongst the fugitives. A total defeat instantly followed, with the loss of two thousand five hundred killed, wounded, and taken prisoners on the part of the rebels, and of two hundred only on the side of the royal army. The young Pretender had his horse shot under him during the engagement, and after the battle retired to the house of a factor of Lord Lovat, about ten miles from Inverness, where he rested that night: the scene of desolation which followed was horrible, and can be justified only by the severe policy of every where impressing the disaffected with terror and dismay.

"The Highlanders were buried by their friends the next day, who dug holes for them on the moor, where several green elevated spots are still to be seen, which, upon being opened, are found to contain human bones, and the country-people often find small cannon and musket-balls. The genius of the place seems to whisper—'Grey stones and heaped up earth shall mark me to future times. When the hunter shall sit by the mound, and produce his food at noon,—*Some warrior rests here*, he will say.'

"All the perilous adventures of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester were renewed in the fugitive history of the young Pretender after the battle of Culloden. For some days he wandered in the country; sometimes, without food or attendant, he sought refuge in caves and cottages; sometimes he lay in a forest, with one or two companions of his distress, continually pursued by the troops of the conqueror, who offered a reward of thirty thousand pounds for taking him, dead or alive. In the course of his wanderings he had occasion to trust his life to the fidelity of above fifty individuals, who, to their eternal honour, refused to enrich themselves by a violation of the rights of hospitality.

"An extraordinary instance of incorruptible fidelity occurred in the course of his miserable rambles. A poor cottager, of the name of M'Jan, who was upon principle hostile to his cause, and who, on account of a severe season, was, with his family, in a state of starvation, received the wretched wanderer, and at the hazard of his life committed depredations to procure him sustenance, when an immense reward lay within his reach, and with powerful temptation invited him to surrender up his guest.

"The fate of this generous being was as singular as his conduct to the Prince. In a season of great scarcity he stole a cow to save his family from dying of hunger, for which he was tried, convicted, and executed. A little before his execution he took off his bonnet, and thanked God he had never betrayed a trust, never injured the poor, and never refused a share of what he had to the stranger and to the needy. The King, when he heard of the fate of this poor but noble fellow, is said magnanimously to have declared, that had he known his circumstances in proper time, he would have raised him above the cruel necessity of stealing a cow for his subsistence.

"Another instance of the integrity of the Highland character is related. One day, after the hapless wanderer had walked from morning till night without having tasted food, he ventered to enter a house, the owner of which he knew was, like the last man, hostile to his views. As he entered he addressed the master of the house in the following manner: 'The son of your King comes to beg a little bread and a few clothes. I know your present attachment to my adversaries; but I believe you have sufficient honour not to abuse my confidence, or take advantage of my distressed situation. Take these rags, that have for some time been my only covering; you may probably restore them to me one day, when I shall be seated on the throne of my ancestors.' This affecting appeal awakened pity in the breast of the owner of the house, who afforded him all the assistance in his power, and never divulged his secret.

"A few other anecdotes, connected with the fate of the unhappy adventurer, not generally known, and which reflect unfading honour upon the incorruptible integrity of the parties concerned, may not be uninteresting. After this battle the gallant young Captain Mackenzie wandered with a few other adherents of the Prince, whom he remarkably resembled in face and person. In every part of this country, parties of royalists were distributed for the purpose of seizing upon the

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Pretender: one day the Captain and his little band were discovered and pursued, some of whom fled, and others threw down their arms and implored for mercy; but upon observing that his pursuers seemed very anxious to take him, he concluded that they mistook him for the Prince; he accordingly, to confirm them in their mistake, defended himself with all the fury of desperation; upon which, to secure the enormous reward offered for the head of the Pretender, they shot him; when he exclaimed, as he expired,—'Villains ye have shot your Prince!' thinking by this gallant stratagem to abate the ardour of their pursuit after the royal fugitive. His head was immediately severed from his shoulders, and brought into the camp by those who slew him with great exultation, when they were mortified by being informed by a soldier, who knew the gallant Captain, that it was the head of Mackenzie instead of the Pretender.

"The Pretender at this time found an asylum with three robbers, who were brothers, and who felt no disgrace in living by rapine, but would have thought it an indelible stain to have betrayed the being who, in the hour of misery and desertion, sought shelter under their protection. One of these brothers used to venture every day into the English camp, disguised as a fisherman, where he procured wheaten bread, and had even address to get the Newspapers from the officers' servants; and also abundance of gingerbread, of which the unhappy Prince was very fond. In these perilous visits he used constantly to hear proclaimed at the drum-head, in Erse and English, a reward of £30,000 for the head of the adventurer.

"At length the Prince was safely conducted on board of a boat, and endeavoured to make for the Western Isles. When they left the main land they were afraid of steering direct for Sky; and in consequence of having heard that there was a ship of war at anchor, and that armed boats were stationed at every landing place, they were obliged to keep at sea all that day, during which they were overtaken by a storm. When the rowers became exhausted the Prince relieved them by turns, and, when the storm subsided, sung and amused them by endeavouring to learn Gaelic songs; on this, as on all other occasions, displaying a cheerful philosophy, except when he heard an unhappy story of any of his unfortunate adherents. In this melancholy condition their little sea-store was destroyed by the sea-water which they shipped. On the following night they approached the shores of Rasay; and it being a fine moon-light evening, they were seen by the Laird or his brother, who warned them from the landing-place to depart, as Rasay, as well as Sky, was occupied by the royal forces, and brought them some bread, wine, and brandy. Compelled to put out again to sea, they were the next morning chased by one of the King's cutters into South Uist, an island belonging to the Clanronald family: in this dire dilemma the Prince escaped by ordering the boatmen to turn a point of projecting rock, upon which he leaped, and concealed himself in a cave amongst the rocks: the boatmen escaped by pretending not to understand the English language, and one of them contrived to inform the lady of the place of the Pretender's landing, who, on account of the absence of her husband, at first felt extremely embarrassed, in a contest between sympathy and duty, what to do.

"From this painful situation she was relieved by Miss Flora Macdonald, who happened to be her guest, and undertook the protection of the wanderer. She accordingly, the better to escape the vigilant observation of the soldiers, upon the ebbing of the tide wandered to the beach with her maid, apparently in search of shells; and as the attention of her maid was engaged at some distance from her, she stole into the cave of the Prince with some wine and food, and returned without having been observed. She afterwards conveyed a female dress to him, and requested a pass from the commanding officer for herself and an Irish maid, called Betty Bourke, whom she said she had brought over for her mother. As this great strapping Irish servant, the Prince got off with his fair and youthful protectress to the island of Sky, where they arrived on a Sunday afternoon.

"They were met by Flora Macdonald's stepfather, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, a man of great integrity, who, when informed of the secret by his daughter, resolved to render her distinguished charge every assistance in his power. The particulars that followed, till the Prince quitted Sky, are given in Mr. Boswell's very entertaining Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, to which I refer my reader. Upon quitting Sky, Prince Charles entered Loch Nevish, to the westward of Loch Ackeig. Whilst he was secreting himself in the glens of this district, four hundred men, under the command of General Campbell, arrived on one side of him, and five hundred more, under Captain Scott, on the other, and began to form a circle round him. In this desperate situation the Prince sent to Donald Cameron, of Glenpean, who, under favour of a dark night, safely conducted him through a pass strongly

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guarded by soldiers, during which they were obliged to creep upon their hands and knees, so close to their enemies that they distinctly heard them talk, and saw them walking between them and their fires; after this their dangers thickened, for they had to pass through a chain of little camps, twenty-seven in number, through which, at night, Donald Cameron, by way of experiment, passed alone, and returned in safety to the Prince, whom he conducted through the line without interruption. Before they set out, Donald said to the young fugitive, 'Oh! Sir, my nose is yuicking,' that is, itching, 'which is a sign to me that we have great risks and dangers to go through.' When they had accomplished this perilous enterprise, the Prince said to his faithful guide, 'Well, my brave Donald, how does your nose now?'—'It is better now,' replied he, 'but it still yuicks a little.'—The share which Flora Macdonald and her father had in the escape of the Prince led to their apprehension, and they were conveyed as prisoners to London. Her heroic and noble conduct during her examination excited the surprise and admiration even of the Sovereign, and led to her own enlargement and that of others. During her stay in London, after her discharge, she became an object of great public attention, and persons of the highest distinction loaded her with kindnesses and civilities, which she received with a becoming grace and diffidence.

"The unfortunate Charles, after the most marvellous escapes, often hemmed round by his pursuers, but still rescued by some providential and marvellous interposition, at last received intelligence that a privateer of St. Maloes, hired by his adherents, was arrived in Lochranach, in which he embarked in the most wretched attire, consisting of a short threadbare coat of black frieze, over which was a common Highland plaid, girt round him by a belt, from which hung a pistol and a dagger. He had not changed his linen for many weeks; his eyes were hollow, his visage wan, and his constitution greatly impaired by famine and fatigue. To the honour of Ireland, two faithful natives of that country, Sullivan and Sheridan, who had participated with him in his calamities, Cameron of Locheil, his brother, and a few other adherents to his cause, accompanied him on board, when they set sail for France, and reached Roseau, near Morlaix, in Bretagne, after having been chased by two English ships of war. I have been informed from good authority that his present Majesty, with characteristic magnanimity, allows from his private purse a pension of £2,000 per annum to the personage known by the name of the Comtesse d'Albany, widow of the unfortunate Charles Stuart, grandson of King James the Second, who has been dead some years. She is a Princess of the house of Holberg, and lived at Brussels, where she was married; she is allied to many noble families in this country. This lady had a dower assigned to her out of the old French funds, which were destroyed in the Revolution, and she was entirely supported by her brother-in-law, the Cardinal of York, upon whose death she became absolutely destitute. It is well known that his Majesty also allowed an annuity of £6,000 to the Cardinal, who was left unprovided for by the French Revolution, which annuity he enjoyed to the day of his death.

"I know of no Caledonian lady who has obtained more celebrity than Flora Macdonald. She was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, in Uist, a cadet of the family of Macdonald of Clanronald; she married Major Macdonald, of Kingsburgh. A report has gone abroad that this romantic friend of the young Pretender is still alive, and that she enjoys a pension upon the Irish establishment; this report is unfounded, as I am favoured by the assurance of my much-respected friend, Mr. Hector Macdonald Buchannan, who is well acquainted with the family, that she died in the year 1790 in the isle of Sky, and that he inserted her death in the Annual Register, by the desire of her son, Major Macdonald, since also dead. She has another son, still living, Major or Colonel John Macdonald, of the Honourable East-India Company's service, who married Miss Chambers, daughter of Sir Robert Chambers, a brave and active officer, and who was Lieutenant Colonel in the regiment of volunteers raised and commanded by the late Right Honourable William Pitt. The person mistaken in Ireland for Flora Macdonald is *Florence Macdonnell*, whose name stands in the pension-list of officers' widows in Ireland, and who resides at Ratagan, in the parish of Glomshiel, in the county of Ross. Boswell describes the celebrated Flora to have been 'a little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred.'

"After a very agreeable ride, I reached Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, and the seat of Highland elegance and refinement, and soon experienced all the comforts of an hotel which would be respected in the most fashionable parts of London; and there are other good inns. This town is a port, with twenty creeks dependent upon it, part on the Murray Frith, to the east, and part on the north of the town, extending as far as the south border of the

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county of Caithness The Salmon fisheries here and at Fort George are let to London fishmongers. The town, which consists of two principal streets, crossing each other, stands upon the eastern side of the beautiful river Ness, having considerable suburbs on the other side, which are united by an ancient bridge of seven arches.

"The view of the town from the suburbs over this bridge, looking a little to the north ward, is said much to resemble Basle, in Switzerland. Both Gaelic and English are promiscuously spoken here, but the ear of a stranger is almost immediately sensible of the pleasing softness with which the English language is here pronounced; it has neither the accent of the Highland nor the Lowland English language, but possesses a sweetness and purity peculiarly its own; it has been well compared to very pure English spoken with a soft foreign tone. The reasons assigned for the purity with which English is here spoken, both with respect to pronunciation and grammar, are, that not being the mother tongue it is learnt more by book, as Greek and Latin are learnt, than by conversation; that there have been garrisons of English soldiers in the neighbourhood ever since the time of Cromwell; and that, in consequence of there being little comparative communication between these counties and the Lowlands, the corrupt phrases and pronunciation of the latter are but little heard. It is very whimsical to find, in this as well as other Highland towns on the western coast, that frequently the inhabitants speak Gaelic on one side of the street and English on the other. There is a great appearance of industry and opulence, urbanity and refinement, amongst the inhabitants. The females are remarked for their beauty. There is an elegant suite of assembly-rooms; and in the winter, I am informed, the town is extremely gay.

"The houses are lofty, and the streets are tolerably clean. One of the principal buildings is the court-house; and the tolbooth, which is a very handsome modern building, surmounted by an elegant spire. The prison, which I inspected, is airy and strong, but destitute of a court-yard. I was surprised to see one prisoner, and only one, whose legs were fastened close together with irons, such as are used to bolt the hands of a deserter, so that he could not move without great difficulty: upon inquiring of the gaoler if he had attempted to escape, I was answered in the negative; and there was another prisoner (but he was a rich rogue), committed for more serious charges, who was not fettered at all. The gaoler informed me that the former had been thus severely ironed for some months. This was the only prisoner I saw in irons in Scotland. The room for the debtors is airy, and the prison allowance liberal. The court-room, to which there is a passage from the grated gallery of the prison, is spacious and handsome.

"I ascended the hill where the Castle of Macbeth stood, the walls of which were standing when Dr. Johnson visited Inverness, but of which, to my disappointment, there were now no traces; I was rewarded, however, for my trouble, by a beautiful prospect of the town, rich corn-fields, the Frith, and many a cloud-capp'd mountain. In this castle it is believed that Macbeth murdered Duncan: the bed on which this foul deed was perpetrated is, I was informed, to be seen at Calder-castle.

"The academy established here in 1790 may be considered as partaking very much of the character and consequence of an university, and is much and justly celebrated. The building containing the schools is more extensive than ornamental. Latin, Greek, French, mathematics, writing, and geography are taught here with great success, under the tuition of nine masters, who have small salaries, and chiefly depend on the fees of their different classes, by which, as before, upon a somewhat similar occasion, has been observed, their interest is placed on the side of their duty. The number of youths at this academy was two hundred. The academy spring sessions, or terms, commence the 2d of January, and close the 28th of May. The autumnal sessions commence the 15th of July, and close the 20th of December. Besides this school for boys, there is a seminary, as I was informed, for young ladies, who are sent to it from remote parts of the Highlands.

"Misfortune has always strong claims upon the feelings of a Highlander, and I could not help being highly gratified by a little rebuke which I received in this town from one whose loyalty and devotion to the august family now upon the throne are exemplary: upon designating the royal exile by the usual name of the *Pretender*—'Do not call him the Pretender,' said he, 'he was the Prince Charles."

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HULKEM.

A TALE.

"My father, my dearest father!" exclaimed Hassan, throwing himself on the neck of the venerable Abul Bedir, "how unfortunate am I! I possess an immense treasure in pearls, jewels, and gold! My father has left me palaces, estates, baths, and charming gardens; all the roads are covered with my camels, and, nevertheless, I am not happy!"

Abul-Bedir smiled, pressing the young man's hand with paternal affection. "Tell me, Hassan," said he, "are there no unfortunate sufferers on thy estates who want assistance? Surely thou canst not be unhappy whilst a single being exists whose wants thou canst relieve. Dost thou know Hulkem?"

"Him whom the people call the wise Hulkem?"

"Whom else could I mean? Go, and do as Hulkem does, and thou wilt become happy. But, Hassan, before thou doest as Hulkem does, resolve first to imitate him likewise in the *manner* in which he does good. I know thou art capable of it!"

Hulkem lived at the distance of two days journey from Bagdad, in a fertile plain, intersected with groves, hills, and shady dales. Close by the main road stood his house, having as many doors as roads from the interior of the country crossed each other. Lofty palm-trees stood in shady rows round the house, and underneath the palm-trees were seen numerous seats, made of fragrant turf, and wells supplying cooling water to refresh the camels of the travellers. The floors of the spacious halls in Hulkem's house were covered with carpets, provided with soft pillows, for the accommodation of wearied travellers. Numerous slaves inhabited the cottages encompassing the hospitable mansion, and with kind words invited the travellers to bait their camels, to rest on Hulkem's carpets, to eat of his bread, and to drink of the milk of his sheep.

When travellers arrived they were received by officious female slaves, who offered them water to wash themselves, preparing a fragrant bath for them, and amusing them with dancing, singing, and playing on the lute, till sleep closed their heavy eyes. Early at morn they were waked by the harmonious notes of the lute, a bath afforded them refreshment, and after having partaken of the savoury viands which were served up by beautiful maidens, they proceeded on the road, extolling in all the countries to which they came Hulkem's hospitality. Hulkem, the happy, generous, and wise Hulkem, was the object of universal admiration in every country of the east.

When Hassan heard of Hulkem's fame, he meditated whether a life like that for which Hulkem was renowned could make himself happy? "Yes," exclaimed he, starting up from his couch; "yes, I shall become happy: my name will be celebrated all over the globe; travellers will bless me on the snowy tops of the Ural, and the hospitable Arab shall say, Hassan is more hospitable than myself!"

Thus spoke he, and instantly sent workmen to the opposite side of Bagdad, where the roads from numerous sea-ports united. "That situation," said he, "will enable me to become more renowned than Hulkem; my name will be extolled in all countries, and in all the palaces of the great, whilst Hulkem's name is known only in the cottages of the poor."

A splendid pile, composed of polished marble, was soon erected; an hundred gates were thrown open to the numerous caravans that constantly passed the spot where Hassan's palace stood; four hundred black slaves guarded the avenues, and invited all travellers to partake of their master's hospitality; a sumptuous bath occupied the centre of the palace, where beautiful female slaves greeted the travellers, whilst the sweet sounds of music re-echoed through the lofty pile. Each traveller on leaving the splendid mansion received a costly carpet, in which Hassan's name was embroidered. Over every gate of the palace were engraven in letters of gold the words,—*Devoted to the weary traveller, by Hassan the benevolent, the protector of the unfortunate.*

Thousands came from Bagdad to admire Hassan's magnificence, to bathe, to eat, and to drink in his palace. Numerous travellers refreshed themselves in his mansion, and admired its splendour. Hassan was happy; he walked proudly beneath the palm-trees that surrounded his mansion, and shewed its splendour to the traveller, received his thanks in the morning, and with inward pleasure looked after his departing guest, till a new caravan attracted his notice.

One day an old man bent his steps towards Hassan's palace. He stopped, whilst he was

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yet distant, admiring the beauty of the lofty palm-trees, and gazing with admiring eyes at the marble benches underneath the shadowy trees. Hassan went up to him, and said, "Old man, will you not step nearer?"

"May a poor old man take the liberty to come nearer?" asked he, in timid accents.

"Have you not read the superscription over the gates of Hassan's mansion?"

"I have; but—do you think I may venture?"

"You may—Hassan is, like the sun of heaven, beneficent to the rich and the poor."

The old man stepped nearer, though in a fearful manner. He stopped at one of the marble benches, but ventured not to sit down, till a slave pressed him to rest himself. Hassan beckoned to one of the attendants, whispering something to him, when the slave urged the old man to enter the mansion, shewing him every apartment, and pointing out the splendour and elegance of the furniture. When the grey-headed traveller had seen every thing worth notice, a number of female slaves conducted him to the bath, and in the morning one of Hassan's domestics gave him an hundred pieces of gold and a silk robe, calling after him, as he quitted the house,—"Go now, old man, and bless Hassan's generosity."

Hassan met the rejoiced old man beyond the palm-trees, asking him, smiling,—"Well, old man, did I not speak the truth, when I told you Hassan's generosity?"

"He is more generous than I expected," replied the old man: "look, here are an hundred pieces of gold, and this garment, presents which I received of Hassan, the most generous of men."

Hassan heard with inward satisfaction the praise of his magnanimity, and attended the old man to a woody valley, where he had ordered two slaves to conceal themselves, and to rob the old man of his money, in order to have an opportunity of increasing the astonishment of the grey-headed traveller, by an additional gift of double the sum. The slaves rushed forth from their hiding-place, pointing their daggers at the old man's heart. "Here are an hundred pieces of gold," said he, trembling, "a gift of the generous Hassan; take them, and let me proceed on my journey." The slaves took the purse, and examined the silk garment. The old man instantly pulled it off, and gave it the robbers. "Have you any thing else of value on you?" asked they, whilst they began to search him with rapacious eagerness. The old man dropped upon his knees, conjuring them rather to take away his life than to rob him of a piece of gold, which he pulled out from under his garments, where he had concealed it near his heart.

The slaves took the purse and the silk robe, and having examined and robbed Hassan likewise, for appearance sake, withdrew into the woods. "Let us fly," said the old man to Hassan: "praised be the holy prophet! I have saved this piece of gold."—"Let us return to Hassan," rejoined Hassan: "he will repair our losses twofold." But the old man hastened onward, concealing his piece with additional care in his turban.

"But what makes you value this single piece of gold so much?" asked Hassan, with looks of surprise and curiosity."—"It is a gift of Hulkem, the wise and good Hulkem."—"Of Hulkem? but say, why were Hassan's gifts so indifferent to you?"

"Because—it was a—charitable donation. Ah! you do not know that Hulkem; I would rather part with my life than with this remembrance of the good Hulkem, the best of men."

"And how does Hulkem contrive thus to enhance the value of his pitiful gifts?"

"He gave me his heart with this piece of gold. When I approached his house, I saw him sitting under a palm-tree: as soon as he descried me, he rose to meet me, kindly offering me his hand, and the very first words he uttered, "Good evening, my brother," rendered him dear to my heart. His eyes sparkled with pleasure, whilst he conducted me to a seat beneath a shadowy palm-tree. He sat down by my side, and asked whither I was going, and whence I came? I informed him of my fate, of the loss of my son, who had made a journey to Persia by the road of Bagdad, and had never returned again to my cottage. When I told him that I had been informed of his death at Ispahan, he mingled his tears with mine. I was going into the house, in order to rest myself among the other travellers; but he pressed me to follow him to his cottage, which is not far distant from the mansion where travellers are entertained, saying in affectionate accents,—'You stand in need of consolation, love, and sympathizing tears; I am as unfortunate as yourself, having also lost an only son. Come, and let us mingle our paternal tears at the death of our children. My daughter shall comfort us, and you shall give her your blessing.' I went with him; his daughter prepared a homely meal, gave us water to wash ourselves, sang to the sweet tones of the lute, and I slept again the first time with an easy heart.

"The next morning, when I had said my prayers, Hulkem asked me,—'Was not your

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son's name Abid? Was he not a tall young man, with black eye-brows?' When I affirmed it, Hulkem exclaimed, 'praised be the great prophet! I then have an opportunity of discharging at last a debt which long has lain heavy upon my conscience.' His daughter rose from her seat, and fetched a purse containing an hundred pieces of gold, giving it to her father. Hulkem presented it to me, and said that my son Abid, on his journey to Ispahan, had left it with him, in order to be sent to me, if he should not return after the lapse of a twelvemonth. 'I intended long ago,' added he, 'to discharge my commission, but could not meet with a traveller to whom I could safely intrust it.'

"I declined accepting the purse, as I was certain that my son could not have had so much gold about him; and Hulkem, with his daughter, shed tears at the failure of their generous artifice. The next morning I prepared to proceed on my journey, and when I was going into the garden to perform my devotion, and took up my turban, felt that it was uncommonly heavy. When I examined it, I found that Hulkem had concealed in it the hundred pieces, the acceptance of which I had declined the preceding night. Deeply affected at the generous delicacy of my host, I concealed the purse underneath my pillow, and after having taken out one piece, left Hulkem's cottage, attended by the good wishes of its beneficent owner, and resumed my journey."

Hassan looked gloomily on the ground, whilst the old man related this noble action. "But why did you accept of Hassan's gift?" asked he at length; "and what prompted you to decline the acceptance of Hulkem's gold?"

"I do not know myself," replied the old man; "it is very singular! I felt myself honoured by Hulkem's generosity; I valued the money as little as himself: I had ceased being poor; I was happy; whilst, on the other hand, Hassan's conduct rendered me sensible of my poverty: it mortified me, and his gift appeared to me nothing else but a compensation for the consciousness of my dependent situation; which he had excited in me. Hassan was only just, but Hulkem was beneficent.

"Hassan's splendour, his seats of marble, his gilded apartments, his royal bath, his silk hangings, his Persian carpets, do, indeed, excite astonishment; but no one who enters his splendid mansion feels himself at ease in it; whereas Hulkem's house, built of wood, his turf seats and simple baths, his worsted carpets and homely furniture, make his guests think that they are in their own houses. Hassan does good, in order to promote his own happiness, whilst Hulkem is beneficent for no other purpose than to render others happy."

"I am Hassan!" exclaimed Hassan sternly, at these words; "farewel, old man!" So saying, he flung a heavy purse at the feet of the stranger, and left him abruptly.

He threw himself upon the ground in a thicket, and reclining his head on his hand, exclaimed, "A beggar slights my alms, and would rather part with his life, than with a remembrance of Hulkem!" His countenance was overcast with a sullen gloom the whole day, his palace ceased to give him pleasure, and the pompous praise of the travellers whom he entertained had no charms for him. "I am determined to eclipse that proud Hulkem!" exclaimed he with bitterness, and from that day sat constantly on the high-road, loading the travellers with presents, calling the poor his brethren, and assisting personally in rendering them comfortable. The poor threw themselves at the feet of the generous and beneficent Hassan, and thanked him for his liberality and condescending kindness.

"My name will become renowned. I shall soon be happy!" exclaimed Hassan joyfully, "as renowned and beneficent as Hulkem!"

One day as Hassan was sitting in the shade of a palm-tree, thinking with cheerful looks of his happiness and munificence, a traveller bent his steps towards his mansion, his head reclining almost on his breast, whilst his brow was covered with wrinkles and his eyes moistened with tears. "A person in distress, who comes to me for assistance!" exclaimed Hassan; but the stranger took no notice of Hassan's palace, nor did he stop to rest himself in the shade of the palm-trees, proceeding quickly onward. Hassan accosted him, and after repeated and pressing invitations, the stranger consented at last to take a seat by Hassan's side in the most gloomy part of the grove. Hassan inquiring after the cause of his grief, the stranger related:—"My name is Helim; my sole happiness consisted in a loving wife, the most charming woman in all Bagdad. We loved each other with unspeakable tenderness, and were as happy as the blessed spirits in heaven. One evening we were sitting in our little garden, adjoining our cottage; my wife sang to the sweet strains of the lute, whilst I reclined on flowers at her feet, hanging with tender looks on her lovely countenance, expressive of the most ardent love for me, when suddenly my garden-gate was forced open, and Ibrahim, the caliph's favourite, entered. My wife drew her veil over her face, whilst I rose to meet Ibrahim, inquiring, in accents of the

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profoundest respect, what was his pleasure? "I wish to ascertain whether the face of that sweet songstress is as charming as her voice." My wife removed her veil at my request, and Ibrahim's eyes flashed with desire. He drew me aside, offering me a thousand pieces of gold for my wife; and when I declined the acceptance of his offer, he ordered his slaves to carry off my wife by force. She was torn with violence out of my arms, notwithstanding my furious resistance and her tears. I complained to the caliph of the baseness of his favourite, but perjured witnesses were produced against me, and the caliph ordered me to quit Bagdad on pain of death."

When Helim had finished the mournful recital of his misfortune, he covered his face with his hands to conceal his tears. "Unfortunate man!" exclaimed Hassan, clasping him affectionately to his bosom, "I will try what I can do for you; follow me to my palace!" Hassan conducted Helim into his mansion, and having entered with him the apartment of his female slaves, said—"Which of them appears to you the most charming? take her with you, and forget your wife." But Helim replied with gloomy looks,—"Most gracious Hassan, how little are you acquainted with the power of virtuous love! Not even the most charming slave of the caliph himself would be capable of rendering me happy, and assuaging the grief that preys on my bleeding heart."

Hassan requested Helim to stay a few days with him, and Helim accepted the invitation. Hassan sent in the mean time one of his stewards to Bagdad, to offer to the caliph's favourite the most charming woman of his haram in exchange for Helim's wife; but Ibrahim commanded Hassan to interfere no farther in Helim's behalf as he valued his life.

"You see," said Hassan to the unfortunate Helim, "what I have risked to serve you; it is not in my power to repair your loss. Take as much of my gold as you chuse, and leave me the satisfaction to have done at least something to relieve your distress."

Helim thanked Hassan for his generosity, and quitted his palace, whilst his benefactor looked after him saying,—"Surely Hulkem could not have done more."

A few days after this incident, a palankin, escorted by a horseman, stopped at Hassan's palace. Hassan went to receive the travellers, and at the first look recognized Helim. Helim alighted from his horse, and threw himself in Hassan's arms, exclaiming in rapturous accents:—"Rejoice at my happiness, generous Hassan; I have recovered my wife, and am going to fly far from Bagdad, in order to escape the artful designs of the caliph's favourite." Helim's wife had in the mean time alighted from the palankin, and all three seated themselves on a bench beneath a palm-tree. "And how have you become happy?" asked Hassan. "Hulkem, the best of men, has made me happy."—He related now, amidst copious tears of grateful emotion, how Hulkem had rendered him happy.

When Helim had left Hassan, who could not restore his wife to him, he went whither chance, the road, and his sorrows led him, and after a few days journey stopped beneath Hulkem's palm-trees. Hulkem descried the unfortunate traveller as he passed, and joined him, as though he was going the same road.

"The great prophet has assistance for every sufferer!" With these words Hulkem accosted the gloomy Helim. "For every one, myself excepted," replied Helim, relating his fate to the good old man. During the relation Hulkem had led the young man by an unfrequented path to his humble abode, which was situated at some distance from the building destined for the reception of travellers. He requested Helim to enter his cottage, and Helim related how generously Hassan had interested himself for him. "Hassan's generosity," replied Hulkem, "has anticipated every thing I can do for you, except endeavouring to dispel your sorrows a few days, if you will do me the favour to stop at my cottage." Helim accepted the old man's offer, and was treated with every tender attention his misfortune required. Hulkem being obliged the next morning to absent himself a few days from his cottage, in order to settle some important concern, he prevailed upon Helim to stay with his daughter, and to be her protector till his return.

Hulkem went to Bagdad, placing himself in a spot which the caliph passed every day; and when the monarch came near him, prostrated himself, exclaiming:—"Ruler of the faithful, I have to reveal a conspiracy against your life, and, what is yet more important, against your honour. You see I am an old man, and intending to devote the few years I may yet have to live to the service of my country, honour cannot be my motive: I am on the verge of the grave; my son has already gone to a better world, and my circumstances are affluent. Listen to what I am going to reveal; but grant me a private audience, and you shall know who is the betrayer of your honour."—The caliph took Hulkem with him to his palace, where after he had ordered his attendants to retire, the old man informed him of his favourite's baseness.

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"The people," added he, "adore you, for you are as beneficent as the Almighty; history will record your name with veneration for your love of justice, but you should consider that your own actions are blended indiscriminately with those of your favourites; for under the protection which your name affords them, they do as they please; and every robbery, every act of oppression which they commit, derogates from your honour and greatness. I demand justice, and request that the wife of my friend may be liberated: you cannot reject my request, since you are the father and judge of your people."

The caliph surveyed with surprise and awe the bold and interesting old man, whose eyes flashed with indignant courage. "And what advantage do you expect to derive from exposing your life to imminent danger?"

"The consciousness of dying in the performance of a good action; but my prince surely cannot commit an act of injustice."

"No," replied the caliph; "your words, old man, have had a wonderful effect upon me. A good angel has assisted you; for no mortal has as yet dared to speak with such an independent spirit in my presence. Go now, I shall send for you when your presence is wanted."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR MARCH.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

On Thursday, March 9, a new Comedy was produced at this Theatre, under the title of *Independence*; *or, The Trustee*. The author is not known.

The Plot of this Play was very trite.—A younger brother is enjoying a good fortune under the will of his father, who had disinherited his eldest son upon the misrepresentations of the youngest, but the old gentleman having discovered before his death the villainy of the younger son, who had persuaded him that his brother was dead, makes a new will, and appoints an honest country Grocer a Trustee under it. This revocation of his former will is carefully concealed from the younger brother, who, upon his father's death, enters upon the estate, and excites a general disgust by his conduct. As he is about to carry off an heiress in the neighbourhood, his eldest brother arrives, the latter will of the father is produced; the younger brother is exposed, and the eldest restored to the estate.

Such is the outline of the plot of this piece; which, it must be confessed, attempted the best end of Comedy, by delineating manners, and bringing into action the humours of familiar character. The *Dramatis Personæ* are, for the most part, a phalanx of sturdy *Independents*,—scorning servility, and asserting their freedom of sentiment with churlish pride. This humour is encountered by the violence and caprice of those with whom they are connected. At length, however, they triumph by the pertinacity of their virtue, and are crowned with wives, with money, and happiness.

There was something pleasing enough in the design of this Play, but the execution was very unskilful.—There was not much relief to the serious parts by any humour either of incident or character: the country Grocer was a very wretched attempt, and the Clerk (a part performed by Liston) a very slight and insignificant sketch. The piece was violently opposed during the two last acts, and escaped with difficulty a final condemnation.

KEMBLE'S LEAR.

On Monday, Feb. 20, was performed at this Theatre the tragedy of *King Lear*; the part of *Lear* by Mr. Kemble.

This is perhaps one of the most affecting of all the tragedies of Shakespeare.—It is a tragedy without the dagger and the bowl.—It is a tragedy which, stript of the common appendages and decorations of the drama, would lose nothing of its effect; such is the force of its character, and the natural discrimination of its passion.

The wound of filial ingratitude, a suffering of the domestic kind, which, from other authors, might have produced a prosaic play, like *George Barnwell* or the *Gamester*, has been elevated by the genius of Shakespeare to the rank of a tragic passion; and a father, complaining of the ingratitude of his daughters, is made to command an universal sympathy.

The madness of *Lear* is perhaps the only natural madness on the stage. It is not the intoxication of an Alexander, or the poetic phrenzy of an Orestes; it is passion worked into natural fury; the bursting of a mind unable to compress its feelings, the extravagance and sensibility of a royal lunatic.

Mr. Kemble is the only actor of the present day who at all enters into the character of *Lear*; but his performance, rather from natural impossibility, than from any defect of

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skill, fails in making that impression of which the character is capable. In the parts of heroic vigour, more particularly in that in which the old King contends with the assassins of *Cordelia*, and, exhausted by the efforts which he makes in her defence, sinks into the arms of his attendants, Mr. Kemble presented a perfect image of *Lear*. In the parts of abrupt passion, when the mind of the aged monarch shifts between insanity and reason, Mr. Kemble was equally happy; but he was not successful in representing the decrepitude of *Lear*; he was any thing but an old man.—He stalked with all the firmness of juvenility, and when he assumed the feebleness of age, the art was too apparent to deceive.

To make the limbs totter, to bend the body, and dim the eyes, is more a trick of art than a requisite of natural talent; and as this is the only part of *Lear* in which Mr. Kemble does not succeed, his failure cannot be imputed to any want of judgment or skill.

ON THE

CONSTRUCTION OF THEATRES.

SIR,

SINCE the year 1702 there have been seven Theatres burnt down in this metropolis. The following observations on the construction of edifices of this description, tending in some measure to prevent a recurrence of similar accidents, may not perhaps be unacceptable to our readers.

The church of Santa Sophia, at Constantinople, is related to have been burnt down several times; and the Emperor Justinian is stated to have made the discovery, that if it were to be built of materials not combustible, a similar accident would not again occur. One would really imagine that there would be no need either of a ghost or Emperor to point out this obvious truth; but experience shews that this is one of the lost secrets; therefore permit me to revive it in the mind of our Theatre-builders.

A Theatre is divided into two parts, the one appropriated to the actors and scenery, and the other to the audience; the latter is again divided into two parts, the one being the area, inclosed by the backs of the boxes, and the other, the retiring boxes in the middle of the Theatre; the plan is generally a circle, ellipsis, or mixed curve truncated, having parallelograms issuing from the section for the stage and the retiring boxes and galleries. Behind the part appropriated to the audience there are lobbies for communication.

The naves of Lincoln, Ely, and Westminster Cathedrals, are vaulted with stone; the first is 39 feet wide, and 82 feet high; the second 35 feet wide, and 73 feet high; the third 33 feet wide, and 103 feet high: and these vaults are built of materials of which few architects of the present age would dare to erect a wine vault. The perpendicular supports to these vaults are comparatively slender columns, and the thrust of the vaulting is resisted by flying buttresses over the side aisles; and the naves of the Cathedrals are intersected by towers, against which their vaultings abut. Hence the form of a Theatre and a Cathedral bear a great resemblance: the part over the pit may be compared with the tower, the choir end of the nave to the stage, the other end to the retiring boxes, &c. and the aisles to the lobbies.

There is always sufficient distance behind the boxes and galleries in a Theatre to erect flying buttresses, the abutments to which will be concealed partly in the walls to the lobbies, and in the waiting rooms, or may project beyond the fronts; the widths of Theatres vary from 40 to 70 feet between the backs of the side boxes; the heights under the ceiling seldom exceed 70 feet. Hence it appears from precedent, that a vaulting to a Theatre is by no means impracticable.

The roof over the pit may be a dome, and over the other parts cylindrical vaulting intersecting the dome. If the vaults be erected with stone ribs, and the spandrels filled in with bricks, a few boards and scaffolding will be sufficient without centering, except for the ribs to erect them on; the dome in either case will not require a centre. The dome and vaults may be afterwards covered with lead or composition; no other roof will then be necessary.

It is evident that while the roof of the building can be preserved, only partial fires can injure the Theatre, and the injuries will be confined to what with propriety may be called the furniture of the building; and it is also evident, that upon this principle, in any times, this mode of construction, as it relates to the shell of the building, is considerably less expensive; but when the present high price of timber is recollected, it appears with still greater force. It may at first appear that there must be a great increase of thickness in the walls, and that from this circumstance much space must be lost, and the expence of walling must be enormous; but a recurrence to the principles upon which our Cathedrals are erected, will warrant a very different conclusion.

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FASHIONS

For APRIL, 1809.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—Alcantara Hat and Mantle.

These unique and elegant articles are derived from the Spanish costume; and in a great degree resemble those worn by the Knights of the military Order of *Alcantara*, in that country, on their great festivals, &c. It is composed of crimson silk, with a rich embroidered border in gold. The collar is narrow, and meets in front of the throat, where it is confined with a cordon of gold, to which is suspended the badge of the Order. The mantle is so disposed as to expose the right side of the figure, while it entirely conceals the back and adverse side, and on the bosom is a rich embroidered star of gold. The mantle is gradually sloped from the throat to its termination, near the bottom of the robe behind. A deep embroidered cape ornaments the back and shoulders, the square points of which appearing in front, give a finished relief to the whole. The hat is composed of the same material, edged with a border the same as the mantle; the crown is round, sitting close to the head, with a band of silk and gold cord tastefully blended, and terminating on the right side with a knot and gold tassel. It is turned up in front with a gold ornament similar to the badge of the Order. A plume of ostrich, bird-of-paradise, or other feathers is placed nearly in front, one of which, of an unusual length, droops till it meets the left shoulder. The robe worn with these attractive and novel articles is of white sarsnet, with a pointed drapery border of the jonquille or primrose, or a trimming of Chinese floss. The stomacher and other ornaments are of pearl. Shoes the same as the mantle with gold rosets. This splendid costume is particularly well adapted for the Opera; and, divested of the mantle, also for the evening party.—*This elegant and original dress is the composition of Mrs. Villars, Lower Gower-street, Bedford-square.*

No 2.—Evening Dress.

A round robe of green velvet, with antique boddice, and stomacher of blended gold and velvet. Short full sleeve, ornamented *à-la-Spanish*, to correspond. A plain gold lace placed round the bottom just above the hem, and also round the waist. A shade of Paris net across the back, edged with gold, and fastened on the shoulders with a gold or emerald brooch. A deep antique lace laid flat round the bosom and back, with a drawn tucker above. Hair confined in a gold caul behind and in full curls in front, with the Cleopatra diadem of emeralds and gold. Earrings, necklace, bracelets, and armlets to correspond. Shoes, amber or white satin. Fan of carved ivory. An occasional scarf, or shawl, of cream-coloured or white French silk, with gold or coloured embroidered body.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE MOST APPROVED *FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.*

Although there still remains some little indecision of costume amidst our fashionable fair, which generally marks the early spring months, yet is there much subject for remark in the seasonable changes which have presented themselves since our last communication. The cloth and velvet mantles and pelisses, trimmed with gold and silver lace and furs, are fast yielding to those formed of sarsnets and shawl-muslins. The former are either of plain or figured twills, variously shaded; and the latter are either of the real Indian shawl fabric, or of imitations equally rich and beautiful in effect; these are lined throughout with sarsnets of well contrasted colours. We have seen some of light-brown, salmon, and cream-coloured grounds, lined with pale-green, pink, and jonquille, and formed in the style of an Austrian Hussar cloak. The Spanish mantle, Cossack pelisse, and Turkish coat, have each

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a large share of fashionable distinction. These appropriate habits are alternately ornamented with trimmings of fancy floss,—the *cheveaux de-frieze*, formed of narrow ribband, the flat silk braid, and some with gold or silver lace. We cannot, however, recommend this last mentioned decoration as any way consistent for the out-door garment; however splendid the effect as a *coup-d'œil*, it bestows no individual advantage, and robs the walking, or morning dress, of that appropriate simplicity in which consists its chief advantage and elegance; but fashion, amidst its various wanderings, will sometimes introduce and sanction that which will, nevertheless, always be rejected by persons of a correct taste. But to return to our subject.

We have remarked little variety in the construction of the above-mentioned articles, except the loose Turkish sleeve, which is formed full from the shoulder to the wrist, where it is cut in a point, and finished with a tassel. The close vest, with military or Spanish cloak to correspond, is seen amidst the general variety. The demi robe-pelisses are a very useful article, and are constructed so as to wrap from one side entirely round the figure in front, and meets the other side, with which (by imperceptible fastenings) it is united, and which flows loose from the shoulder to the feet. The collar is high and rounded, the back formed in cross straps, the front laced with cord, or ornamented *à-la-militaire*, and the sleeves are full, with deep arched cuffs; it is perhaps impossible to invent a style more calculated to display a fine figure to advantage. In bonnets and hats there are some changes worthy of remark. The Spartan helmet, formed of the same material as the mantle or pelisse, possesses much dignity and novelty; across the crown of them is placed (most becomingly) a full band of curled feathers. The Jockey hat of straw; the French poke, placed greatly towards one side, and edged and trimmed across the crown with ribband in reversed plaits, or with variegated floss trimmings, with a full bunch of daisies or other spring flowers, are very genteel and fashionable. The small silk bonnet with arched fronts, formed in fancy folds or full bunches of the snow-drop, crocus, or primrose, and worn with short white veils, are conspicuous for airiness and simplicity. Caps of French net, variously constructed, and suitably disposed, form an appropriate and general appendage to the morning and half dress. The Spanish hat for full dress is somewhat on the decline.

The hair cropt, in full curls, or partially in ringlets, but exposing the ear nearly as high as the commencement of the temple, ornamented with bands of wrought gold, silver, pearl, or diamonds, or with coronets, diadems, and combs of gems corresponding with the other ornaments, now universally distinguish this species of costume. Flowers in the hair are not so much worn as is usual at this season. The Oriental turban, with a long full end and fringe, ornamented with a band and crescent of pearl, is a very elegant and becoming ornament for such as choose to cover the head in evening or dinner parties.

The full dress robe, formed of cloth or velvet, is still worn in full dress, though many have already laid them aside for crape over satin, sarsnets, lenos, muslins, and tissues. Coloured dresses are so exceedingly fashionable, that a few days since, at a very full and elegant assembly, it was remarked, there was only one white dress. The waist is *frightfully* increasing in length, and the corsets in stiffness; we may thus expect ere long to see the sugar-loaf shape of our grandmothers revived. The pointed back is distinguishable for its fashionable singularity, and the stomacher is now completely of antique dimensions. These articles, with coloured sarsnets, have a good effect when formed of French net, let in with stripes of correspondent beading, and trimmed round with vandyke lace; the long sleeve to suit.

We observed lately a most attractive dress formed of pink Spanish gauze; its form was round, with a demi train, and long full sleeve. It was worn over a white gossamer satin slip; a wide antique stomacher of lace (as described above), with a deep cuff of scalloped lace, and the same laid flat round the bottom above the hem, with the scallop upwards. White satin shoes; pearl rosary and cross; broad bracelets of the same, with rich diamond clasps; a pearl bandeau round the hair, with a Maltese cross in the centre of the forehead. Nothing can have a more becoming effect than this dress is calculated to produce, more particularly on fair women. The generality of dress-gowns are formed round, with or without drapery; but a few Polish vests, Roman tunics, and robes *à-la-Dido*, form an agreeable exception. The Carthage cymar (as described in our last) is a graceful and favourite appendage to the round dress, and if formed of consistent materials, will be found a becoming out-door decoration for the high walking gown during the summer. There can be but little novelty in the articles of jewellery in the space of one month; diamonds, pearls, white Cornelian, and their several fancy substitutes, are exclusively adapted to the coloured dress.

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With white, or very light shades of colours, entire suits of coloured gems are considered elegant and fashionable. Steel clasps for the cestus take place of gold or silver. White silk stockings, we are pleased to see, succeed the coloured buskin of masculine order; women never gain any thing on the score of admiration when they depart (even in the smallest degree) from the general character of their sex. Shoes and gloves need no comment since our last. The prevailing colours are purple, green, and orange; the most genteel jonquille, pea-green, and pink.

LETTER ON DRESS,

EXPLANATORY AND DESCRIPTIVE.

London, March 28th.

THERE is my dear Frederica, a very beautiful (not to say very vain creature)* arrived amongst us, not at all to my satisfaction, although it may prove to your amusement; for you shall have a sketch of her. She is the very attractive daughter of the needy Count R——, who brought her over with his Countess, at the commencement of the Revolution, when this Parisian sprig was in its early bud. Though transplanted from her native soil in her days of lisping infancy, she seems to have sucked in all that light aliment which helps to form the peculiar features of her country, and is at this moment one of the most flourishing exotics of her kind which England ever nurtured. She is now in her twentieth year; and the extreme beauty of her person, vivacity of her manners, and lightness of her principles, makes her much followed by the gay and dissipated world of the opposite sex, and of course, not a little envied by the vain and frivolous of her own. She has long been the favourite *Protegée* of a rich old Duchess, who having no children of her own, and for many years ceasing to attract that train of male butterflies which were accustomed to flutter round her in her days of youthful triumph, now sought to collect them within her sphere by the splendid rays of beauty, fascination, and grace, in the person of Mademoiselle Rusée of whom she appears fond to a fault. Her handsome fortune is ungrudgingly lavished in the splendour of her household. Her carriages, liveries, and elegance vie in richness with those of the most wealthy and youthful females of her rank, and of all these worldly goods, Mademoiselle Rusée has the supreme command, and appears as the reigning queen. Nothing can exceed the expence and variety of her personal decoration, which is ever in the highest style of fashionable singularity. She scarce ever appears in public twice in the same habit; in each however, it must be confessed, she displays no ordinary share of taste.

From the description given you in my last of the family with whom I sojourn, you will readily imagine that this capricious Siren is not so unacceptable to the ladies of the mansion as she is to me, who am neither so brilliant, so beautiful, or so vain, as to feel perfectly at ease in the constant society of a female whose beauty eclipses that of most of her sex, whose manners invite the generality of men, and seem to solicit advances. Never was there a more determined monopolizer. Married and single, old and young, are expected to do homage at the shrine of her beauty; and the peace of many a better woman is sacrificed by this her vain and unprincipled rapacity. She puts me in mind of the comparison made by some poet, who likened his mistress to the sun, because like it, she was a general benefit, and shone on all alike. For my part, I hate the encroaching slut, and shall be heartily glad when she takes her departure; for the beaus of our household all in a degree wear her chains; and there is no obtaining common attention when she is by. Even the sage and interesting L——, on whom *(entre nous)* I had fixed my eye, declares in favour of her beauty and fascination; and feels his vanity flattered by that attention, which, though common to all, is so dispensed as to lead each to suspect that his own dear self is preferred. She manages, however, to remain a great favourite of our two young ladies, who admire every thing that is elegant, gay, and fashionable; they copy her in her dress and manners; and I fear will soon imitate her principles also.

There has been one continual round of visiting, and seeing company, since Mademoiselle's arrival; and we have sometimes been to two or three parties on the same night. I really begin to tire of all this, and find one may have too much of a good thing. To-morrow we go to the Argyle-street Rooms, which are expected to be uncommonly crowded; the day following we are engaged for Lord F——'s grand dinner; the next day to the Countess of M——'s concert, and so on, till we close the week with the Sunday *conversatione* of my Lady Wrangleside. On each of these occasions Mademoiselle Rusée is determined to out-do her former outdoings in the variety and elegance of her personal decoration. It is curious to hear her give her orders to her milliner on these important matters. She spares no sort of expence, nor cares for what any one thinks; and is most independent in her notions of ex-

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travagance, vanity, and impropriety. Yesterday we all sallied forth to La Rolle's, in order to choose dresses for the above-mentioned gay occasions; and amidst an herd of elegant articles which were exhibited, not one was thought to possess sufficient grace or novelty to please this exorbitant creature. At length, drawing a seat opposite a large mirror:—"Come here, my dear La Rolle," said she; "now mind I must have a complete costume, unlike what you make for any one else; so set your wits to work, and make me *look delightfully with all your might*. The Armenian robe and corset will do very well for Wednesday; and the simple gossamer frock, sprinkled with green foil, will answer for the Argyle-street Rooms; but the Thursday's dinner will be more select, and I shall be a nearer mark for observation; there are to be some of the richest and handsomest men in the kingdom, therefore I charge you make me irresistible." She then called for several pieces of various manufactories in muslins, silks, velvets, and nets; folded them in various graceful forms round her truly elegant figure; and at length decided on a Bohemian vest, formed of Peruvian net, wrought in a fancy border of silver lama, and worn over a blossom-coloured slip. Her hair, which is of the most beautiful bright black, she frequently lets fall in glossy curls down her back, and over one shoulder; partially confining it with a band of the finest brilliants. What renders her beauty the more striking is, that with this hair, she has a skin white and smooth as satin; and a bloom all her own. On her exquisitely white and well-turned throat she never admits a necklace; nor ever covers her arms in full dress; they being ornamented on such occasions with armulets of Oriental pearl, and her glove is never allowed to approach further than the rounding above the wrist. Now after this copious description of Mademoiselle Rusée, you would question my candour if I were to deny that I shall not grieve *as one without hope*, when she takes her departure. Let her lay seige to as many hearts as she pleases so as she leaves alone those already *resigned* and *selected*. God bless you! more of this hereafter. My maid has orders to transmit with this a faithful account of the prevailing habiliments; therefore, as I conclude I have amused you better by the present portrait than I could possibly have done by a recapitulation of the same matter, I shall make no apology for dwelling less on that subject which generally occupies so large a place in the letters of your ever sincere friend.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton-street, Strand.*

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR APRIL, 1809.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An Elegant PORTRAIT of the RIGHT HON. LADY GERTRUDE VILLIERS.
2. TWO WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON, COLOURED.
3. An ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-forte; composed exclusively for this Work, by Mr. HOOK.
4. Two elegant and new PATTERNS for NEEDLE-WORK.

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London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Proprietor of the* WEEKLY MESSENGER, *Southampton-Street, Strand, May* 1, 1809.

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Engraved by R. Cooper

LADY GERTRUDE VILLIERS.

Printed for the 4th Number of the Belle Assemblée, Published by John Bell, May 1, 1809.

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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For APRIL, 1809.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Forty-fourth Number.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY GERTRUDE VILLIERS.

Lady Gertrude Villiers, a Portrait of whom is prefixed to the present Number of *La Belle Assemblée*, is the only daughter of the Right Honourable Earl Grandison. From the youth of her Ladyship, and very recent introduction into the fashionable world, she is not to be considered as a public character; she has not yet become celebrated for that fashionable splendour, and consequent notoriety, which is peculiar to high life. Her Ladyship's privacy, however, has been attended with its customary advantages; it has fostered those virtues of the domestic kind which dignify, if they do not decorate life. The seclusion of her education has given opportunities to the culture of those duties which are so generally slighted in the circles of dissipation, which the proud look down upon with contempt, and the gay with indifference. It would be difficult to find amongst the youthful females of the nobility of Great Britain a character formed with more industry and parental precaution than that of her Ladyship's. She has been brought up under the immediate superintendance of the most accomplished woman, and the care which has been bestowed upon her education has well rewarded the sanguine expectations of her parents.

We can declare indeed with truth, that it would be difficult to point out to our young nobility a more perfect pattern of domestic excellence than that exhibited by Lady Gertrude Villiers.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

HYMENÆA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

[Continued from Page 77.]

MR. EDITOR,

I find by your Magazine of the last month that you have given my letter a distinguished place in your fashionable receptacle. I know not whether I have much of the vanity of an author, but I have certainly the vanity of a woman, and therefore feel no inconsiderable satisfaction at distinction and precedence.—With these sentiments, Sir, I proceed in my narrative.

I believe I have before expressed my indignant astonishment, that mankind should be so unjust as to ridicule those whom their own neglect alone has rendered ridiculous. There are many points of difference between ancient and modern manners, but in nothing do they differ more than that the ancients were accustomed to consider many things as venerable and respectable which the moderns have scouted as ridiculous and contemptible.—Thus has it been with the single part of the female sex. The virgins of the ancients were the old maids of the present day. In ancient times the most distinguished offices of religion were assigned to that species, who, according to the present practice, are rendered ridiculous under the appellation of old maids. What else were the vestal virgins but so many old maids, carefully selected; I say carefully selected, because, if my reading and memory be correct, it was necessary beyond all possibility of doubt to be old maids before they became vestals. In the same manner the oracles of old were administered and declared by priestesses. In plain words, instead of being objects of ridicule and contempt, there was in former times a degree of sanctity attached to the very idea of an old maid, and the Roman Consul, in all his imperial glory, was compelled to give way to an ancient virgin, as if he had met a superior being. Oh! that I had lived in those days; but in this age of coxcombs, it is really peculiarly hard to be the standing jest of those who are themselves the jest of all the graver and better part of mankind.

I shall make but one more observation before I proceed to take up the thread of my narrative. It has been found convenient to assign certain limits to every division of human life; thus infancy is said to terminate at seven years, childhood at fourteen, and minority at twenty-one. Now I must briefly suggest, that it might be equally convenient to assign the limits of hope and despair in the state of female celibacy; in other words, you might do away much mischief, and perhaps do much active good, if you were to point out at what precise age a woman may be considered an old maid; at what period she may cease to hope, and begin to reconcile herself to the certainty of passing away the remainder of her days in single blessedness.

To resume my narrative.—I left off at that point where I had already lost three of my lovers, and considering the circumstances of the case, I cannot but think that from two of them I had a happy escape; with respect to Sir Toby I may perhaps have been in the wrong, and to confess the truth, I have frequently repented my caprice.

As my story soon got wind, and became the common theme of the country, it was sometime before another suitor offered The ladies of the fashionable world are perfectly mistaken, if they flatter themselves with any peculiar dexterity in the art of mangling characters and reputations; there is as much malice, and therefore as much execution, done in this way in the country as in the metropolis; the difference is in the weapons alone. In London some degree of wit is necessary to the Lady Teazle of the company; in the country, malice, idleness, and plain speaking, supply its place. In London, moreover, the attention is necessarily dissipated and distracted

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by a diversity of topics, and therefore no one fully engages the mind and the tongue; in the country a piece of scandal, an ill-natured story, is a thing of rare occurrence, and therefore of exclusive interest. The circumstances, therefore, of my three lovers,—the desertion of one, the despair of another, and the loss of all, together with my confinement and my final compromise, were shortly as well known throughout the county, as if every individual who retailed these anecdotes had been a family servant in my father's house.

He who would live in secret must not live in the solitude of the country.

Accordingly, nothing could be more unpleasant than the first month or two after my adventure; whenever I entered a ball-room every finger was pointed at me. The younger ladies tittered, the elder looked grave, and the young men seemed alarmed at me. To make short of the matter, I know not how long I might have been the stare of the Assizes and the wonder of the Sessions, had not Miss Pumpkin, the daughter of a neighbouring Squire, very fortunately eloped with her father's huntsman, which rescued me from the popular gaze by drawing all eyes upon herself.

A short time after this event, my father one day sent for me to his gun-room, and taking my hands with more glee and affection than he had lately testified, informed me that something had occurred very much to his satisfaction.—"I began to think," said he, "that you had become what is called a bad bargain, and that there were no hopes of marrying you in the country; I have very happily deceived myself. You know our near neighbour, Sir Zachary Wizen."—"Yes," replied I, "but I hope Sir Zachary Wizen is not the object of your conversation."

"Why not," resumed my father: "there is not a more respectable gentleman in the neighbourhood. His estate is certainly mortgaged, but were it not for that circumstance he would not marry; your fortune will release his estate, and he will transfer the incumbrance as a future jointure instead of a present mortgage. You will thus have a husband with a clear estate, and Sir Zachary will have a wife in the place of a mortgagee."

"But his age, my dear Sir,"

"He is not more than sixty," replied my father; "tall, erect, and healthy. His meagre appearance is a proof of his health; with the exception of the gout for about six months in the spring and fall, I never knew him to have an ailing. He is then confined to his bed, but with careful nursing is tolerably good tempered; between nursing him and reading to him you may pass your time very pleasantly. To make short of the matter," continued my father, "Sir Zachary has informed me that he has considered the matter very gravely, and has no objection to matrimony."

"He has considered the matter long enough," said I, "for he has been considering it for these fifty years, and has in turn offered his hand, and repented of his offers, to almost every lady in the county, till he has become the jest of them all, and not a milk-maid but would refuse him; in short, my dear father, you must allow me to refuse him before he shall have the opportunity of refusing me."

My father replied only by a menace, that he had made this choice for me; and that if I refused him I might abide the consequences.

Not to enter into any minute detail, suffice it to say, that I was compelled to receive the visits of Sir Zachary as an accepted lover.

As this man was a perfect character, you must allow me to introduce you to him at more length. He was the son of a gentleman, I believe a physician, who having acquired a considerable fortune by his profession, had made a purchase of a good estate in the country. He had two sons, the eldest of which was Zachary. The one was educated to the pulpit, the advowson of a living being appended to the estate; the other, who was the main hope of the father, was educated immediately by the old gentleman himself; he had small Latin and less Greek, but a plentiful stock of the heavy infidel literature of the last age. Sir Zachary, therefore, entered upon his estate with a thorough contempt for all religious principles, which, in the country at least, serve us as the rule of life, being more intelligible to our understandings and more sensible to our feelings than mere abstract morality. Sir Zachary, therefore, was considered as a phenomenon amongst

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his moral neighbours, and the more so as his understanding, though none of the best, was not obviously deficient.

His moral principles were such as might be expected from his religious principles. Being of a cold calculating temper, in other words most grossly selfish, he had contracted an objection against matrimony, which he considered as a point of mutual sacrifice on some points, for mutual satisfaction on others. Instead of a wife, therefore, he had taken a mistress; and, to the great scandal of the neighbourhood, brought her into his house, and put her at the head of his table. For some years he appeared very well satisfied with this kind of life, till he happened at length to discover that the moral principles of his mistress were on a par with his own, that her connection with him was entirely selfish, and that in his absence she followed her inclinations without controul. This discovery, added to the state of his health, which had become such as to require constant female attendance, united with an affection which could support his caprice and ill-humour, began to turn the scale in his arguments *pro* and *con*, and after much wavering he decided that he would take a wife.

In compliance with the commands of my father, I admitted for some time the visits of Sir Zachary, but I at length found it necessary to come to some decision. I was on the one side terrified by the violence of my father's temper, but on the other I was resolved not to sacrifice the happiness of my life by so unequal an union. I was resolved therefore to terminate at once the expectations of Sir Zachary; and giving him credit for some gallantry and generosity, to interpose him between my father and myself. Under these circumstances I wrote him the following letter:—

"Sir,—I am induced to take this measure by what I think a very just notion of your judgment and gallantry. It is impossible that you can be persuaded that we are in any way suited to each other. Consult your reason, and follow its dictates; imagine that it is now addressing you through me.—Our ages are unequal, our tempers still more so; you have a manly gravity which to me has the effect of a most unamiable dryness; I have a cheerfulness and gaiety which to you must have the effect of noise and impertinence. I am too young for a nurse, and you will pardon me when I say it, you are too old for a lover. I cannot persuade myself in any way to conform myself to your humour and manners, and you must enter into an hopeless contention with your very nature to bring yourself to submit to mine. In what way, therefore, are we adapted for each other? In what way have we any thing to participate? Is it possible that there should be any thing common between us except a mutual discontent? I am sure that these things need only be called up before your mind to have their due weight. You are a calculating man, Sir Zachary, and will surely not expect that in the construction of a partnership all the sacrifices should be upon one side. Shew me any thing in which you can indemnify me for the sacrifice of youth to age, and my arguments will be shaken; shew me any thing in which I can, on my part, indemnify you for the complete misery which I shall certainly occasion you. From these considerations I have to throw myself not on your generosity but on your prudence; I have to require you to consider not me but yourself. I will not deceive you; if any misfortune should render me your wife, I should have no satisfaction so complete as the avenging myself on you as the instrument of my misery. I have only to add another word: you know my situation with respect to my father, and you are not ignorant what I have to expect from this decided opposition to his will. Under these circumstances it is unnecessary to say what I expect of you. Yours,

HYMENÆA."

To this letter, on the next morning, I received the following answer:—

"Madam,—I have received your letter, and have only briefly to reply, that before I made proposals to your father I had taken into consideration all the circumstances of the case, and had framed my resolution accordingly. I can certainly perceive by your letter that you have what is called by young ladies an insurmountable objection, and an invincible aversion to me; but in the course of my life, Madam, I have seen so many of these insurmountable objections so easily surmounted, and so many of these invincible obstacles so easily over-

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come, that you must pardon me if these considerations have not all the weight with me which you probably attach to them.

"I must certainly regret that you have no heart to give; but as I have pledged myself to your father to deem myself honoured with you in any way, you must pardon me that I shall be happy to take you as I find you.—I am, Madam,

Yours obediently,

ZACHARY WIZEN."

This letter defeated all my romantic hopes, and from the avowed selfishness of Sir Zachary I found myself reduced to the unhappy dilemma of either accepting him or of leaving my father's house. My father continued to press me on, and Sir Zachary, with a thorough contempt of my sentiments and affections, began to be eager for my fortune, that he might rid himself of the mortgage. So sure did he make of a successful event, that every thing on his part was already prepared for his marriage, and wherever I appeared I became the jeer of the company.

To make short of the matter, the crisis of my fate was at hand, and in despite of my resolution I know not but I should have become the wife of Sir Zachary, unless for the occurrence of a very unexpected event.

This occurrence was the arrival of the sister of my mother, the Lady Lovelace; a lady at the head of the fashionable world, and who to great beauty added an unwearied gaiety, and all those charms which are improved, if not given, by elegant manners. My aunt, from the moment of her arrival, conceived a lively affection for me; and as youth is naturally open and confidential, she immediately became the depositary of my secrets. I made no secret of my aversion to Sir Zachary, and she entered into my interest with as much zeal as I could wish.

"This lover of yours," said she, "is so decidedly selfish, that you have no hopes of ridding yourself of him but by appealing to his selfishness. Are you willing to risk five thousand pounds of your fortune to be rid of him?"

"I am not of age," replied I.

"That is a trifle," replied she; "there are always to be found persons who have the goodness to make allowance for these deficiencies. There is nothing incurable in this wide world but poverty: so long as you have money and youth, you have the means of getting every thing; it is an offence against the high supremacy of fortune under such circumstances to despair; it would be a bad world indeed if a young woman in possession of forty thousand pounds should have to throw herself away upon an ancient husband."

"I am willing," replied I, "to undergo any thing to rid myself of him."

"There are two ways," replied she; "either by the old way of downright refusal, for no father can compel you to such a monstrous sacrifice; or by the one which I have proposed, that is, to appeal to the selfishness of your lover, and to buy him off by making it his advantage to refuse you."

"Do you as you please," replied I; "only rid me of him."

"If I have understood you right," resumed my aunt, "your ancient lover is afraid of a foreclosure of his mortgage; and your father, on his marriage, was to pay him down five thousand pounds instantly to stop the gap."

"You have stated the matter correctly enough."

"Why, then," resumed she, "by to-morrow's post you shall be for ever free of Sir Zachary."

To make short of the matter, in three days after this conversation, my Lord Lovelace's lawyer made his appearance at the summons of my Lady; and all matters being arranged between us, the following note was dispatched to Sir Zachary:—

"Sir,—As you have always been candid enough with my father and myself, I conceive it my duty to be equally candid with you, and in a matter in which my happiness is so immediately concerned, to repeat in stronger terms my former assertions,—that I can never reconcile myself to pass my life with a man whom I can never even esteem. The importance of the occasion must be my excuse for this breach of the ordinary decorum of manners. But to come immediately to the point; I have no hopes, Sir Zachary, from your generosity, and therefore have to appeal to your interest. You want five thousand pounds to

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Prevent the foreclosure of your mortgage; the inclosed letter will better explain what remains. Yours, HYMENÆA."

In this letter was inclosed the following:

"Messers. Sneak and Snivel, solicitors to Lord Lovelace, present their compliments to Sir Zachary Wizen, and at the request of Lady Lovelace, are willing to advance the sum of five thousand pounds to Sir Zachary, and to take the transfer of the mortgage for any time which may suit the convenience of Sir Zachary."

To this letter we received an immediate answer. Suffice it to say, that Sir Zachary accepted the terms, and that I was fortunate enough to rid myself of him without a breach with my father.

Nothing now remained but to take some due precautions for the future, that my father's anxious ingenuity in finding a suitable match for me might not again involve me in still more unpleasant proposals.

My aunt again came to my assistance. "My dear Hymenæa," said she, "your father is possessed with the unhappy spirit of matrimony, and if you remain in the country you may depend upon a new proposal from him every Justice meeting. It is truly absurd that a girl like you, my dear, and with such a fortune, should go begging amongst country Squires, and a few chance comers; I must rescue you from this situation. You are now in your twentieth year, and it is time that you should be introduced, and take the station which belongs to you in the world. You shall accompany me to London. This proposal was accordingly made to my father, and as he had become much disgusted by his ill success, and my ill-luck, as he called it, he very willingly assented.

In my next, Sir, you shall be informed of my adventures in search of a husband in London.

HYMENÆA.

SECOND-SIGHT.

ISLE OF SKY, NORTH BRITAIN.

[*Continued from Page* 80.]

TO THE LADY SYBILLA MACKEN.

"MADAM,—In pursuance of the general invitation which you have given, I deem it unnecessary to make any apology for this otherwise abrupt address. I am in a situation, Madam, which requires consolation and advice, and you have come forward in a character from which I may reasonably expect both. If there be a person whose situation is truly entitled to compassion, and in which that compassion cannot be obstructed by any rising envy, it is mine. I have somewhere read that the sorrows of the rich are seldom very pitiable, because they carry in themselves, as it were, a very powerful alleviation; this is not true, Madam, the rich may be as completely miserable as the wretch who starves in a ditch; and where their misery is of a nature on which their wealth cannot act as a palliative, I really can see no sufficient reason why, under equal affliction, they should not be entitled to an equal portion of pity.

"You will better understand my actual situation by a detailed narrative of its origin; it is so intimately connected with the history of my life, that you would understand it very imperfectly unless by a full narrative.

"My father was a naval officer, who being wounded in the service, and having very good interest, retired on a pension, but with the privilege of progressive rank. Having been likewise successful in prize-money, and what is equally material, obtained it from the prize courts, he carried with him into his retreat such a considerable fortune as enabled him to purchase a good estate, with a capital mansion. I was nine years old when my father brought me to reside with him on his estate. I was his only child; my mother had died some years since.

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"In the same action in which my father had been wounded, an officer of the same rank with himself, and one who had been his shipmate almost during the whole of their naval course, was killed by his side. He was enabled to articulate a few words, the substance of which was to recommend to his protection his son, a young midshipman on board the same vessel. In such circumstances it is unnecessary to inform you that the recommendation of a friend has something sacred in it, and that the acceptance of it is, as it were, sealed by the act of nature itself. My father therefore from this moment considered the boy as his own, and purchased his estate in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, that he might in some degree be at hand to watch over his charge. As some of the parties which must be hereafter mentioned in my history are still living, you must permit me to employ the veil of fictitious names; I have no wish unnecessarily to wound the feelings of others.

"The young Constant, therefore, for thus I shall call him, being considered by my father as his son, was in the habit of passing all that time at F—— which he could procure from his naval duties. My father, partly from the memory of his friend, and partly from a natural benevolence, became gradually as attached to the youth as if he had been his parent; he took the same pains with his education as with my own; and Constant had the good fortune of being in a ship where there was a learned and pious chaplain; under the instructions of this gentleman, Constant was enabled to unite the knowledge of a gentleman with his professional skill.

"My father had taken a governess into the house to instruct me in what he deemed necessary for a female. He had chosen this lady upon a very erroneous principle. She was a French woman, the wife of an officer who had been taken prisoner by the English; the officer had died at Plymouth, and his widow being in distress, was recommended to my father as a governess. Without any other consideration than this circumstance of her distress, my father immediately took her into his house, and gave me into her exclusive charge.

"This woman had so large a share in my subsequent misfortunes, that I deem it necessary to give you a more perfect idea of her character. She was about forty years of age, but having what is called a fine face, and a tall commanding figure, was still handsome, and had much the air of a woman of quality. Her husband had filled high commissions in the French service, and she was evidently a woman of birth and great connections; she had passed her youth in the court of Marie Antoinette; she was gay, profligate, totally without moral or religious principle; in short, had no other rule of life but her will, and a kind of loose decorum, a vague honour which consulted appearances and the opinion of the world, with a perfect contempt for the mere duty itself.

"Madame l'Astute, therefore, was no sooner well settled in my father's house than she began to look at the ground around her, and to deliberate to what advantage she might turn it. To make short of the matter, seeing my father a widower she resolved that he should not long continue so. She studied his humour, his foibles, and his caprices; she exhibited herself exactly the kind of character which she discovered to be in his mind the model of female excellence, and she shortly reaped the fruits of her efforts and her dexterity. She had conciliated my affections as much as those of my father; to say all in a word, she became my father's wife and my stepmother.

"This event had scarcely been concluded when the peace of Versailles, which terminated the American war, caused the naval force to be reduced, and Constant, now a Lieutenant, came in consequence to live with my father. Constant was now in his twentieth year; I was in my eighteenth. I have hitherto omitted to mention that my father never made a secret from either of us that he had intended us for each other. On the other hand, with that plainness and directness which characterised all his proceedings, he had even instructed us to correspond with each other, and took peculiar delight in reading the letters of Constant. 'This young boy is like myself,' said he; 'I was just like him at his age; I was afraid of no enemy, and I loved as warmly as I fought.'

"The age of eighteen is fully susceptible enough without any such extraordinary

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encouragement. It will be no reasonable subject of surprise, therefore, that with the united addresses of the young man himself, added to the persuasions of my father, I became tenderly attached to Constant, almost before I knew the very nature of the sentiment. Constant, in the intervals of leave of absence, had improved this affection; he was naturally, as it were, formed for a lover; ardent, extravagant, and with that mixture of romantic absurdity which in a man of acknowledged sense is all powerful with the women. I will not weary you by unnecessary circumstances; to cut the matter short, therefore, when Constant returned to my father's house on the conclusion of the American war, I loved him as affectionately as was consistent with modesty; Constant was equally enamoured upon his part, and the neighbourhood were in impatient expectation that our wedding would revive the entertainments and hospitalities which had been lately given on account of my father's marriage.

"I need not observe to you, Madam, that the highest point of happiness is naturally too adjacent to the lowest depth of misery; that the one is, as it were, but too frequently a precipice, upon gaining the summit of which we almost necessarily fall into the other. Alas! how soon was this verified with respect to me and Constant.

"Constant and myself had one day been walking in my father's park, and as the day of our union was now fixed to take place on my father's birth-day (an interval of about a month from the time of which I am now speaking), under these circumstances, I say, we were settling the future plan of our life, and weaving those scenes of imaginary happiness which were natural to our age and situation. To you, Madam, I need not say that the tenderness of my lover produced an impression which no time will erase, and that in the full conviction of his love and honour I had no other restraints than those which belong to a virtuous affection. On our return home my father met us.—'Alicia and Constant,' said he, addressing us, 'there is a new visitor come to grace your union; my wife has found her younger brother. The Count de la Plaisance, a peer of France, has just arrived; he very strongly resembles you, Constant; and having been in England in early life he speaks English like a native. I must confess that I wish you to give him something beyond an ordinary welcome; I wish you to do this from respect to my wife.'

"With these words my father led us to the Count. He precisely answered his description of him; he was a tall, elegant man, about thirty-five, with a countenance at once gay and intelligent. I must do him the justice to acknowledge, that I never beheld a more prepossessing figure or countenance.

"His manners corresponded with the elegance of his personal figure. He had been brought up at the old court of France under the Duke de Choiseul, and having recommended himself to the sovereign and the minister, had been successively made Colonel of a regiment at twenty-five, and a peer of France at thirty. Some part indeed of his speedy advancement had been imputed to the favour of the Queen, and this favour itself was in no inconsiderable degree attributed to his handsome person and his elegant manners. Be this as it may, he was sent on a special commission to the court of the Empress of Russia, and thence, as it was supposed in progress of the same affair, to England.—Such was the cause of his arrival amongst us.

"His disposition, his gaiety, his apparent goodness of intention, rendered him our inseparable companion; and the Commodore, my father, became as attached to him as Constant and myself. Indeed I know not how it was that he grew so insensibly into our general esteem and affection, that even when an occurrence took place, which should totally have changed my opinion, it seemed as it were to lose its very nature, and what would have been a crime and a breach of hospitality in another, seemed in the Count but an act of thoughtless gaiety, an imprudence resulting from the carelessness, or the softness of his nature.

"That I may not weary you, Madam, I will endeavour to abridge my narrative even at the expence of perspicuity; suffice it therefore to say, that a short period after the arrival of the Count had elapsed, before I thought I discovered something particular in his attentions to myself.—

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Women are generally very quick sighted in these affairs; and let me confess, that from the natural vanity of women I was not displeased with my conquest. I did not indeed forget that I was, as it were, betrothed to Constant, and I certainly loved Constant beyond every other in the world; but I flattered myself with the common delusion, that the addresses of the Count could certainly have no effect against my will; that they were therefore a mere harmless gratification; that conquest and lovers belonged to every woman of natural right, and that nothing was so easy as to rid myself of them whenever they exceeded certain bounds. Whilst I am unmarried, said I, what should prevent me from enjoying the attentions of the Count, from receiving the natural homage of my beauty, from becoming the envy of women, which I need not tell you, Madam, constitutes the main triumph of the coquette.

"Under these impressions, I certainly did not treat the levity of the Count with that severity which might have repelled and terminated his pursuit. The Count, like most of his sex perhaps, construing this passiveness into encouragement, resolved that I should no longer be in any doubt as to the nature and extent of his pretensions. An opportunity soon offered. Constant, the Count, and myself, were one day walking in the fields, and at some distance from my father's house, when there was every appearance of a storm. It was agreed that Constant should run to the house to procure an umbrella, whilst the Count should remain with me under the shelter of an adjacent tree. Constant had left me but a very few minutes, when the cloud passing over, the Count and myself agreed to extend our walk in the expectation that Constant would follow us in the same direction. The expected shower, however, overtook us, and we were compelled to turn out of our former path, which was through an open field, and to run for shelter into a bye lane which lay in a cross direction. Whether the act of sheltering me, as it were, in his arms, or the mere favourableness of the opportunity, encouraged a more than usual freedom, I know not; suffice it to say, that from mere complimentary levity he quickly passed into a serious explanation, and terminated by an unequivocal and ardent declaration of his love.—'Do not reject me,' said he, 'in the first impulse of your indignation. I know your situation, and I respect the rights of Constant, I follow the guidance of my passion in opposition to my understanding. Assist me, sweetest girl, to conquer myself; consider my love as a disease; endure its extravagancies till your gentle admonition and consolatory friendship can gradually cure it. Indeed, my lovely girl, I am no profligate; I am unfortunate and deserve your pity.'

"Is this the return,' exclaimed I, 'for the hospitalities of my father and the friendship of Constant? and can you pretend to excuse it by necessity?'

"As to your father,' continued he, 'I am not insensible that his hospitality deserves a better return, and under these impressions I have day after day signified my intention of leaving him; you know that your father would not permit it; and, to confess the truth, I fear that my honour dictated more than my love could have obeyed. I have this consolation, however, that I have not abused the kindness of your father. My love for you has been the incidental and not the intended consequence of my reception at your father's; if your father himself were now to hear me, he could not take offence.'

"Have you any objection, then,' resumed I, 'that I should inform my father and Constant that you made this declaration.'

"Lovely Alicia,' said he, 'consult your own understanding; you cannot suppose that I am a man who fear another; but there is one thing I should fear, I should fear to give you pain; I would wish to avoid every thing which by any possibility could give a moment's uneasiness to one whom, in despite of honour and conscience, I so tenderly love. If you inform Constant of what has occurred, Constant like myself is a military officer; I need not speak more fully.'

"You have made me very unhappy,' rejoined I. 'What am I to do? Am I to be exposed to the same daily declarations?'

"No, Madam,' said he, 'command any thing and you shall be obeyed. I ask nothing of you but that degree of pity and compassionate friendship which by sooth-

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ing my passion in the beginning will gradually enable me to overcome it; I ask your assistance against myself; I implore you to act as my guardian genius.'

"In this part of our conversation we were joined by Constant. Had he possessed any previous suspicions, there was enough in the appearance of both of us to have confirmed them. For my own part, the Count had perfectly confounded me, and I had not enough collected my faculties to determine what I should do. As to the Count, approaching Constant,—'Confess,' said he, 'that you English lovers are either very confident of yourselves, or of your mistresses; you have left me long enough with your mistress to have made a declaration of love to her.'

"'I consider my mistress,' said Constant, 'as a sailor who is one of my crew. If they can be tempted to desert, I think that by their desertion I lose nothing but what was not worth keeping; I should wish neither mistress nor sailor any longer than they are volunteers.'

"When I returned to my apartment, and had passed over in my mind the conversation of the Count, I deemed it my duty immediately to inform my mother of it. I expected that she would of course instruct me what farther proceeding to take. What was my astonishment when, after having heard me with a smile, and rallied my own seriousness, she replied as follows:—'You must not wonder, my dear, that I do not think so gravely of these things as you; what you consider as a miracle, occurs every day in life. You ought to have too good an opinion of your own beauty to feel any surprise that the Count is amongst your admirers. And as to the rights of your lover, why, the admiration of those who behold her charms is the natural right of every unmarried woman. You will not deny that such admiration has its pleasures. And why should you deprive yourself of that pleasure under the idea of an imaginary injury to Constant. You see that the Count is any thing but a profligate and a libertine. Take my advice; hear him, and amuse yourself with him, but hear him with indifference; let his love evaporate in verbal declarations. Do not make any thing serious of what is in itself a mere *gaieté du cœur*. You may do much mischief and can do no good. It is surely always within your own power to confine the Count within proper bounds; to answer his seriousness by levity, and repress his levity by the awe which always hangs upon modesty. Believe me, my dear, these men are never terrible as long as we are careful to hold the reins. If nature has given them the powers of flattery, she has given us those of coquetry. Assert your privileges, and fear nothing.'

"Behold me, Madam, the dupe of this insidious advice. It flattered my vanity, and I left the apartment of my mother with a resolution to suffer the Count to proceed as he might choose, and to trust to my own discretion for repressing and repelling him.

"In my next, I will proceed to inform you of the very fatal consequences which followed from this imprudence, consequences which have plunged me and others into almost hopeless misery.—For the present, I am, Madam, Your's

ALICIA.

FASHIONABLE WORLD AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

ON THE PRESENT MANNERS, MODE OF LIVING, AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE RUSSIAN GENTRY AND NOBILITY.

A CURIOSITY very naturally attaches to the present state of manners in foreign nations, and this curiosity increases in proportion to the probable expectation that the time may arrive, when we may become spectators of what we now only read. Some years since, the grand tour, or the fashionable foreign progress, comprehended only France, Italy, and Switzerland, and if any one trespassed into Germany, he was considered as having lost his way. The French revolution has changed this line, and Russia

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was rapidly coming into general fashion, when the war breaking out necessarily suspended all intercourse. It has been well observed, however, that the hostility of Russia to England is so little natural that it cannot be expected to continue long. Under this idea, every one who is in a station of life which may enable him to travel abroad, very naturally thinks of Petersburgh, and there are more than one projected party on foot against the expected recommencement of the relations of peace and amity.

The following sketch of the present state of the manners and amusements of the Russians is intended for such of our fashionable readers as may have conceived such a purpose. We have endeavoured to render it as full as possible, or in other words, to render it a complete *tableau* of the present condition of the Russian peasantry, gentry, and nobility, with respect to their social life

The Russians have nothing in common with the Germans; they are active, cheerful, and fond of pleasure; gaiety is as characteristic of a Russian as of a Frenchman; he is to the full as thoughtless and as volatile.

A Russian neither walks, rides, and scarcely can remain in his seat a moment without singing. Every labour has its appropriate tune, and in the burthen of his song he seems to forget the load of his fatigue. It is therefore a customary recreation of the higher ranks in Petersburgh to take with them into their boats, on their parties of pleasure, a band of good singers, who may sing to them the popular Russian airs. In summer the Neva is covered with boats which are full of these singers, and nothing can be more delightful than a walk on the Quay, to listen to this music as sweet as it is simple. The Russian popular music has a very strong resemblance to the Scotch.

The Russians are equally fond of the dance: they have a particular dance amongst them, which they distinguish by the name of the *dove dance*, and which in fact is the natural dance of the country. It is performed by one couple, who stand facing each other, at some distance, and act through all its parts the drama of making love to each other. The gentleman importunes, the lady is coy; the gentleman urges, the lady softens; the gentleman begins dancing, the lady after some reluctance gives him her hand, and the dance begins. It resembles, as will be seen, very strongly the Spanish *fandango*, but has more modesty, though equal expression. It is invariably the favourite dance at all entertainments. Another characteristic amusement amongst the Russians is the bathing-house. The bath is as national and universal in Russia as it was formerly in Greece and Rome, and is at present in Turkey. The Russians of all classes frequent the baths as if they were playhouses. These baths are usually situated by the side of the rivers or canals, and are all of them open to both sexes. The greater part of them are vapour-baths, the bath-room having a large vaulted oven, which is so strongly heated that the field stones which form the upper part of it are glowing hot. For augmenting this heat, water is sprinkled on these stones, by which means the room is immediately filled with vapour. Round the walls are benches and scaffolds, by which every person may ascend, or descend into what degree of heat he may prefer. The bathers sit or lie in this hot vapour until they are covered with a perspiration, which falls from them like rain. From time to time, they stand up in tubs, and have buckets of hot and cold water poured over them. In summer they run out of the bath, men and women indiscriminately, and plunge into the adjoining river, or if it be winter, will roll themselves in the snow.

The cold baths are nothing but parts of the river assigned for any one who choses to avail himself of it. In Moscow the foreign traveller has a curious and not a very decent spectacle, men and women bathe indiscriminately, and all in a state of perfect nudity. No one seems to dream that there is any indecency in this practice; women of all classes practise it. In Petersburgh, the Empress forbade it, but in Moscow it is still retained, and even considered as one of the best privileges of the city.

The common Russians are as fond of boxing and wrestling as the common English, but they have not their fashionable boxers as in England. A Russian nobleman would

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still think himself disgraced by bringing himself on a level with a fighting blacksmith. A Belcher in Petersburgh would be speedily sent to the armies.

Another amusement with the Russians is the swing. In order to understand this diversion, it is necessary to understand the mechanism of the swings in use. They are of three kinds, some have a vibrating motion, others are turned round in a perpendicular, and others in an horizontal direction. The first of them consists of two high posts, on the top of which rests an axle having two pair of poles fixed in its centre. Each of these pair of poles has at its two extremities a seat suspended to a moveable axis. The proprietor, by turning the axis that rests on two posts, makes all the eight seats go round in a perpendicular circle, so that they alternately almost touch the ground, and then are mounted aloft in the air. The last kind is composed of chairs, chariots, sledges, wooden horses, swans, goats, &c. fastened at the extremity of long poles, and forced rapidly round in an horizontal circle. In the Easter holidays all kinds of machines are set up in the public squares, and the towns are one uniform scene of motion and pleasure. The nobility sometimes actually mix in these diversions, at others they drive round the scene in their splendid coaches, and altogether render the *tout ensemble* a most brilliant and picturesque spectacle.

But the main diversion of the Russians of all classes is the *ice-hill*. This amusement can necessarily take place only in the winter, when the Neva is frozen over. The ice-hill is then thus constructed. It is composed of a scaffold of large timbers, about six fathoms in height, having steps on one side for ascending it, and on the other a steep inclined plane, formed of large blocks of ice laid together and consolidated by pouring water over them till the whole has frozen together. Along this plain the men descend as well as the women, in little low sledges with the most astonishing rapidity, and by the momentum required in the descent are impelled to a great distance along a large field of ice carefully swept clear of snow for that purpose, which brings them to a second hill, on which they mount, and return as before. The Neva is covered with carriages in which the nobility and gentry are spectators, and not unfrequently actors in these sports. Booths are erected on every part of the river; the whole, during the winter, has a strong resemblance to an English fair, only that it is continued from day to day through the whole season. All the population of Petersburgh, their carriages, horses, &c. are not unfrequently supported on the bosom of the Neva, in a place where perhaps a few weeks previously large ships were sailing. If the mildness of the season, however, be such as to cause any apprehensions that the river could not stand this pressure, precautions are taken by the police to prevent accidents.

The public amusements of the higher classes of St. Petersburgh differ very considerably from those of other countries. The establishments for public amusement are neither in number nor in sumptuousness proportionate to the wealth and population of Petersburgh. The reason of this is in the prevailing fashion, which is not in favour of an intermixture of the different classes of society. Here, in fact, is the main characteristic of Petersburgh as a metropolis. In London and Paris entertainments are fashionable in proportion as they are crowded; there is an intermixture even to confusion of all classes; every one may go and does go who can pay the price of admission. In Russia every thing is the reverse; what is called good company, is confined in family parties, circles of acquaintance, clubs, &c. to which a traveller cannot obtain admission without great difficulty, and which being without intermixture, and generally with a very high opinion of themselves, are formal, stately, and unentertaining. It is even deemed unbecoming to visit public places; ladies scarcely ever enter a playhouse. In a word, the fashion is against them.

As a substitute for theatres, therefore, the Russian fashionable world have instituted clubs. These are usually close and select circles, and have the usual appendages of such; an empty pride and unmeaning and artificial formality. The three principal clubs at present existing are the English club, the Noble club, and the Burghers club.

The English club is the first in the rank

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of respectability; all foreigners of respectable introduction and appearance are admitted into this club on a yearly subscription of about two pounds English. The newspapers, monthly journals, and a library, are attached to this club.

The Noble club is so called because of noble institution; every one, however, is admitted into this club who is of respectable manners and appearance; there is no exclusion, as is usual in Germany. Cards, billiards, and conversation are the main objects; there are frequently balls and dinners.

The Burghers' club is particularly framed for the entertainment of the general population, and from the intermixture of its company is the most entertaining of the whole. Here may be seen every class of society mingled together, and each social and considerate of the amusement of the other. Cards, and gaming of all kinds, are carried in this club to a very high point. The wines are of the first quality, and the supper is of the first magnificence; the court is very frequently of the Burghers' party.

The Russians are likewise peculiarly attached to their public walks, or promenades; the summer garden is constantly attended by all ranks of people; its walks are shaded by lime-trees, which have now become venerable by age. The prospect from hence on the Neva is delightful beyond description; here in the fine evenings in spring the whole population of Petersburgh, the rich, the poor, the tradesman, and the noble assemble, and here each displays what constitutes the pride of each. Here likewise, at one and the same time, may be seen an assemblage of individuals of all the numerous kingdoms and provinces which compose the Russian empire, each habited in his respective costume.

The promenade on the Neva Quay is another favourite resort of the Russians of all classes. It is decorated on one side with a series of the most elegant edifices in Petersburgh; the Neva likewise is in itself a grand object; the bustle of commerce, the vessels moving to and fro, cutting the waves in full sail, create an agreeable contrast with the lively scene of business on the shore. Wherever the eye turns it meets with some striking object of art or industry. Such elegant streets are perhaps not to be seen in Europe as are on both sides of the Neva. The Panorama exhibited not long since in London, gave a very fine sketch of this promenade. The marble Palace, the Castle, and numerous other public buildings, are visible from this promenade, which, as a public walk, is certainly unrivalled in the world; the Prado at Madrid will not bear a comparison with it.

This Quay is the favourite resort both in winter and spring; in the fine days of winter it serves as a terrace, from which the spectators may view the animating scene on the Neva. The rich and fashionable throng it by thousands: for their better accommodation the footpath is during the whole winter swept of snow, and strewed with fine sand to prevent it from being slippery. The icy surface of the Neva, as viewed from this terrace, presents a most picturesque prospect; it is divided and intersected, like a spacious plain, into a thousand roads, and every road has its different object. When to this you add the perpetual throng of sledges and other vehicles passing and repassing on these singular highways, the sports of the ice-hills, and the noise, the merriment, the ludicrous falls of some, and the happiness of all, an Englishman may easily form a just idea of the winter amusements of the Russians.

There is another public walk termed the Fontanka, which is likewise a very fashionable resort; it is chiefly conspicuous for the noble public buildings which are daily increasing. The Russian nobility have adopted a taste which at least promises to adorn their country; every nobleman now vies with another in his splendid palace; every part of the empire is already assuming a new face under this fashionable rage.

Another favourite and, as it were, national amusement amongst the Russians is their processions on certain festal days. The first of May is one of these days; on this day there is always a grand procession of all the people of fashion in their most splendid equipages to the wood of Katherinenhof. Innumerable new carriages are launched, and new liveries displayed on

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this day. The fashion of the year is determined by that carriage which is most generally admired in this promenade. A procession of greater magnificence is not to be seen in Europe; the carriages proceed in three or four rows, close beside or behind each other; the pleasure consists in seeing and being seen, and after some hours spent in this manner, every one hastens home satisfied and delighted.

Driving in sledges is another leading diversion amongst the great and fashionable. The sledges in use in this amusement are at once extremely simple and elegant, they are in the shape of shells, gondolas, swans, eagles, &c. They are universally drawn by a pair of horses, one being harnessed in the shafts, and another on the other side of the shaft. The art is to keep the shaft-horse in a trot, and the other in a gallop; the interest consists, of course, in the dexterity and in the rapidity. These sledges often drive in a race against each other; the horses are very fleet, and the banks and river are usually lined with spectators.

The Russians indeed of all classes, and more particularly perhaps the great and fashionable, are peculiarly fond of water parties. On the shores of the Neva innumerable boats are always plying; they are infinitely more elegant than those we are accustomed to see in London; every nobleman and gentleman, moreover, has his own barge, which is carved and gilded with the greatest possible magnificence. The rowers are all dressed in an elegant uniform; they are celebrated for their dexterity in the use and practise of their oars. The rowers, moreover, usually sing a song in chorus, and as the tunes are gay and simple, nothing can add more to the general tone of the animation which characterises the scene.

We have already had occasion to mention that the Russians are not fond of public assemblies; Petersburgh, therefore, has one distinction above every other capital in Europe. There are no coffee-houses and taverns as in London, none at least for the use of the Russians. A Russian never thinks of dining at a tavern when he has a house and family at home. Of late years it is said that the French emigrants have instituted one or more of these coffee-houses, but they are so little in conformity with the manners of the people, that they meet with little encouragement.

The manners of the lower orders are unfortunately not in that state of refinement which has been described in many authors who have written on the state of Russia. Notwithstanding all the efforts of Catharine, who certainly promoted the growth of Russia upwards of a century, and pushed it forwards from barbarism into civilization, the Russians of the lower order still remain in the lowest possible condition of barbarism. An eminent instance of this is related by a recent traveller.—The Russian peasantry who have sons, marry them at an early age to some blooming girl of the same village, then dispatch them to Petersburgh to make their fortune; during this absence they live with the wives of their sons, and beget children by them. The son, returning in a few years, finds a progeny by his own parent, whom he very patiently educates as his own. In his turn he follows the same example.

The promiscuous bathing which we have mentioned is another proof of the same kind of barbarism. The Empress Catharine prohibited this at Petersburgh, but it still remains at Moscow.

The Russians are the most hospitable people in the world; to be a stranger is to be entitled to every act of kindness; hence a stranger well recommended in Petersburgh has very little need of the expences of the table; he is immediately admitted from one to every successive party, and may pass his life in an unintermitting round of visits.

This hospitality, in fact, characterises the Russians, as much as the general politeness pervading every rank characterises the French. The Russians of all classes hail the visit of a friend as a holiday; certain days of the year are set aside for this interchange of hospitality, and the welcome of the old feudal times is renewed in the hall of a Russian Count.

Though many of the splendours of fashionable life have obtained admittance in the Russian empire, nothing of what may be termed fashionable foppery, fashionable frivolity, has as yet contaminated the

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original purity of Russian manners. They still retain all the hardihood of the north; they still retain their characteristic virtues and vices. A concert of the French or English stamp would be a phenomenon in a Russian assembly. The ladies are as far, on their part, from those fashionable extravagancies which characterize the belles of England and France; unfortunately it cannot be said that they are equally far from a fashionable profligacy of manners.

MADAME CATALANI'S SINGING.

MR. EDITOR,

As by the name of your Magazine you ought to have a good acquaintance with the fashionable world, and with the changes which it undergoes, I wish you briefly to answer me some short questions; but which you will better understand when I lay some circumstances before you.

I am naturally, Sir, a girl of very animated spirits, of a disposition always gay, and therefore undoubtedly sometimes in want of a check. I have, moreover, a very good natural voice, and have hitherto been much admired in the narrow circle of our village. When my mother and sisters were at work they would desire me to sing, and in obeying them I would partly forget my own labour, and perhaps render theirs the easier. When any party of friends, moreover, made us a friendly visit, one portion of their entertainment was to hear me sing. In this harmless amusement of myself and friends, and in the innocent satisfaction which resulted from the praises which I received, I was as happy as the day was long. This happiness, Sir, has now passed away. About two months since an aunt whom I have at Bath invited my sister Kitty to come and pass a month with her. Kitty went, and has returned; and here, Sir, is the cause of all my uneasiness. There could not possibly be a more good natured girl than sister Hetty when she went to Bath; she had a good colour, good health, good humour, much affection for me, and a ready obedience for her parents; she was all open, candid, and natural, had nothing affected about her, and delighted as much as the others to hear me sing. How miserably changed is she since she left us; she talks about nothing but Catalani, and if I begin a song, tells me, and tells others, that if I were to hear Catalani I should never attempt to sing again. She passed the room the other day whilst I was singing her former favourite song, "*'Twas within a mile of Edinborough town*," and I heard her say to my brother who was with her, "Will that Phill never have done squalling." If in the midst of my work I insensibly slip into a tune, she stops her ears without ceremony, and asks me crossly if I mean to murder her. She has got, moreover, several outlandish words which she occasionally throws in my face to jeer me; the other night I happened to cough so as to drown my tune, when she clapped her hands, and cried *Bravo! Encora!* Now, Sir, though these may seem trifles to you, it is not so to me or my family; it has much disquieted the harmless satisfaction which I used to feel at contributing so much to the pleasure of my father and mother; it has likewise much disturbed our general good temper and family union, for my mother has two or three times turned my sister out of the room, and my father always takes my part and d—ns Catalani with some bitterness.

Now, Sir, as your Magazine is taken in our family, I wish you briefly to inform my sister, that it is neither within the course of sense or manners to suffer her idle affectation to encroach on the peace of the family; and that it is not reasonable that every one should cease to sing, because they cannot sing as well as Catalani. There would soon be an end of all the variety in the world, and of the amusement of thousands, if the greater excellence of one in any art or accomplishment was necessarily to destroy all relish for a less degree of talent or ability in another. In London you have actors and actresses of all merit, and you very liberally hear them all, and

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give to each his due; Catalani cannot be every where, and is all amusement to cease in London because Catalani is in Bath?

A few words to this effect, in better language, and more like a sermon, would do much good to sister Kitty, for she has great good nature at heart when she is not possessed by Catalani and the spirit of affectation. Ah, Sir! if fathers and mothers could well understand what is the effect of a cursory visit to places of pleasure like London and Bath on young minds, they would not so easily give their consent to every foolish invitation which is given to their daughters. Sister Kitty sleeps with me,—I will say nothing more at present, than that she is not the same girl that she was; she talks sometimes very strangely, and frequently instead of reminding me of my prayers, as she used to do, falls asleep, and forgets them herself. The other night when we had been out dancing, we both fell asleep without saying them; I awoke about two in the morning, and remembering the omission waked my sister after much difficulty; she was in a dreadful passion, and absolutely beat me. Now, Sir, this is all Bath.

I will not make my letter too long, and therefore will only take another line to thank you for the music in your Magazines; perhaps if your tunes were more soft, more in the tone of love and melancholy, they would more generally please. I was in town about three years ago, when I remember hearing in the theatres a very sweet song and tune:—

"My mother bids me bind my hair,
"With wreathes of rosy hue,
"Tie up my arms with ribbons rare,
"And lace my boddice blue."

I have neither been able to procure the tune or words of this song; perhaps if you were to give it in your Magazine, you might oblige more than,—Yours,

PHILOMELA.

HULKEM.

A TALE.

[*Concluded from Page* 95.]

HULKEM withdrew, and Ibrahim was called in. "Ibrahim," said the caliph sternly, "the first act of injustice which you commit will cost you your life. Let this be publicly proclaimed in Bagdad and without delay send Helim's wife to me." Ibrahim was struck mute, trembling like an aspen leaf; and in a few minutes Hulkem had the satisfaction of quitting Bagdad, with Helim's happy wife.

After two days journey he arrived with her at his house, where Helim and Hulkem's daughter were sitting under the shade of the palm trees, enjoying the cool breezes of the evening.

"The great prophet has assistance for every unfortunate sufferer!" said Hulkem, trembling with joy, then removing the veil from the face of the happy woman, speechless with rapture, he gave her to Helim's bosom. The happy couple were so overpowered with joy, that they did not even take the least notice of the beneficent old man, who contemplated the beautiful scene with heavenly pleasure. At length, as they were going to throw themselves at Hulkem's feet, he embraced them, while tears of sympathy gushed from his eyes, and exclaimed: "I am indebted to you; you owe me no obligation; for I am the happiest of all:" he ordered a palankin and a horse to be got ready, and dismissed them with heartfelt satisfaction.

During this recital Hassan sat mute with his eyes fixed upon the ground; he beheld with secret envy the tears of gratitude which flowed down the cheeks of the happy couple; he was seized with rage at the encomiums of Hulkem's generosity, which flowed from the lips of Helim and his lovely wife. Wretch that I am, thought Hassan, I shall never become renowned whilst Hulkem lives! "Is Hulkem old?" abruptly questioned he his guests. "God preserve the life of the good old man; he is already eighty years old. God bless him for his generosity and humanity."

Hassan dismissed his friends coldly, almost unkindly; for they spoke of nothing but Hulkem. Perhaps, thought he, when Hulkem is by himself, a close observer may discover faults in the old man, which are overlooked by the unfortunate wretches whom he flatters and bribes by presents.

Hassan had a friend, whom long intimacy, habit, similarity of sentiments, and Hassan's love and generosity, had united to him by the

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strongest bonds. Hassan requested this friend to go to Hulkem, to watch his steps, and to inform him of the result of his observations. His friend complied with his request, and when Hassan, after the lapse of some months, informed him by a letter that he wished for his return, his friend, in answer, wrote him the following passage, extracted from the Koran: "Man, when you live under the roof of an honest man, then do not break down the protecting asylum, for thou livest in the presence of the godhead. I live with Hulkem; I love him, and shall deem myself happy, if he will cast a look of friendship on me. Hassan, I must cease calling thee my friend; for thou dost not love Hulkem. Thy good actions are like chaff, which is scattered by the air, but Hulkem's deeds are like pure gold. Happy the mortal who gathers it."—Hassan's friend continued with Hulkem.

Whilst Hassan held this letter in his hands, the redness of wrath suffused his cheeks:—"Shut the gates!" cried he to his slaves; "a fool only would be hospitable and generous any longer." He now shunned all society, preferring the gloomy solitude of the palm-grove. "The old man," exclaimed he in furious accents, "has robbed me of my fame, my friend, and my happiness. He, who makes others happy, has rendered me wretched. Unhappy me!" His hand instinctively grasped the hilt of his dagger.

His gates were shut; no traveller was permitted to rest in the shade of his palm-trees; and Hassan's appearance was like that of a person agitated by an horrid dream. "He has robbed me of the happiness of my life; his blood shall atone for the injury. I shall not rob him of any thing but a few paltry moments, and, perhaps, again renew the source of generosity in my callous heart! Hulkem shall die!"

Hassan concealed a dagger in his bosom, and went in disguise to Hulkem's house. Whilst on the road, he met with none but happy people, who sang hymns in praise of Hulkem, their generous benefactor. His own name was not mentioned. Hassan's fury grew more violent every moment: he seated himself on a bench near Hulkem's mansion: a slave offered him refreshments, but Hassan declined to accept them, enquiring of the slave where Hulkem was? "He is not often here," replied the slave kindly, "but he will be here to-morrow."

Hassan rose, and withdrawing into the palm-grove, rambled to a crystal rill absorbed in thought: here he sat down on the turf, then got up, seated himself again, got up a second time, plucked a flower, and scattered its leaves about, till at last he mechanically approached, by a serpentine walk, a small cottage, encircled by fragrant lime-trees. He there descried a girl sitting on the turf, not far from the cottage, with a book in her hand. He was screened from her view by lofty rose-bushes near the spot where she was sitting: her face was concealed by a slight veil, whose transparency afforded him a glimpse of her lovely countenance. Hassan stood motionless as a statue, contemplating the charming maid. His wrath had subsided, and his fury was subdued. He stepped nearer; the rose-bushes rustled; the maiden raised her beautiful and sparkling eyes, and descried Hassan; she threw down the roll of parchment, and ran to meet the enraptured Hassan.

"You are a stranger," said she to Hassan, with a voice as sweet as the notes of a lute, and blushing with the most enchanting modesty; "will you step into the cottage? You come——"

"From Hulkem's mansion."

"You are welcome," resumed the maiden, smiling, "to whatever our humble cottage can afford."

"Your cottage contains more than all the wealth in Hulkem's possession could procure."

"You are very kind. But will you not step in?"

"Why may we not continue on this spot, the abode of every thing that can be called amiable?"

"Do as you chuse. My father is not at home; you must be my guest."

The girl went into the cottage, and soon returned with dates and melons, figs and sweet oranges, milk and water, and placed her simple viands before Hassan, who could not refrain from gazing at her lovely and innocent countenance whilst she offered him the choicest fruits.

Hassan, seeing a lute lay on the ground, requested the maiden to play to him. She took up the lute, and played to Hassan in a style which affected the inmost fibres of his heart. His rapture was unspeakable, and he could not help exclaiming in strains of warmest enthusiasm,—"Incomparable, most accomplished of women!"

The maid blushed at Hassan's applause, making a shake on the lute which must have broken the string, had not Hassan reminded her of the injury the instrument might receive. She now requested him to sing, and he accompanied the silver strains of her lute with a skill which drew expressions of rapture from her lips. Her hand dropped on her lap; she

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listened, blushed, and listened again, and when Hassan had finished, his lips touched her hand, which he fervently pressed against his heart.—"Stranger," exclaimed the beauteous maid abruptly, and in confusion, "you sing uncommonly well!" "Who could do any thing indifferently in your presence?" replied Hassan; and both gazed at each other for some moments, without being sensible of any thing but a palpitation of their hearts.

Hassan sat a long while in profound silence by the side of the charming maid, his eyes expressing the ardour of his love. The maiden could not bear his scrutinizing looks, casting her eyes to the ground, whilst a crimson hue diffused itself over her face. They both were silent; Hassan's hand gradually stole nearer that of his fair companion: she perceived it by a side glance; her hand shrunk, as if she were going to withdraw it, but she withdrew it not.

"Ah sweetest girl!" sighed Hassan, laying his hand upon her's, when the hands of both began visibly to tremble. The girl answered not, nor did she withdraw her hand: her bosom panted.

Thus they remained sitting till the sun descended behind the palm-grove, when the maid suddenly exclaimed,—"My father!" upon which a cheerful old man stepped out of the bushes, and hastening towards the girl, kissed her brow with paternal tenderness. He then offered his hand to Hassan, and having made him sit down again, enquired after his name. Hassan told him his name was Nadir.

"And what business has brought you hither, friend Nadir?"

"I wish to convince myself whether Hulkem really be the best and most generous of men, which all travellers pronounce him to be."

"Yes, yes, people believe he his," replied the old man smiling; "and, for ought I know, they may have reason to think so; but as for myself——"

"What do you think of him?" interrupted Hassan eagerly.

"I frequently have reason to be dissatisfied with him."

"But do you know him sufficiently?"

"As well as my ownself; I have been his constant companion from his youth, and the sharer of all his secrets."

"You then do not think that he is so wise, generous, and good, as he is reported to be?"

"May the great prophet preserve me from entertaining that opinion of Hulkem."

"Heaven be praised!" rejoined Hassan with animation, clasping the old man to his heart, "I too, old friend, have great reason to be dissatisfied with Hulkem."

The old man smiled with marks of placid contentment, squeezing the young man's hand: "Come with me to my cottage, we must become better acquainted with each other; I see by your flashing eyes that you love truth. Come along with me, my cottage and all that I have is at your service."

They went into the cottage.

The old man was no other person but Hulkem himself; he beckoned to his daughter not to discover his name, whilst they seated themselves upon a simple sofa, Zulima taking a seat opposite to them to listen to their conversation.

"Nadir," resumed Hulkem, laying hold of the young man's hand, "I like you, you may rely upon it that every thing I have is at your service. You will oblige me by considering all I have as your own. I may, perhaps, be able to atone to you for the injury you seem to have suffered by Hulkem."

"All that you have?" enquired Hassan timidly, casting a tender melancholy look on Zulima.

"Yes, all!" rejoined Hulkem.

"You have a daughter," said Hassan; Zulima alternately blushed and turned as pale as a lily.

"I have a daughter;" replied the old man kindly.

"And did you not say that all you have is to be mine? May I call your daughter mine?"

"My daughter?" said Hulkem, smiling; "surely that cannot be your meaning: say, do you not wish to obtain possession of her heart? But this is not mine so much as you might wish."

Zulima flew from her seat, throwing herself into her father's arms, and exclaimed with unaffected tenderness:—"Who could possess more of my heart than the best of fathers?"

"The heart of my *child!*" replied Hulkem, but that young man sues for the heart of a *mistress.*"

Hassan flung himself down at Zulima's feet, seizing her hand and pressing it to his lips.

"And what says my Zulima?" asked the father, whilst a tear started from his eye, at the same time he laid hold of Zulima's hand, pressing it to his heart.

"My heart pleads for him," said Zulima, deeply blushing; "but I do not know him."

"I am Hassan!" exclaimed the young man eagerly, forgetful of his disguise.

"Hassan!" repeated the father and his daughter, seized with astonishment, "the generous, beneficent Hassan!"—"Ah my boding

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heart!" whispered Zulima, casting a tender look on Hassan. "Your countenance bespeaks your virtue!" said Hulkem, raising Hassan from the ground, and clasping him to his heart: "Generous man! praised be Providence for having directed you to my cottage, and to the heart of my daughter. But, dear Hassan, you know, as yet, only the person of my child, and this, indeed, is charming enough. I must acquaint you first with her defects before I can permit you to sue for her hand."

"And would Zulima bestow this hand upon me, together with all her defects?" said Hassan, drawing nearer towards the blushing maid. Zulima replied, "I am my father's daughter. He says that my heart is a treasure; render yourself deserving of possessing it." Zulima disappeared behind the curtains, and went into the garden, walking up and down between the rose-bushes."

"Hearken, dear Hassan," resumed Hulkem familiarly, "you sue for the heart of my daughter; but I must tell you that you will have to contend for the possession of it with a rival."

Hassan turned pale, and asked in trembling accents,—"And who is that rival?"

"He is a dreadful rival, more dreadful than you may think."

"His name——?"

"Is Hulkem!"

"Hulkem? By the living God his doom is unalterably fixed!" exclaimed Hassan, starting up with furious looks.

"But, Hassan, why are you thus enraged at him; in what has Hulkem offended you? Is he not an imitator of your virtues; is he not as zealous as yourself in doing good?"

"This is the very cause of my vexation, my father; whenever I intend to do a good action Hulkem has got the start of me; whenever I undertake any thing, or conceive a wish, Hulkem has already accomplished it. His name is upon all lips, whilst mine is scarcely mentioned."

"But why came you hither?"

"To plunge this dagger into his bosom," exclaimed Hassan, grasping the fatal instrument. "And now," added he, quivering with fury "now my rival too with Zulima, by the great prophet he——"

"Hearken, Hassan, this indeed would be the shortest way of getting rid of that hated Hulkem. He comes every morning to pray behind these bushes for the contentment and happiness of mankind; this would be an excellent opportunity of plunging your dagger. What do you think?"

"He prays for the happiness of man?" repeated Hassan, knitting his brow; "say, my father, is Hulkem really so good?"

"He is no bad man; but no one is good but God; to-morrow then, a well-directed thrust, and my daughter is your wife."

"My wife?" repeated Hassan, putting his hand to his forehead; "but why so soon? Let me take time to become better acquainted with him? Why so soon?"

"Because he is to be married to my daughter to-morrow.

"To your daughter? Then he must die to-morrow! shew me the spot."

Hulkem conducted him to the spot where he was wont to pray every morning. "Look here," said he; "conceal yourself behind this bush. This place is lonely, and that hill is the spot where Hulkem prays every morning; he is an old man, a single blow will be sufficient."

"This the spot where Hulkem prays?" repeated Hassan slowly; "and do you really know of no other spot?"

"Why do you hesitate? you wish to become great and celebrated; Hulkem stands in your way; and whilst he lives will continue to eclipse you. The caliphs have sacrificed millions to their glory, and you hesitate to dispatch a single individual, who to-morrow night will be folded in the arms of your mistress."

"He shall die!" said Hassan, trembling. He hastened so quickly with staggering steps through bushes and briars that the old man was scarcely able to keep up with him.

Hassan was immersed in a profound reverie the whole evening, paying no attention to the old man's conversation, nor even to Zulima's playing on the lute. He went to rest, but the elastic pillow burned like fire underneath his head; he rose before the rays of the sun gilded the eastern clouds.

Zulima, early in the morning, appeared before Hassan as beautiful as an angel. "My father," said she, blushing, "has sent me to desire you to make haste, and to tell you that my hand shall be the reward of your deed. Hassan, I love you," added she, trembling, and with great emotion, reclining her cheek against his heart; but soon springing from his arms she hastily withdrew.

Hassan grasped the poniard, shuddering, examined the point, and went reluctantly. He went in search of Zulima's father, but could not find him; nor could he discover where his mistress was. Meeting a slave in the garden he grasped his hand and said, "Ah! how unhappy am I," and then stole trembling through the bushes.

After a long ramble he discovered, at last,

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the spot where Hulkem was wont to pray every morning. He forced his way through the bushes, when he at length descried the aged Hulkem. The old man's face was bent to the ground; his white locks touched the tops of the grass; his hands were folded; he prayed.

Hassan surveyed him trembling; he drew his dagger, and turned pale. "No!" exclaimed he aloud, flinging the dagger to the ground; "no, he shall live; I will for once at least excel thee in generosity! Zulima shall be thy wife!" He turned round, and Zulima, sobbing with joy, rushed into his arms. "My Hassan! my beloved Hassan! I am thine for ever."

Hassan was confounded, and turning towards Hulkem, Zulima's father flew into his arms. "My daughter is your's; your heart is more generous than you imagined; you have stood the test; be happy my children."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed Hassan, seized with shame, confusion, and rapture, clasping Zulima, and then the old man in his arms. "Forgive me," said he in broken accents; "I imagined myself capable of performing an act totally repugnant to my feelings. Forgive me! Hulkem too will forgive me."

"Hulkem forgives you, dear Hassan, by bestowing upon you the hand of his daughter, whom he loves better than himself. I am Hulkem!" added he, smiling.

"Hulkem!" repeated Hassan, and dropped speechless at Hulkem's feet, encircling his knees. "No, no;" exclaimed he on a sudden, "he cannot forgive me!"

"But why should Hulkem alone not be generous to you?" said Zulima, throwing herself down by Hassan's side, clasping him to her heart, when Hulkem laid his left hand upon Hassan's and his right upon Zulima's head, and said:—"God bless these two beings, whom, next to thee, I love better than any thing else."

He now raised Hassan from the ground, and embracing him, added:—"Hassan, make my daughter happy; she is yours."

Hassan bent his head upon Zulima's shoulder and sobbed; but soon collecting himself again from his overpowering emotion, kissed Hulkem's hand with filial tenderness, and said:—"Best of men, I now can comprehend why not one action afforded me real satisfaction. You loved men, was beneficent to them, and was happy; whereas I loved no one but my ownself. Hulkem, be my guide on the road to happiness."

"Your own heart," replied Hulkem, kindly smiling, "will be your safest guide; the heart of Zulima will make you happy; and if you are happy yourself you will be capable of rendering others happy likewise. Follow me, my children, and be as happy to day as I am myself!"

THE BOND-STREET LOUNGER.

"LEAD them to Piccadilly gate!" said a young nobleman (who had lately inherited a title and estate) to his servant, as he came out of a house in Grosvenor-street. The servant was holding two horses, and the master was equipped for Hyde-park. "Go to Piccadilly gate, I shall be there in less than an hour." The groom mounted his horse; and, taking the bridle of the other in his hand, walked him off down Bond-street.

The nobleman walked through Bond-street too. He stopped at a jeweller's shop, admired some filagrame plate; said he would consider about the earrings for Charlotte; and gave twelve guineas for a trinket.

In St. James's-street he went into a fruit shop, eat half a dozen peaches, yawned, complained that the town was empty, and the street full of dust; sat silent, pinched a kitten, said it squalled like Catalani; wondered why the Prince went so often to the painter in Stratford-place; eat another peach; said *How d'ye?* seventeen times to as many different persons; thought Lady G—— looked better in white than in lilac; set his watch by St. James's dial; and then, after some reflection, determined to see who was at Brookes's.

In the club-room he found only one member; they agreed on back-gammon. The nobleman was unlucky; played an hour, and lost fifty guineas; then tossed up for double or quits; lost another fifty, gave a check on Hammersley for a hundred, and walked out composedly.

At the door he seized the arm of a gentleman who was passing. "Will you ride this morning?"—"No, I have an engagement," said Sir Robert. "An assignation," retorted my Lord. "Yes," replied the other, "and with a sweet creature—will you go?"—"Go! what, to your sweet creature?"—"Yes, to my sweet creature; do not deliberate but come along."

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Sir Robert carelessly slung his arm through that of my Lord, and they walked off. At Charing-cross the Baronet stepped into a hackney-coach, ordered whither to drive, and his Lordship seated himself by his side. "An odd street you told the fellow to drive to; but I suppose you are able to prevail on your favourites to live cheaply."—"Yes, faith! I cannot complain; the girl we are now going to, has cost me but two guineas a week since I have known her, all expences included."—"You are a lucky fellow," said Lord G. "I wonder where you find such moderate damsels."—"Oh, they are to be found in every parish, if you won't shut your eyes."

The friends soon arrived at a low house, in a dirty street. They ascended two pair of stairs. Sir Robert gently tapped at a chamber door, and a little girl of about five years old opened it; her long ringlets were flaxen, and her eyes were blue; a smile of delight, when she beheld the visitor, severed her sweet lips, and revealed a set of pearls that were worthy of them. "Ah!" said she, "how happy my mamma will be that you are come!" The gentleman took her hand in silence, and, followed by the other, entered the apartment. A beautiful spectre sat in a chair opposite to the door, and endeavoured to rise as they approached. The gentleman immediately prevented her by seating himself with a respectful air at her side; whilst his friend, looking all astonishment, was obliged to find his seat on the foot of the bed.

"And how are you, madam?"—"Oh, Sir, better, much better; something has happened since yesterday that will lengthen my life at least a week."—"Many weeks, I hope," replied her friend, "and months, and years. But pray tell it."

"My husband's relations," replied the invalid, "at length relent; they think my sufferings have been sufficient; they invite me to the country to die with them, and have promised to provide for my child. Oh! my little Fanny," clasping her to her heart, "thou art preserved from ruin; when I have seen thee in the arms of thy natural protectors, I shall breathe my last sigh with joy; but ever remember, that it was this gentleman who preserved thee from the grave, when thy poor famished mother ——." Sir Robert stopped her, and made his congratulations on the change of her prospects. He inquired when she began her journey, and how she wished to be accommodated. "Ah, Sir!" she said, "your generous cares are concluded. "See," presenting a bank note of ten pounds, "what they have sent me! and, besides this, the rector of the parish is in town, and will protect us on our journey: he calls on me to-morrow in a post-chaise. But oh, Sir! whilst I have mind to form a prayer, and strength to articulate it, you will be its object. My gratitude, my ——."

"My dear madam, I must stop you; your feelings overvalue those acts of duty which I have been happy enough to find an opportunity of performing. Believe me, I feel the obligation to be all on my side; and, amongst my happiest hours, I shall always account that which made me known to you. You have some preparations to make for the morning, and I will therefore shorten my visit; but I shall wait on you before the hour of your departure, and see you and your sweet daughter in the protection of the clergyman who is to escort you."

He bowed to the mother; and kissing Fanny, left the apartment, followed by the half-petrified Lord G. whose eyes were the only organs of speech he had found since they entered it. They, indeed, had very volubly expressed curiosity, wonder, and a sort of half-uneasiness, as though he felt himself taken in. The frolic was not of his sort.

After he had walked about ten yards, he exclaimed, "Why, what the devil is all this, Sir Robert?"—"Why, as the devil would have it," replied the Baronet, "the amiable creature you have seen, made what is called a love-match; that is, tempted by the brilliancy of the adventure, she left her guardian's protection one dark night, and went into a post-chaise with a young fellow, who had sworn she was the prettiest girl he had seen since he had served in America, where he had been desperately in love with a young lady, her very counter-part. They returned full of spirits from Gretna Green, and in about seven months received her fortune, on the day the law pronounced her to be discreet and wise. It was no more than two thousand pounds, and our married couple were persons of taste. The youth's relations having provided him an old woman with twenty thousand, thought the election he had made a very silly one, and refused to have any communication with him. The young man began to take up the same opinion, and treated his wife with neglect and brutality. He had, at length, the kindness to relieve her from his persecutions, by quitting England; leaving her independent, with a fortune of nine pounds and a few shillings. The poor lady, then a mother, applied to her relations; they were at first kind, then civil, then cold, then rude, and finally hoped to be troubled with her no more; advised her to send

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her child to the parish, and to take in needle-work. In the last article she obeyed them; and, by unremitting industry, and the strictest frugality, supported herself and her infant for four years. But the constant wearing of grief at length subdued her constitution, and a rapid decline ensued. Her landlady, having discovered that the sewing business was at an end, and not having received any money for several weeks, thought such idle hussies a disgrace to her house, and ought to be made an example of. She accordingly sent for a bailiff, who, as he found his prisoner in bed, was so humane as to allow her to put her clothes on; then, taking her arm, he helped her down stairs, pale and speechless, followed by the shrieking Fanny. At this instant I happened to pass the door. It is not necessary to add what ensued. As I found her too ill to be removed, I was obliged to suffer her to return to the beldam's apartment. Having in repeated visits learned her story, and the names of her husband's friends, I wrote to my sister, whose country-house is fortunately in the neighbourhood. She represented the distress and the merits of the amiable sufferer, and had influence with them, being a *lady*, (for they are mean, though rich) to prevail that she might be received as the wife of their unworthy kinsman. An uncle said, *if she was a sober body*, she should not want encouragement; and a maiden aunt, that girls ought not to be countenanced to run away with young fellows, but that if she was really dying, she might come down, and if she behaved well, should have the honour of being buried in the family-vault. It is in consequence of my application, of which she was not apprized, that these good people have sent for her; and I am persuaded, when her mind is at ease, she will have a chance to send aunt Tabby to the family-vault before her. You now know all that I can tell you, in answer to your *What the devil!*

Lord G. remained silent. He began to feel that there were other methods to get rid of superfluous money in a morning, besides back-gammon; and that rides in the Park might now and then be intersected by a walk to the distressed. But just afterwards he began to gape; thought all such melancholy subjects ought to be avoided; they were absolutely hurtful to the spirits; how could a man enjoy life, who was perpetually searching into scenes of misery; and then, really, one's health——. At that thought, he turned suddenly round, with a "Good morning, Sir Robert," and was darting across the way. "Hold," said his friend, "here is a person, a few doors off, whom I cannot avoid calling on; and as you have begun my morning circle with me——." "My horses are waiting for me," said Lord G. "So are mine," replied Sir Robert, "I dine to-day twenty miles from town: my visit, therefore, will not be a long one." At this instant he knocked at the door of a house, in appearance much like that they had quitted.

"This is very particular!" said my Lord, with an air half pettish; he thought it, however, not expedient to take to his heels, and there seemed no other possible method of getting quit of his leader.

When an Italian Countess, in the court of Mary de Medicis, was tried for having bewitched her royal mistress, she told her judge and accusers, that she never had employed any supernatural means to govern the mind of the Queen; nor had ever possessed any other ascendant over it, than that which a strong mind must naturally have over a weak one.

This sort of sorcery Sir Robert practised to such a degree, that there were few of his intimate companions who were ever hardy enough to maintain an opinion opposite to his; and not only did they not support a contrary opinion, but insensibly changed their own, their sentiments, and their wishes; seeming emulous to be as nearly as possible, what he was; whose understanding was of the first order, whose heart was pure, and who was, so far from being puritanical, that his taste lent grace to fashion, and was aided by an appetite for expence, which could only be corrected by his still stronger passion for independence.

Such was he who now entered the confined unwholesome chamber of an old man, approaching fast to dissolution. The curtains of the bed were open, and disclosed the venerable object, supported by his nurse. His sand was running low: the pallid hue of death had already taken possession of his cheek, and the living lustre of the eye began to be dimmed by the deep shade of its approaching night. His faculties, however, seemed yet awake, and the voice of his benefactor called a faint flush, which struggled a moment in his face, and then subsided for ever.

"Ah, Sir," said he, "you, whose soul is so full of benevolence! you, to whom the tear which steals from your eye in pity, is dearer than that which gushes there from rapture; to you this moment will not be unwelcome! I speak not of myself; for the hour is arrived in which I shall cease to mourn; in which this wearied heart will render up its last sigh to him who gave the agonizing nerve. Another child of sorrow is at hand! This long, sad night, in which my soul has been struggling to meet its God, the melancholy inhabitant of

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the next room, has had the power to arrest its flight; her voice has penetrated through the darkness of the night, and kept my languid pulse still beating."

A voice now issued from the apartment; for the partition was so thin, and its apertures so numerous, that every word was distinctly heard. "Whoever you are," said the voice, "come and receive my sad tale, while I have breath to utter it; in a few moments my lips will close for ever."

This was articulated in a tone so faint, that there could be no doubt that the person who uttered it was indeed expiring; and the two friends, in awful silence, entered her room.

A curtain prevented the fair mourner's seeing them. Sir Robert gently touched it, to inform her that they were present, and it was immediately opened. But the young Lord, who thought he had quite enough of dying faces for one morning, turned from the bed, and endeavoured to find more agreeable ones in the street, into which the solitary window looked.

The young woman found herself addressed in the softest accents; and every argument of consolation was poured forth before her.—"Alas!" said she, "it is all, all too late; and the only comfort I can now taste, is the certainty that I cannot live to profit by your goodness. But, burden your memory with my woes; that if, in your journey through life, you should meet with the author of them, he may know the fate of the female who once was the arbiter of his.

"I am by birth an American; the only child of parents far advanced in life; consequently I was the blessing of their existence. My father was a planter, respected for his riches, and beloved for his goodness. How unworthy have I been of such a parent! My youth was passed beneath his eye, during which period I was instructed in all the accomplishments which add force to beauty. Of beauty, too, I had my share; and was an object of envy to some of my own sex, whose charms I could not help thinking were superior to my own.

"At the age of seventeen, my father gave me in marriage to a young gentleman of amiable manners, who loved me to distraction. I, alas! was not sensible of passion in the degree in which my husband felt it; but I loved no other man, and my innocence made me believe I felt for him all the tenderness I was capable of feeling. Oh! why was I ever awakened from the happy error!

"My father and my husband were both of the loyalists' party, and consequently the British Officers were treated in their houses with particular attention. A few months after our marriage, towards the close of the war, a young soldier, who was said to be of fashion and of great fortune in England, found admittance to our table. His manners were so engaging, that after a few visits, my husband requested him to reside entirely with us. The invitation was gratefully accepted, and he became one of our family. Oh! how did the hours glide in his society! Without, all was anarchy, distress, and war; but within our walls, all was elegance, taste, and pleasure. My husband was never weary of praising his guest; and my heart, unconscious of its error, fluttered with delight at hearing those praises.

"Alas, Sir! how shall I tell the rest? By degrees that heart became sensible of its situation, and knew it loved, knew that it madly loved. My husband was often absent; at those times, our guest never. It cannot be expected I should enumerate all the particulars of the seduction and guilt that followed, it is sufficient that I own I became abandoned to my lover."

Here tears and groans interrupted the dying penitent; at length, with many breaks, she continued:—

"Think not that at once I became dead to honour, and to every consideration of duty! Slow, though sure, was my progress in the road to iniquity. Manifold were my self-upbraidings, numberless my resolutions, but at last the voice of duty was no longer heard, and love reigned in my heart a decided conqueror. I had retired one afternoon to a summer-house in the farthest part of the garden: my lover unexpectedly appeared there. The suddenness of his approach, and the joy that accompanied my surprise, made me neglectful of every thing but him. I abandoned myself to the ardour of his caresses; and, whilst I was reclining on his bosom, encircled by his arms, my injured husband entered.

"A cry of horror was the first intimation of his presence. He viewed us without speaking, whilst we remained absolutely motionless on the spot where he first beheld us. His first action was towards his sword; but pausing and surveying us awhile with mingled rage and grief, he uttered another cry, and fled through the garden with incredible swiftness. This was the last moment I ever saw my husband.

"We remained long in the fatal summer-house, not knowing what steps to take. The sense of my guilt overpowered me, and I felt that happiness was fled from me for ever.

"At length I ventured to return to the house. I asked the servants, with my eyes, what was become of their master, but with my

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lips I dared not articulate his name. The servants did not seem to be conscious that any extraordinary event had happened, and all things appeared in their usual state of quiet. Thus the night passed, and three succeeding days and nights, in all which time I heard neither of my husband nor of the man who had usurped his rights. This frightful calm was at length broken by a tempest.

"On the fourth morning, my father, my dear father, entered my apartment, with a countenance expressive of unusual sorrow. He took my hand, however, with the utmost tenderness; and, by the softness of his tones, removed the terror which had seized me on his appearance. He told me he had a deep affliction to prepare me for; and tried to fortify my mind with every argument of religion and submission before he revealed it. In this dreadful suspense I uttered not a word, my mind was on the rack with horrid expectation.

"At length the mill-stone crushed me. He informed me that, three days before, my husband had joined the rebel army, and that he was amongst the first victims of the battle. The effect which this intelligence had on me, was little short of madness. I did not weep, but I grew furious. I called myself my husband's murderer, demanded justice on myself, and talked of circumstances which, though true, passed on those about me as the effects of sudden frenzy. Those violent perturbations ended in a fever, from which it was my punishment to recover.

"With shame I acknowledge, that as my health returned, my passion revived. I now considered myself at liberty, and had no doubt but my tender, passionate lover, panted for the hour in which he could throw himself at my feet and make amends for my sufferings by uniting himself to me. Days and weeks glided away, and he appeared not. At first I considered him as sacrificing to decorum; but at the end of two months I could no longer resist enquiring of a lady who visited me, when she had seen the object of all my thoughts. She answered with great unconcern, that he had hardly been seen at all for the last month, for that he was so much attached to a lady whose husband was then in England, that he never spent an hour out of her house; that he boasted every where of his passion, and of his happiness; and had told his friends he doated on her to such distraction, that he had half resolved to give up his country and his profession, and become an American planter.

"How long my frien might have continued this interesting detail I know not, had not my suddenly falling senseless at her feet shocked her into silence. She had discernment, and perhaps guessed in some measure, the cause of so strong an emotion. Urged, therefore, by prudence or by curiosity, she called no assistance, but endeavoured to recal me to the recollection of my miseries by the common methods. On recovering from my swoon, I found my head reposed on her bosom, and her tears bedewing my face. This tenderness unlocked my whole soul; my woes were too poignant to admit of concealment, and they were all poured out before her.

"My failing spirits," said the poor narrator, "will not permit me to continue in a regular thread; I must pass over many events to tell you that this friend prevailed on me to accompany her to England. Her husband was a loyalist, mine had been one, and the rebels made this a pretext to rob me of all my possessions: too light a punishment for crimes so deep! I left America without daring to mention such a design to my father; I could not bear to stab him with the intelligence: and I could still less bear to remain on a spot where every object kept my dishonour and wretchedness alive: yet I wrote to him from the first port, and confessed all my criminality, with a view to make his mind yield to the propriety of my absence, and to lessen his regret for the loss of a child whom he could no longer think worthy of his love.

"On my arrival in England, my friends carried me to a northern county, where I resided with them almost two years in tolerable tranquillity. My tears were frequently poured before the Almighty for my past offences; but they were tears which always left me more peaceful and serene. This quiet state was at length interrupted by the passion of the man under whose protection I lived. My friend had unwisely informed her husband of my former guilt, and he received the intelligence with malicious pleasure; he now considered that I had no right to defend myself from his addresses on principles of honour, having once outraged them; and he had the cruelty to tell me so. On my expressing horror at such a declaration, he had the brutality to add, that my affected niceness was an ill return for his benevolence in having supported me, and that, if I chose to cherish such ungrateful sentiments, it must be under some other roof.

"His roof I instantly quitted, though a stranger in the kingdom, and known to no human being in it, out of the little circle in which we resided; but to remain there would have been as if I did not wish to fly from the enemy who pursued me; and I certainly owed it to his wife, to leave a situation in which I

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was every hour exposed to the danger of his visits. A stage-coach which passed at the instant of these cogitations, offered me relief; it was winter, and there was not any passenger in it; which gloomy circumstance was to me acceptable, for it gave me the leisure of two hundred miles travelling to ponder over my sorrows, and to consider what might be my future fate. The bitterness of those reflections so overpowered me, that when the coach arrived in London, I was so ill as to seem to the people of the inn in a dying state. I bless heaven they were right. The coachman recommended me to this house, kept, as he said, by a relation. I delivered my purse to the mistress of it, who for a fortnight gave me some attendance; but since that time she has left me a prey to my disorder, which will presently——."

"Damned unfeeling wretch!" exclaimed the youth at the window, who till now seemed attentive only to what passed in the street, though the restlessness of his motions, and now and then a heavy sigh, gave his friend room to suspect him of more tenderness than belonged to his character.

The sudden force of this execration had a visible effect on the dying lady, but neither she nor the gentleman who had been listening to her melancholy tale had time to notice it; for the door directly opened, and disclosed the nurse tottering under the weight of the venerable patient whom they had first visited. With ghastful eyes he surveyed the lovely creature, already on the threshold of death. He stretched his arm towards her, uttered a deep cry, and falling on the bed expired.

"My father, my father!" exclaimed the lady, clasping her hands with a wild air, and bending over the corpse; "but I shall join thee, my woes are at an end!"

"Yes, thy woes are over," said the young Lord, who now turned from the window; "thy woes are over! But, oh! Caroline, where will end the anguish which now seizes my soul! Behold the author of all thy afflictions, thy husband's murderer, thy murderer, and the murderer of thy father!"

The lady started from her father's corpse, she fixed her eyes on him with the most horrible expression, and tried to speak, but death had already rendered rigid the organs of speech; his chill hand was on her heart, she struggled a few moments, and then, without having uttered a sound, sunk dead on her pillow.

Pause here and behold the two friends! Both young, both equally the favourites of health and of fortune. They had arisen in the morning fresh as the sun, when through the portals of the east he first glances his golden beams. The day was before them, their actions were to be chosen. One of them passed its opening hours in indolence, in folly, in vapidity and expence; the hour of noon beholds him a conscious murderer, an accumulator of crimes, a wretch bowed down with the sense of his own iniquities. The other began his day like a favourite son of heaven; his heart was filled with benevolence; wherever he went his steps, like the steps of the spring, gave hope, joy, and consolation. Having feasted his mind with his own beneficence, he retires from the woes he had contributed to lessen; he is prepared to taste the pleasures which lay before him, to refine them, and to possess them with a zest of which the pallid libertine can form no idea; he is indeed an epicure, a voluptuary of the first order!—Ye sons of pleasure copy the portrait!

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MISS SEWARD.

THE liberal attainments of this lady, and her devotion to poetry, have long rendered her name celebrated in the lettered world; whilst her amiable manners, hospitality, and highly cultivated conversation, caused her to be universally sought after, and respected. Perhaps no person ever possessed in a greater degree the colloquial power of pleasing than Miss Seward. To a minute and accurate acquaintance with the English classics, she added an inexhaustible fund of local and literary anecdote. Naturally eloquent, she communicated her knowledge in the choicest, and most energetic language. The animation of her countenance, and the brilliant lustre of her eye, gave a most forcible expression of feeling and intelligence to her words and actions. Conscious of her ability, she freely displayed herself in a manner equally remote from arrogance and affectation. Her mind and information were accessible to all; and no one ever parted from her dissatisfied with himself, or without the desire to renew his visit. In familiar conversation she greatly excelled; and in reading, more particularly poetry, she was uncommonly spirited and correct. Her doors were at all

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times open with liberal hospitality, and to diffuse cheerfulness and happiness over her domestic, and social circles, was the endeavour of her life. Of infant genius and merit, wherever she met them, she was the warm encourager and zealous friend. Her hand was ever extended in active benevolence towards the distressed, and her heart most readily paid the tribute of overflowing pity, to the tale of misery. In her intercourse with society no woman had less pride.

Such, divested of the fulsome praise which designing flatterers lavished upon her writings and genius, was the amiable and intelligent Miss Seward. Her merits were peculiarly her own; the spontaneous offspring of a good heart, and a liberally endowed mind. Her errors arose from a glowing imagination, joined to an excessive sensibility, cherished, instead of being repressed, by early habits and education. At the time Dr. Darwin came first to reside in Lichfield, Miss Seward was about thirteen or fourteen years of age. The circle which the Doctor drew around him, for ten or twelve years from that period, was composed of young men of acknowledged talents, and of ardent speculative minds; whose spirits, too buoyant for the beaten track of knowledge, soared to explore the yet untrodden paths of science, and give new systems to an astonished world. To turn aside the smooth current of nature, and to despise established usages, were the principles upon which they conducted their researches. Their visionary pursuits were dignified with the application of philosophy; but were evidently more calculated to gratify their own passions and propensities, than to promote the improvement of mankind. Variety and originality were the objects of their admiration, to which they sacrificed without remorse, reason, and common sense. Among those persons were Mr. Day, who, from Miss Seward's own account of him, was a capricious wild enthusiast; Mr. Edgworth and Sir Brooke Boothby.—Doctor Darwin promoted and encouraged their idle schemes, and gave consequence to their speculations, by the reputation of his genius, and the variety of his talents. In this coterie Miss Seward's early impressions were formed. In the daily habit of hearing new and ingenious hypotheses, she became enamoured of novelty, and sighed for the meed of fame, in which she was encouraged and flattered by the gallantry of her admirers. Possessed of a ductile mind, and a romantic disposition, she fed with avidity upon the intellectual variety thus placed before her. To poetry she had been fondly attached from her childhood, and her warm imagination naturally became emulous of distinction in her favourite pursuit. But Miss Seward's genius was not of a class to strike out new models of poetic excellence; and her natural good taste had been perverted. She was deficient in fertility of invention; and wanted new and forcible combinations of thought to accomplish such a task. All her attempts at originality evaporated in turgid obscurity and pompous inflation. We frequently meet in her poetry with nervous lines, and sometimes with beautiful stanzas; but neither the pleasing vein of easy flowing verse, nor the more happy inspiration of graceful energy, ever accompany her long. We seldom see her thoughts clothed in the dignified simplicity of nature, but usually find them loaded with factitious and ill-assorted ornaments. Her prose bears pretty much the same character with her poetical compositions. They abound in sparkling sentences, poetical images, and high sounding epithets; but want arrangement and precision. It is understood that she has left the whole of her works as a legacy to Mr. Scott, the northern poet, with a view to their publication in a collected edition, with her life and posthumous pieces; several of which the present writer has heard her name. But of all her works, her epistolary correspondence must be the most desirable. She had all her life an extensive acquaintance, and especially with men of literature. Her talents and disposition peculiarly fitted her for a species of writing free from the trammels and constraint of regular composition. It is from this source that the nature of her genius, and the powers of her mind may be fairly appreciated; where, although intermixed with much tinsel and alloy, will doubtless be discovered no common portion of sterling metal. In her remarks upon the writings of her contemporaries, always a favourite topic of communication with her friends, she was fond of displaying much acute criticism. Her judgment in the selection of the poetic beauties of others, was for the most part chaste, and correct; qualities which in her own compositions seem to be sacrificed to empty sound and vain show. Had the taste, and exquisite feeling of this lady, been reared and cultivated with care and prudence, it is highly probable that she would have ranked among the first favourites of the muses; instead of which, the candid and unprejudiced must acknowledge that her poetic fame cannot long survive the remembrance of her friends, and the partiality of her personal admirers.

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FASHIONS

For MAY, 1809.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—Walking, or Carriage Costume.

A fine cambric round gown, with high collar, finished with needle-work and scolloped lace; a correspondent trimming round the bottom of the dress. A Spanish spenser of black or puce-coloured velvet, edged with gold lace. A waistcoat or wrap front of marble, or leopard satin, with collar the same as the spenser, edged also with gold lace. The Vigonian helmet, or Patriotic bonnet, composed of the same materials; the helmet edged with gold lace, and the crown crossed with gold cord, terminating on one side with a cone tassel. Hoop earrings of wrought gold; necklace of variegated amber; gloves, York-tan, and half boots of tan-coloured kid, laced with black cord.

No. 2.—Evening, or Full Dress.

A Spartan robe, with demi-train, of pale blue or grey crape, worn over a white satin slip, ornamented round the bottom and up the front and back seam with gold or silver lace; triangular front, back, and sleeves, formed of the same trimming, and terminating on each shoulder with a topaz or gold brooch; long sleeve of transparent net, or gold tissue, in oblique stripes. Oriental armlets, and bracelets of topaz or wrought gold; earrings and necklace *en suite*. Spartan cap, with Persian diadem, composed of varied gems; an ostrich and heron's feather placed towards one side, and drooping over the front of the head-dress. The hair in irregular curls on the forehead, and cropped close behind. A Carthage cymar, or scarf of double shot Spanish silk, suspended gracefully from one shoulder and crossing the skirt of the figure behind, is confined towards the front by the natural disposition of the adverse hand. This graceful appendage is edged occasionally with full scalloped lace, a binding of silver, or a border of tambour in happily contrasted shades. The boudoir, or toilet mirror, is intended to display the tasteful effect of this costume on the adverse front of the figure.—*This robe is furnished by the Misses Walthers, No. 75, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.*

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE MOST APPROVED FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

The effects of Spring's genial influence has, in a great measure, been counteracted by the late cold winds and rains, which have confined our fair fashionables to their carriages and drawing-rooms. Within these few days, however, the sweet season has put forth all its charms; the soul-reviving sun extends its cheerful and enlivening rays through the animal and vegetable world. Buds and blossoms now burst forth in gay luxuriance, and the spirits renovated by the charming scene, lights anew our hopes, awakens our slumbering energies, and gives to our mortal essence a second spring. It is now that the village maid throws aside her woollen cloak and vestment of humble brown. It is now also that the fair fashionable discards the velvet mantle, and coat of Georgian cloth, for those of more seasonable elegance. Now is seen the unconfined pelisse of gay and pliant sarsnet, the rich and graceful scarf, yielding to each gentle breeze, and sporting gay with zephyrs. Various indeed are the articles which fashion exhibits at this charming season; we shall endeavour to select amidst the vast assemblage a collection of information worthy the attention of our fair readers.

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Amidst the variety of out-door habits, the pelisses still hold a distinguished place; they are now considered most genteel formed in a plain French coat, with high puckered collar, confined at the centre of the throat with a brooch, wrapt over on one side, and otherwise flowing open in front. The three-quartered, or Barouche coat, is also much in fashionable esteem. This is made to sit close to the form, with a round bosom and full sleeve, trimmed with Chinese floss bordering. It is confined down the front with gold barrel snaps, and round the waist with an elastic girdle and buckle; the seams are usually finished with a sort of binding the colour of the trimming. Spencers generally form a part of the spring costume; and this season they exhibit more than usual taste. The most attractive of these articles is exhibited in No. 1, of our Prints of Fashion, for the present Number of our work. We have also remarked them formed plain, of coloured sarsnet, with a pelerine of net or lace, with vandyke, or scalloped edging. The Calypso mantle is a favourite carriage appendage, and is fancifully constructed of rich brocade sarsnet, or of net muslin, or leno, over coloured silk, and is finished round the throat with full plaitings of Paris net. The square shawl is now quite exploded; but large silk scarfs, with coloured borders, and rich brocade ends, amply and more gracefully supply their place. These with the walking dress, are disposed in the most plain and simple manner, so as to shelter the figure. In the evening dress they admit of various fanciful directions. Caps are invariably adopted in the morning and half dress. In full dress (except on females of advanced years) the hair variously ornamented, is universally admitted. In the walking costume we distinguish the Wardle bonnet, of fine wove straw, ornamented with a laurel border. The helmet, or Vigonian bonnet, of various materials, as given in the present portrait of our walking dress. Small French bonnets fancifully disposed, and worn with short lace veils, and the village slouch of straw, appropriate for the retired pedestrain. Beavers are very little worn, we have seen a few dove-coloured riding hats, however, attract by their neat and unobtrusive effect. A greater variety of coloured articles for the several style of robes are introduced this season than we ever remember.

Shot and figured sarsnets, Spanish gauze, imperial and vellum net, Turkey, or other fancy lenos, and muslin with large raised spots, each of various shades and colours, are offered for dress gowns; and are worn over white gossamer satin, sarsnet, or glazed cambric.

White gowns now chiefly belong to the morning costume; when introduced in full dress, they are ever decorated with coloured ornaments. Some are seen with embroidered borders in fruit, or flowers, some with deep trimmings of sarsnet, with chenille edging. Amidst these, the following was remarkable for its attractive elegance. It consists of a round robe, with demi-train, of white imperial crape, worn over white sarsnet; at the bottom it was bound and turned up deep with a rich jonquille sarsnet, and finished at its termination with a narrow checked trimming, or braid, composed of black and gold. The long sleeve which was very large, was gathered into an antique cuff at the wrist, formed of materials similar with the border of the dress. The stomacher was also of jonquille sarsnet, with black and gold edging the same as the trimming of the cuffs and robe, ornamented in horizontal stripes, and finished with rich buttons of wrought gold in the centre. A broad elastic girdle to correspond, confined under the stomacher. Slippers of black satin, the quarters trimmed with gold fringe or cord, terminating with topaz buttons on the instep.

The hair in alternate ringlets and braids, ornamented with a pearl comb, and tiara of pearl jessamine. Necklace, earrings and bracelets, of the same, with topaz snaps. We may safely pronounce that this dress will never be surpassed either in appropriate elegance, or in its animated, tasteful, and becoming effect.

The Grecian frock, the Gallician vest, the Braganza and Andalusian robe, are all articles of much fashionable celebrity. The waist is now brought to a point in front of the figure. Morning gowns are made appropriately high in the neck, with Armenian, or laced fronts; and in the walking, or carriage costume, is added a pelerine of the same material, consistently ornamented. Our fashionable fair seem unwilling to relinquish the half boot; but surely, if formed of ever so delicate a texture, they can never be admitted in the spring or summer costume. Bunches of fruit are now often seen to decorate the straw bonnet and lace cap; and some of our fashionable fair still further tempt us by blending these attractive ornaments with the hair in full dress; thus affording an ample specimen of the fruitfulness of female invention. Soon may we expect to see revived the entire fashions (if not the entire customs) of our grandmothers; who mounted on their high and stupendous

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peruques, bunches of parsnips, carrots, and turnips,

"*Fruits, roots, and greens, then fill'd the ample space,*
"*And kitchen-garden thus adorn'd the face.*"

We have little of novelty to remark, in the articles of jewellery, except the pearl brooch, and necklace representing the palm-leaf, and the Utopian diadem, composed of various precious gems; with girdle-buckle to correspond. The prevailing colours are purple and blue; the most genteel, spring green, shots, jonquille, pink, and primrose.

LETTER ON DRESS,

EXPLANATORY AND DESCRIPTIVE.

From a Lady resident in London, to her friend in the country.

THE men may say what they will to the contrary, but I am fully persuaded, my dear Frederica, that vanity is as inherent a quality in these lords of the creation as it is with us. It is but a trite remark, that more women fall through their vanity than from the force of an ill-governed and ill-inspired attachment; and from the most scrupulous observation, I am led to affirm, that it is the vanity of man, more than the ardour of an individual personal preference, which leads them to pursue and to conquer the vain and the vicious, the unfortunate and the unprotected of our sex. For the latter, I trust that the fountain of humanity which has so often filled my eyes with tears, will never be dry; and for the former, may that sense of virtuous indignation which springs from the best properties of our nature, oh! may it never be extinct! Mademoiselle Rusée, the frail heroine of my last epistle, has been the cause of much dissatisfaction in our family circle. *Her monopolizing system* begins to be disputed, and the female committee have sat, and one and all condemned it as unjust and nefarious. The men are become jealous of each other; and Mademoiselle's character is in a fair way of being wrecked through the whirlwind of their vanity, and her own unprincipled folly.

I observe, Frederica, that these male flirts hold their tongues only while they suppose themselves in favour; but when the coquette in her customary wanderings gives a wound to their self-love, she is generally accompanied in her flight by the sting and venom of their slander; and each retiring, or mortified woman, helps to sound the trumpet of disgrace.

Such, dear Frederica, is just at this moment the case with Mademoiselle Rusée, a situation, however, to which she appears wholly insensible; for with her

"*Another and another still succeeds,*
"*And each as welcome as the former.*"

Our beaus are, however, fast recovering from their enthralment; their flame, you know, frequently requires the aid of variety to keep it alive. Our young ladies begin to view their favourite with jealous eyes, and the heads of the family now question their prudence and policy in placing so formidable a magnet within the circle of their daughters' hitherto unrivalled and undisputed charms; so that there is no very great reason to suspect she will receive any violent entreaty to protract her visit beyond the original stated period; that, thank my stars! expires in a fortnight. My sober friend, L—— (of whom I have forwarded you hints from which, if you are not very stupid, you will have formed a few consequent and natural surmises), is entirely restored to my good graces. He is very silent respecting the conduct of our fair guest, except that yesterday he said to me,—"May I take the liberty of advising Miss M—— to appear as little as possible in public with Mademoiselle Rusée, during her sojourn in this family; my regard for her reputation is the excuse which offers itself for this apparent freedom." I felt the kindness of the gentle admonition, and properly expressed my determination to abide by it. She is engaged to some gay party or other every day during her stay; I shall excuse myself from most of them, and this I can the more easily do as the sisters are too fond of pleasure to resist it, even when offered in a questionable shape; they will of course accompany her in all her gay movements.

To-morrow they go to the masked ball of the Marchioness B——'s. Mademoiselle, in a rich and beautiful Turkish dress, will appear in the character of Roxilana, the two sisters as chambermaids. Mademoiselle's dresses on every occasion combine all the elegance and novelty of fashion; the price of an article is the least and last consideration. It must, however, be allowed, that her apparel is well recommended by her taste and excellent personal advantages. Her carriage costume at this time, consists of a French coat, hat, and boots of figured jonquille shot sarsnet; the seams of the coat, as well as its several terminations, are edged with purple chenille cord; and up the front, where it is clasped with steel ornaments, is a wide fancy border in purple chenille embroidery. Her hat is of a singu-

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larly fanciful construction; the crown is formed in a sort of full square, at each corner of which is a pendant tassel; the verge does not project, but is formed of a full band of silk, twisted with purple cord; from the extreme edge is suspended a transparent veil of Mechlin lace. This whimsical article of adornment is most characteristic of the wearer, for it really resembles more the original *cap of folly* than any thing I have ever seen. The several shades of yellow appear to be her favourite colours, and in this she discovers her judgment, as it is certainly the colour of all others best suited to dark eyes and hair. She has a most superb and elegant ball dress, formed in Grecian draperies, of bright amber net, over a gossamer satin slip, bordered with jessamine wreaths, in silver; the long sleeve and stomacher of transparent silver tissue. A silver net caul incloses her hair, exclusive of a few stray ringlets, which are allowed to fall in irregular disorder over her fair exposed shoulder. Her shoes are of white satin, with small silver rosettes and bindings. Indeed her whole wardrobe is remarkable for the combination of taste, fashion, and splendour, as well as for its just and seasonable appropriations.

I will now, dear friend, take occasion to describe a simple style of evening dress, which has greatly taken my fancy, and as you and I are not abundantly gifted with the glittering recommendation of wealth, it will form a convenient and pleasing variety, without the sad drawback of an unjustifiable expence. It is the adoption of a coloured satin stomacher, cuffs, and girdle, to the white crape, muslin, or leno dress. They were first introduced by the young ladies of this mansion, who wore at the route of Lady G. B. round robes of white Paris net, over white sarsnet slips, with pink satin stomacher and cuffs, edged with pearl. A girdle of the same colour, confined with a pearl buckle; a small Spanish hat, of pink satin, with a white feather frosted with silver; pink satin shoes, with silver clasps. I have scarce seen a dress this season comprising more elegant simplicity. So pleased am I with the whole properties of this costume, that I have consented to turn copyist, and shall appear at the amiable Sir Y——'s private concert to-morrow, in a robe of Turkish leno, with similar decorations; but as my humble fortune precludes the adoption of a pearl edging, I have substituted a fine narrow vandyke lace; and I assure you the effect, though less costly, is almost equally delicate and appropriate. I have inclosed a sufficient quantity of pea-green, and jonquille satin, for these simple ornaments, two colours in high estimation at this season. I also inclose a buckle of cut steel for your girdle, an article which takes place among genteel women of the clasp. Do not make your waist immoderate in length; I warn you against this, because I have often observed that extremes in dress are more frequently adopted in the country.

I herewith send you my usual packet of general information on this head; and to save my credit, allow me just to throw in the opposite scale a little food for the mind. Accept then, and relish as they so justly merit, "*The Memoirs of Percival Stockdale*," with the account of his writings. You will find this work to abound with entertaining anecdote and useful information, which do credit to the head and heart of the venerable author.

The elegant little book of "*Gleanings from Zimmerman's Solitude*," I will forward in my next packet. I learn there is a second edition coming out of this care-soothing and amiable little production, with a portrait of the female Editor, and some account of her life and writings; the latter of which has, I hear, been exceedingly eventful.—Adieu, my pen is worn out in your service, I hasten to give it rest.

Yours, as ever,

M——.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton-street, Strand.*

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR MAY, 1809.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An Elegant PORTRAIT of the RIGHT HON. JANE ELIZABETH VISCOUNTESS ANDOVER.
2. TWO WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON, COLOURED.
3. An ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-forte; composed exclusively for this Work, by M. P. KING.
4. Two elegant and new PATTERNS for NEEDLE-WORK.

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THE HALF YEARLY

SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER.

WITH the next succeeding Number of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, viz. on the first day of July next, will be published No. XLVII. being the regular SUPPLEMENTAL Number, which concludes the Sixth Volume of this Work, with the termination of the half year.

DECORATIONS.

The Supplement will contain the HEADS of those POETS whose Works have appeared in the prior Numbers of the Magazine, and likewise of such poets whose Works will appear in the next Number and Supplement.

These Portraits will be FIVE in number, viz. very fine Portraits, from original Pictures of acknowledged fidelity, of

THOMSON,	DRYDEN,
GRAY,	AND
JOHNSON,	GOLDSMITH.

The Literary part of the SUPPLEMENT will contain

THOMSON's SEASONS,

Complete; with INDEX and TITLE-PAGE as usual.

The SUPPLEMENT will be charged Half-a-crown; and Subscribers are requested to give immediate orders for it to their several Booksellers, that they may procure fine impressions and complete their Volume.—A richer Number than the Supplement, and at the same price, will never issue from the periodical press.

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The Right Hon.ble

JANE ELIZABETH VISCOUNTESS ANDOVER.

Printed for the 45th Number of La Belle Assemblée Pub.d by J. Bell June 1.1809.

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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For MAY, 1809.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Forty-fifth Number.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ANDOVER.

JANE ELIZABETH, VISCOUNTESS ANDOVER, whose Portrait embellishes the present Number of *La Belle Assemblée*, is the daughter of T. W. Coke, Esq. Member for the county of Norfolk, a gentleman well known to the public for his spirit of independent patriotism, and zeal in the science of agriculture, which has extended his reputation almost as far as that of his native country.

Lady Andover is the eldest daughter of Mr. Coke, and as that gentleman has no male issue, she is, conjointly with her sister, co-heiress to the immense property of her father.

Her Ladyship had the misfortune some years since to lose her husband, Viscount Andover, by the accidental discharge of a gun into his bosom, which was placed carelessly in his chaise whilst he was travelling.

Her Ladyship, we believe, has a young family still living by his Lordship.

The private and reclused life of Lady Andover afford very few materials for biography. She has not hitherto, though very young, animated the circles of fashion, or joined in the throng of dissipation. Of a temper of mind more domestic than ambitious, she is content to cultivate the virtues, and discharge the duties of private life; and she considers the rank she fills in life, not as a privilege for indecorum and the neglect of positive duties, but as a sacred trust and depositary for setting forth a good example, and inculcating virtue from a commanding station.

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OF THE POSSIBILITY OF GROWING YOUNG AGAIN.

It is an invariable truth, as we have shewn in the course of this work, that beauty and health are inseparable companions. We may thence conclude, without fear of error, that the female who takes the greatest care of her beauty, will, all things else being equal, enjoy the best health, and defer till the latest period the melancholy arrival of frigid age.

If the ancients lived longer than we, if they enjoyed a more robust constitution, and a more constant flow of health, we must certainly attribute these advantages, in a great measure, to the care which they took of their bodies, and in particular to the frequent use of the bath, of frictions, and of oil. They seemed to think it wrong to neglect the minutest details of the toilette. The greatest men, the gravest philosophers, the most illustrious captains, the most celebrated warriors, disdained not to pay the most assiduous attention to this subject. It was the opinion at that time, that a superior soul could not be too well lodged; and to mention only one of the greatest names of antiquity, Cæsar not only bathed regularly, but caused his skin to be scraped in order to remove even the imperceptible scales that were upon it. With these great men, attention to the toilette was not confined, as it is among most of the moderns, to the single object of rendering themselves more agreeable to the fair sex. They did not submit to be enslaved by fashion, which, at the present day, exercises a tyranny not less ridiculous than real. It was not on the form or the nature of their attire that they bestowed their care; it was on the preservation of the beauty of the body, and not on the elegance of their dress. In this respect they differed widely from us, who very often put a wretched picture into a magnificent frame. The theory of the ancients was much more profound: the pains they took originated in the regard which they entertained for themselves, in the persuasion that every thing in nature is connected, and that beauty, health, and moral excellence, almost always accompany each other. They thought that a machine ought to be in good condition, in order to the perfect exercise of all its functions; and convinced, as well as we, that man is composed of a body and a soul, they justly deemed it incumbent on him to bestow equal pains on both. Accordingly they never affected that contempt, that feigned disdain for the visible part, which certain moralists, of more modern times, have almost presumed to exalt into a virtue. It must, nevertheless, be admitted that some of these ill-humoured moralists have fully justified their opinion, by transmitting to us a delineation of their own features; and when they affect such a sovereign contempt for exterior forms, they compel us, in a manner, to believe that it was first excited by their looking-glasses.

It is, we repeat, from particular attention to the skin, that we have to expect health, a long life, a comfortable old age, and perhaps also, as we shall prove in this chapter, an effect that is, to be sure, still more rare—we mean, the complete renovation of the physical constitution, the restoration of youth, which could not fail to crown the triumphs of cosmetics.

Every thing is on the decline; the world grows old, and Nature is gradually losing her pristine vigour: all her productions now bear the marks of weakness and degeneracy. Such is the ordinary language of all those, who, incessantly acting in opposition to Nature, wish to make her responsible for their errors, or who, disdaining to consult her, complain that they never obtain of her any favours. Let us beware of uttering such blasphemy. No; Nature is not on the decline: immutable as the Deity, whose indefatigable servant she is, she still possesses the same energy and the same resources as ever; but woe be to those who seek to withdraw themselves from the operation of her laws! They then cease to be entitled to a share of her blessings, and they have nobody to blame for it but themselves.

[To be continued.]

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

HYMENÆA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

[*Continued from Page* 108.]

MR. EDITOR,

In my last letter I concluded where my father had consented that I should spend the winter in London with my aunt. In a few days afterwards Lady Lovelace took her leave, and with high expectations of approaching happiness, and a hearty weariness of the country, I accompanied her. My aunt was in a delightful humour, as, indeed, to do her justice, I seldom knew her to be otherwise.

"You are going to be introduced, Hymenæa," said she, "into an entire new world; the town and country have as little resemblance in their manners as in their natural images. You must take leave of all romance, of all simplicity, and by the exertion of that ingenuity which nature has given us from our birth become at once a woman of fashion. You have doubtless read and heard much of this tremendous character—a woman of fashion; but you have read it in books, the authors of which have never seen, or at least familiarly seen, the characters which they profess to describe. Give me an idea, Hymenæa, what is the conception in your mind of a woman of fashion?"

"If I may judge from what I have read," said I, "a woman of fashion sacrifices every thing to the pleasure of the moment; she is gay and good-humoured till she has wearied herself into spleen and petulance; she puts on her best humours as we country folks put on our clothes; goes a slattern at home, and is only well dressed when abroad. I apply this similitude to the town ladies, mind."

"Your ideas, as far as they go, Hymenæa, are perhaps not very erroneous, but they go a very little way, and exhibit the woman of fashion in what the astronomers call one of her phasis. There are degrees in fashion as in every thing else, and though insignificant and trifling in itself, it may be so put under the operation of good sense as to be rendered a kind of an art. A true woman of fashion must have a suitable knowledge of the world and of character; she must be naturally gay, good-humoured, and must have discretion enough to understand the value of this principle—that nothing in life is of so much consequence as happiness, and therefore that no folly is so extreme as that of the self-tormentor; she must exert all her efforts not only to please others, but to be pleased herself. Nothing must affect her feelings beyond its due worth; she must on all occasions bury her grief with its object; what she loses she must dismiss from her thoughts for ever; and above all she must adopt the famous maxim of the old philosopher,—to admire nothing to such a degree that the difficulty of acquiring it may disturb her tranquillity."

"But how does your woman of fashion stand as to morals?" said I.

"In the same manner," replied my aunt, "as she stands with respect to every thing else; there is always a certain kind and degree of morality in fashion, and if a woman of quality be really morally inclined, and more morally inclined than the prevailing fashion, she has only to be an hypocrite in reverse, or in other words, to be secretly good, and to keep her works to herself. I know many of my friends who would as much blush to be detected in their good actions, as your hypocrites in the country would be confounded by a discovery of their evil deeds. Here again is an essential difference between your woman of fashion and your woman out of fashion; the fashionable hypocrisy is to seem worse than we really are; the ordinary hypocrisy is to endeavour to appear better."

"I can see as little occasion or excuse for the one as the other," said I.

"You must confess, at least," replied

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my aunt, "that the concealment of good actions is more dignified, not to say better in every possible way, than the secret performance of bad. People of quality have often a reputation which they very little merit; they might doubtless have as good a name as others if they would take the same pains to purchase it. All that I want to impress you with is, that in becoming a woman of fashion it is not necessary to divest yourself of all the good qualities which you may possess; fashion requires apparent rather than real sacrifices. It is not necessary, therefore, so much to contradict as to conceal your unfashionable propensities; you are an early riser, for example, the knowledge of this circumstance would render you an object of ridicule amongst a fashionable circle. What, therefore, should hinder you from enjoying this gratification in secret? rise as early as you please, but keep your room. I give this only as an example: There is a certain line of conduct which the practice and precedents of the fashionable world have established as being suitable to a woman of fashion; it is certainly necessary that you should externally conform to this rule, but the obligation does not extend beyond externals. There are innumerable persons of fashion who, contrary to what fashion is supposed to demand or allow, are the most exemplary persons in the world, and without the ostentatious display of any one good quality, of any single moral restraint, are in reality the most strict moralists, and as conscientious in their private practice as they are apparently careless in their public conduct."

In this kind of conversation we reached my aunt's house, and I found that she lived in a style suited to her rank and fortune. I believe I have before mentioned that Lady Lovelace was a widow, and having an elegant person, and a very handsome face, she was still an object of much attraction though past her fortieth year; her jointure was large, and her domestic establishment proportionate to it. She had naturally a taste for magnificence, her parties were in the first reputation, and the mere knowledge that she was in town, the single paragraph in the *Morning Post*, that the rich and beautiful Lady Lovelace had returned to town still in a state of "single blessedness," brought visitors in shoals. She received them all with so much gaiety, and so much welcome, as inspired me with some doubts of her general sincerity; I mentioned this circumstance to her, as she extracted a promise from me that I would freely communicate my first impressions.

"This is another mistake," said she; "I am truly as happy to see all these people as I appear to be. This succession of visitors is a succession of pleasures; I am happy to see the first that comes in because he is something new, and brings something new; I am happy to see the second because he shifts the scene, and most probably removes the first when he begins to tire me. My expressions of satisfaction therefore are, you see, genuine. I rejoice to see a man of gaiety and sense because he reanimates my spirits and, as it were, feeds and cherishes my understanding. The allegretto of a coxcomb likewise tends to enliven me; and when I am weary with sense and noise, with news and gaiety, the adagio of a grave blockhead comes in excellent time to allow me the necessary rest,—I have only to fall asleep with my eyes open."

A very few days after we were settled in my aunt's town house, a rout was given for the avowed purpose of introducing me into the fashionable world. This was the first time in which I had ever made one of so splendid a mob; I could not imagine that any one could so confound ideas as to denominate such an assemblage a party of pleasure. If by a rout it is intended to express an image of confusion, of disorder, an indiscriminate and ungraceful mixture of young and old, of male and female, and where the crowd admits of every liberty, because from the impossibility of distinction every liberty is secure of impunity,—if such, I say, is what is meant to be conveyed by the term a rout, I acknowledge the justice of the appellation, and have nothing more to say; but if by the term rout any of your readers should fancy it to be a party of pleasure, a party in which friends and acquaintances meet to converse, I can only inform them that they are most grossly mistaken. A rout is the delight of the fashionable world for the same reason as a mob is the delight of the vulgar; the pleasure of both is founded

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upon the same natural sentiment; every one hurries to see others and to exhibit themselves; every one, moreover, hurries in and hurries out.

As report had circulated the amount of my fortune, and the circumstance of my introduction by my aunt ascertained my rank, I found myself the object of as much curiosity as it was fashionable to feel or to shew. I was soon the dear friend of half a score young ladies, whose manners certainly pleased me, till I discovered that they were only the graceful veil for the most frivolous understandings. Some of them talked very glibly on philosophical questions, and one of them very pleasantly explained to me the laws of gravity, as she had learned them at the Institution; another was eminently loquacious on some French lace, which she hesitated not to acknowledge that her mamma had smuggled, though her father was a member of the British senate, and was a monstrous stickler for the due maintenance of the revenue. One asked me if I had seen the new family Bible with plates, and another invited me to the Exhibition, that I might give her my opinion as to some naked Graces. It is impossible, in short, to give any sufficient idea of the curious medley of subjects of all kinds and tones, and in which every ordinary concordance was violated, and every usual contrariety most happily conciliated.

The gentlemen, at least as they grouped in the great canvass of the rout, appeared to me not a whit less extraordinary than the ladies; they were as insignificantly important, and as frivolously grave; their gaiety was without meaning or substance, it was the mere unmeaning laugh, or at best the simple effusion of the animal spirits.

It is a very celebrated, and at the same time a very just remark, that first impressions generally so powerfully influence all our judgments, that the most mature reason is seldom sufficient to controul them; and so I in fact found it in this circumstance of my first introduction in the fashionable world. What I had admired at a distance appeared now only the most frivolous of all frivolous objects.

On the following day my aunt demanded my opinion of some of the gentlemen with whom she had seen me converse.—"What do you think, my dear, of Colonel Club-stick? he is notoriously one of the most eminent leaders in the fashionable world; he is, moreover, a brave man, has seen some service, and I believe fought some duels; he has likewise written a book, in which, to the great instruction of the fashionable world, he has exhibited himself in the attitude of hanging."

"Of all men," said I, "even from the short time I conversed with him, I will take upon me to say, that he will ever be my insuperable aversion. I can see nothing in his abrupt address but the want of that natural gallantry, and even natural sensibility, which should teach him that ladies are to be approached with delicacy, and that there should be some difference of conduct even in the mere personal address to a lady of character and to the unhappy women who have none. I felt myself much offended, aunt, at the manner in which the Colonel addressed himself to me; I can assure you that I feel no intention to come under the discipline of his club-stick."

"Yet this Colonel, Hymenæa," replied my aunt, "will now probably be one of your suitors, for he is in want of two things which you can give him,—a handsome woman, and a handsome fortune."

"Then you may assure yourself, madam," rejoined I, "that he will become my suitor to no purpose. I deem modesty, or at least a certain portion of it, as necessary to make a man as a woman valuable characters. I should deem it, moreover, an insult done to my whole sex, and a voluntary degradation of myself, passively to submit to a form of address which implies at the same time a contempt of woman, and an overweening conceit in the man himself. And as to the Colonel's book, I have paused to read it, and it has confirmed the opinion which his appearance has given me; his taste is on a par with his understanding, and his manners are the natural result of the union of both. Is it possible, madam, that a man like this can be suffered in the fashionable world?"

"He is not only suffered," replied my aunt," but even zealously and ardently courted; and if you do not admire him you would almost do well to conceal your sentiments, for I can assure you that he is

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perfectly in fashion. The admiration in which he is holden by the ladies has, moreover, rendered him the model of many gentlemen; you will scarcely go into any fashionable party but you will see one or more of his shadows. What appears to you rudeness and bluster, and coarse manners, are considered by certain belles of fashion as the very perfection of politeness. It is not long since that the Colonel fell into some distressed circumstances, which put his friends to the proof, and the result was very honourable to him; a certain number of ladies set on foot a general subscription, and the amount, as I have heard, was sufficient to establish the Colonel's finances."

"Is it possible," said I, "that there can be any one so mean as to remain in fashionable society upon a subscription fund?"

"There are many of this kind of fashionable pensioners," replied my aunt. "The fashionable world would soon lose many of its most brilliant stars if every one were put to a proof of their independent means; it is in the fashionable world as in the courts of Germany, a certain rank and a certain appearance, but nothing of a certain fortune is necessary to admission. Whoever can maintain the necessary appearance, be his means of maintaining what they may, no inquiry is made; he is admitted into the fraternity, and takes his place according to what he is enabled to maintain; there is a general policy amongst us not to put up too much store, not to estimate too highly what so many of us want."

This conversation was here interrupted by two cards, with compliments, to inquire the health of my aunt and myself. My aunt, taking the cards and smiling:—"I thought it would be so," said she; here you have two suitors already, for such is the purpose of these incipient approaches. 'Colonel Bijoux and Lord Sam Foreclose do themselves the honour to inquire the health of Lady Lovelace and Miss Hymenæa.'—What do you say to them Hymenæa?" continued my aunt smiling.

"I say," replied I, "they are as indifferent to me as I imagine my health to be to them; I know neither of them."

"They are both of them," resumed my aunt, "leaders of fashion and first-rate characters. Colonel Bijoux is a man who has given up his whole life to one pursuit, that of being a kind of purveyor, or voluntary chamberlain, to the fashionable world; he has formed innumerable societies and institutions for the exclusive admission and entertainment of persons of rank, and is daily employed in endless efforts to meet their caprices and their pride by new inventions; one day he circulates subscriptions for a new chapel, estimates the expences of the parson and of the organ, and importunes the Bishop of London to grant a licence for a fashionable auditory; at another time he is full of a new tavern, which shall be conducted on the principles of a private house, where there shall be other essentials, money; where no one shall be admitted unless upon the most respectable introduction, and where every inmate therefore may depend upon each other. You may readily believe that his plans are generally approved; in the first place, because they appeal to the vanity of the persons for whom they are intended; in the second place, because their novelty always meets the caprice of the day, and the Colonel no sooner sees his friends wearied with one folly than he has another at hand."

"Is it possible," said I, "that any man of common sense, and common manliness, can occupy his time in such frivolities."

"I will not answer either for his sense or for his manliness," replied my aunt with a smile; "all that I am now saying respects his peculiar pursuits. I have reason to believe that Colonel Bijoux originally adopted this course of life from choice, but that habit and experience have subsequently rendered it both a necessary and a lucrative pursuit to him. It is impossible, you know, to refuse a liberal subscription to a man of a certain acknowledged rank and quality, who entirely lays himself out and expends the whole of his fortune in the contrivance of new pleasures. The Colonel, moreover, with a very happy dexterity, contrives to make us all partners in his institutions, and it would not be very decorous, and certainly not very generous, to put him upon his books; it is, moreover, the fashion to be liberal in our pleasures, and whatever is connected with

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them, however niggardly we may be in the discharge of our debts of justice; the Colonel, therefore, is well paid, though our tradesmen may dun in vain."

"The Colonel seems no favourite of yours," replied I.

"I think very little of him," resumed my aunt; "I should indeed pity him if I thought him formed for any thing higher or better; but nature seems to have intended him for a butterfly, and with that purpose to have turned him loose into a garden. I have nothing therefore to object to him as he follows his nature, and apparently acts up to the end of his creation. There are many such triflers, and he is certainly at the head of them; he has another recommendation,—he is perfectly harmless, his folly is the worst part about him."

"Now then," resumed I, "for the picture of another of your friends, Lord Sam Foreclose; what have you to say of him, aunt?"

"That he likewise is a character," continued my aunt, "and, as being at the head of a species, merits a detailed description. Lord Sam, as his name imports, is the younger son of a nobleman; his father died whilst he was at Westminster, and left Lord Sam an estate and money to the amount of seven thousand pounds per annum. Lord Sam, a minor at the time, immediately wrote to his guardians, that as his father had left him such a noble fortune, he flattered himself that they would exhibit an equal liberality in his annual allowance. His guardians, being men of fashion and of immense fortune, were very indifferent as to the disposal of the fortune left in trust to them; they conceived, in fact, that they had but one point of duty, and that this consisted in giving in due accounts; they did not hesitate, therefore, to comply most fully with the demands of Lord Sam, and in answer to his letter immediately settled his school allowance at three hundred pounds per annum. Lord Sam now gave free reins to all his caprices; he kept his horses openly and his women secretly; he became the best driver and the worst scholar in the school; he contrived to spend treble his allowance, and raised the difference from the money-lenders. In this manner he attained his majority and his ruin at the same point of time. He now supports himself only by the sufferance of his creditors; they will not ruin him entirely because they know him to have certain expectations yet in store, and till he has pledged them to their full value they will allow him to remain out of prison. In the mean time his title, and the appearance which he is still enabled to maintain, have preserved him his place in the fashionable world. His equipage is indeed gone, but he still drives that of a friend, and sometimes mounts the mail coach. I am afraid he will rapidly become another pensioner on the fund for broken down men of fashion, but I doubt that even there he will not have the same success with Colonel Clubstick, because he is by no means in the same general favour. Lord Sam has now another plan, but I begin to doubt its success."

"And what may that plan be?" said I.

"Why," resumed my aunt, "having ruined himself by horses, he has engaged in the attempt of repairing himself by women. He is now all for a matrimonial speculation; he flatters himself that his rank and person may recommend him to some country heiress."

"And has he the vanity," said I, "to select me as a suitable object for such a speculation, for such an exchange?"

"And why not?" said my aunt laughing. "Look at his person, and confess at least that he is of a manly stature; in this quality, indeed, he might suit an Exhibition; if his face be not handsome, if it be coarse and almost vulgar, its character is boldness even to insolence, and the characteristic shillalah would be as appropriate to him as to Colonel Clubstick himself. Add to this, that he speaks loudly, and evidently sets a proper value upon himself; and I really do not know what else you can reasonably require in a man of fashion."

"If such be your men of fashion," replied I, "I believe that I shall return to the country as I left it. These characters, dear aunt, will not suit Hymenæa; even our country breed is preferable to these mongrels."

"Have patience," my dear," resumed my aunt; "time and patience may produce wonders. The *beau monde* is a garden of great extent, there are flowers of all

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qualities, you will be peculiarly unlucky if you can find none to your taste."

"I am not difficult to please," said I, "only let me have a selection amongst reasonable creatures. I do not want the discipline of a cane, and therefore will have nothing to say to Colonel Clubstick; I do not want to become the manageress of a company of private players, and therefore will have nothing to say to Colonel Bijoux; and as to Lord Sam, I have no inclination to release him from his debts by the gift of my fortune,—so that there are none of these whom I should deem worthy of even a thought."

In my future letters I shall continue my narrative. I have been able to do little in the present but exhibit some of the characters with whom I was daily pestered; in a future letter you shall have the *dramatis personæ* in action. Well may it be a maxim in the fashionable world, that people of fashion are only suited to each other. I never suffered so much as during my probationary novitiation; and after a tolerably long intercourse with the *beau monde*, as it is called, I am still perplexed with surprise when I reflect that reasonable creatures can be content to pass their lives in such an unbroken course of frivolity; surely, Sir, we were born for something better and wiser than to spend the day between Bond-street and the Parks, and to measure the night by a succession of routs.—Yours,

HYMENÆA.

SECOND-SIGHT.

ISLE OF SKY, NORTH BRITAIN.

[*Continued from Page* 112.]

TO THE LADY SYBILLA MACKEN.

"MADAM,—I resume my narrative from the point at which I interrupted it in my last. I have mentioned that in answer to my communication to my mother that the Count de la Plaisance was trespassing upon the rights of Constant; that he seized every opportunity to address himself to me, and at the same time so shaped his approaches as to elude giving me the opportunity to express my indignation; I have related, I say, that in answer to this communication my mother rallied my apprehensions, considered the addresses of the Count as a matter of course homage to a handsome woman, and advised my receiving them as such, and to content myself with retorting in raillery and indifference. This advice she daily repeated, and I believe it was a remark of a man very well skilled in human nature, that there are few persons who are proof against the combined assaults of bad counsel, and particularly when it appeals to their vanity, and is seconded by their passions: this is the sole excuse I can allege for my subsequent conduct.

"In pursuance of this advice I dismissed entirely all my former reserve, and according to the new plan recommended to me, received the Count with smiles, and with an evident ease and satisfaction which, as I judged from his apparent emotions, seemed equally to surprise and transport him; at the same time, from some intelligent looks which I perceived my mother and the Count to interchange, a suspicion would sometimes arise that there was something of concert between them, and that they were both acting in a plot of which I was the object, and my fate and fortune the intended catastrophe. These suspicions, however, not being of a very pleasing nature, I anxiously dismissed as soon as they arose, and as nothing is so easy as to deceive one's self on the pleasing side, I soon succeeded in tranquillizing my own mind, and in persuading myself that the Count and my mother had as little of design as myself.

"If I had understood my own mind, indeed, there was enough already passing in it to alarm me; I certainly still loved Constant, and still persuaded myself that in honour, in common faith, I belonged to him and to him only, as much as if the church had already crowned and sanctioned our union; but I could not avoid perceiv-

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ing that though I still loved Constant, I did not love him so much as formerly; before the Count's arrival, I was unhappy and impatient in the absence of Constant; time passed unperceived in his presence, and halted miserably when he was away. My father was in the habit of rallying me for being so incessantly at my window, anxiously looking for the return of Constant and himself, when they were out riding together. I had even some difficulty to conceal my vexation when my father would call Constant to attend him in a ride or a walk in which I could not accompany them. In a word, I had formerly loved Constant as fondly and ardently as was consistent with an innocent affection.

"I now found that I still indeed loved him, but certainly not to the same degree; he was no longer necessary to me, he no longer was the sole object of my thoughts and of my fancy. I began to find that the company of the Count was an agreeable substitute; though I would still make no hesitation to leave the company of the Count for that of Constant; yet if the Count was with me, I sometimes forgot that Constant was absent. As the day of the union of Constant and myself approached, the Count became evidently melancholy, and, to confess the truth, I did not see the approach of this day with all the satisfaction which became my situation. I know not whether the seeds of coquetry are necessarily implanted in all women by their very nature, and that amongst the number I had my share, or whether the caprice of which I am speaking originated in the peculiar perversion of my own mind; but this I must confess, that considering that my marriage with Constant must necessarily put a period to the addresses of the Count, to his attentions, to his flatteries, I looked with some discontent to this approaching event. I was too much of a woman not to comprehend very well the cause of the visible melancholy of the Count, and I had too much of my sex not to give him an opportunity to explain himself. I one day saw from my window that the Count was walking on the further extremity of the lawn which immediately fronted the chamber; under the pure impression of feminine vanity I left my room, and contrived, without the appearance of designing it, to throw myself in the way of my disconsolate lover. He seized my hand with a kind of transport, and then, with a grace of manners peculiarly his own, excused himself for his abrupt rudeness, from the power of his mingled emotions:—'And what may be the cause of such emotions,' said I; 'I always thought, Count, that you Frenchmen could do every thing but think and feel.'—'Then you have most peculiarly mistaken the French character,' replied the Count. 'Alas! madam, I fear that we feel more powerfully than the English, though we have not the same eloquence, the same powerful means of expressing it.'

"On what do you form your opinions," added I.

"On the different success of the French and English in love as in war; I mean as far as respects England only. Whence is it, madam, that a Frenchman has no chance either with a lady, or in a naval engagement, where an Englishman is present?'

"Perhaps they fight under a disadvantage, Sir, which may destroy their natural equality.'

"In love, in addresses to ladies, they are indeed under a disadvantage,' said the Count. 'You have all a prejudice against us, which would render all our hopes the utmost extremity of folly.'

"Do you speak from experience, Count," said I with a smile.

"Yes, madam,' continued he, taking my hand, and assuming a look of the most profound feeling and melancholy; 'I am very unhappy, very ill at ease, and I am sure you have too much goodness not to feel some sympathy. Will you pardon me if I submit to an invincible necessity, to feelings which I cannot overcome, and explain myself fully.'

"I will pardon you nothing,' said I, endeavouring to assume a tone of pleasantry, 'if you address me with this inflexible gravity.'

"Alas! madam,' replied the Count, 'whatever I am, I am no hypocrite, nor can I be a hypocrite; it is beyond my power to assume features of pleasantry whilst my heart is sinking under a weight

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of sorrow. I am truly miserable, and I am sure you are too candid and honourable to affect to misunderstand me.'

"'I do not misunderstand you, Count,' replied I, 'and it is now my turn to be serious; you know my engagements.'

"'I do know them,' exclaimed he; 'but do not, do not needlessly and so abruptly mention them. Madam, the extreme of sorrow acknowledges no law.'

"'If you are so sensible of my engagements,' replied I, 'why should you complain that I am about to observe them?'

"'I may be allowed to complain of misfortune,' said the Count. 'You must not refuse me the privilege of complaint. Dearest Alicia, pardon a miserable man, that he ventures to address you so familiarly; I cannot but think, that had a more favourable fortune brought us together in the commencement, Constant would not have been so certain of your favour. What has he which I do not possess, and which you can reasonably require?'

"'Honour and honesty,' replied I, 'not to trespass on the rights of another.'

"'You assume that he is such a stoic,' continued the Count, 'because you have never seen him in circumstances in which he has any temptation to be otherwise. Constant, in a similar situation, might have acted as I have done. There are passions which are too extreme for the cold laws of morality; and yet, to confess the truth, I do believe that Constant would have acted differently. Constant is a man of a very happy temperament; he has no violent passions; he is not troubled with that sensibility which hurries a man out of himself. Constant, I should imagine, would be as cold as a rival as he appears to me to be moderate as a lover.'

"'Is it generous of you,' said I, 'to speak thus of the absent?'

"'In the ordinary transactions of the world, madam, I should be as much above backbiting as any man in the world; but there is a very fine comedy in your language, in which the writer has said, with as much justice as brilliancy, that there is no faith in love; that love, like necessity, acknowledges no laws but his own; that his invincible power is an excuse for every thing, and a natural discharge from all the obligations of ordinary morality.'

"'This may be good as a sentiment in a comedy,' said I, 'but will it correspond with truth and nature as a rule of morals.'

"'Indeed, I know not,' said the Count; 'all I know is, that here comes the Admiral, and by his apparent deportment, he seems full of something important; I must take my leave, madam, and I do it with a most heavy heart. If any one at this moment be so extremely miserable as to be totally without hope, and therefore without any relish or value in life, it is myself. I will not complain of you; I will not complain of Constant; but you must not deny me the privilege of complaining against my own unhappy destiny, which has thrown me into this state of misery and desolation.'

"The Admiral now came up, and taking me by the hand, addressed me:—'My dear Alicia, a most important event has occurred; your union with Constant was fixed for this day fortnight, something has occurred which, according to the opinion of my wife, must necessarily delay it; but do not suffer this incident to alarm you, as the interruption will be but temporary, and it is for Constant's good and advancement in life.'

"'You think me very easily alarmed,' said I, smiling: "Have you persuaded yourself, my dear father, that a husband is so necessary to me that I ought to consider the interruption you speak of as an afflicting event?'

"'I am happy to see that you do not take it so much to heart as I had anticipated,' replied my father; 'though, on the other hand, I should be equally grieved, if I thought you wanted that proper regard for Constant, and that proper sensibility, not to feel his disappointment as your own. Next to yourself, Alicia, Constant stands nearest to my heart; it would truly grieve me to discover that he did not possess a similar place in yours.'

"'My dearest father,' replied I, 'you entirely mistake the matter; your kindness, your paternal tenderness, makes me so happy, and so contented, that I find that I have nothing to wish. The company of Constant is likewise dear to me, and however I may appear to you, I should very sensibly feel the loss of it. These are my actual sentiments.'

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"I am very glad that they are so,' replied my father; 'Constant is a good lad, and if you are a daughter of mine, you will treat him honourably. But what I now have to say is, that his Majesty has been pleased to appoint a vessel to go upon a voyage of discovery, and that the Lords of the Admiralty, in compliment to me, have appointed Constant to the command of it. I have received letters this morning, by which I am given to understand that Constant must immediately attend the Lords Commissioners to receive their instructions, and that the vessel is ordered to sail with the first fair wind. I have informed your mother of these circumstances, and it is her opinion that the marriage of Constant and yourself should be deferred till Constant's return.'

"How long may he be absent?' said I.

"I am afraid not less than fourteen or fifteen months. He is to visit Otaheite and the Friendly Islands; and make what allowance we will for favourable winds and for his own eagerness, he cannot possibly perform so long a course in a less period.'

"Two years,' said I, smiling, 'is a long time, my dear father.'

"I am almost angry,' replied the Admiral, 'that by your manner you seem to think it rather a short time. But perhaps the world is changed since the time when I was young; Heaven bless me, if any one had talked to me of waiting two years when I was upon the point of being married to your mother, I should have thought that they spoke of what was impossible, but you and your mother seem both of one mind; you seem to think it a matter of course. Well, be it so; in one point of view it is certainly very favourable to Constant's professional advancement. I never knew a married man on board a king's vessel worth a straw; he was always thinking of his wife when he should only have thought of his duty. Well, I shall now go to Constant, and I hope he may take it as cooly as your mother and yourself.'

"My father left me in pursuit of Constant, and I returned to my room. When I reviewed in my mind all that had passed, I became almost dissatisfied with myself, and for the first time indulged an apprehension that my sentiments for Constant had suffered some material change; his departure appeared to me a relief. I demanded of my own mind whence this important change; I could give no other answer, than that I did not wish to alter my state, and therefore that the present escape from it was an actual deliverance. This reflection at length had silenced my scruples, when my father entered my chamber.'

"Well, my dearest Alicia, your mother and myself have seen Constant, and after an infinite trouble have persuaded him to submit. We had trouble enough, however, to reconcile him to leaving you, but your mother has by some means effected it. Constant is now in yonder walk on the lawn, and expects you; the horses are ordered, and he leaves us for London this very day.'

"So soon,' said I.

"Yes,' replied my father, 'but he returns again before he takes his final departure. I served the King for a long series of years, and in all that time I had one invariable rule, from which I never departed. I always obeyed an order in the same moment in which I received it; and the Lords Commissioners, you must know, are the King's deputies. They have requested the immediate attendance of Constant at the Board, and I have made it a point of honour with him, that he should instantly obey. It was in this way that I obtained my rapid promotion.'

"You are forgetting all this time, my dear father, that Constant is walking below, on the lawn, expecting me.'

"Yes, yes,' replied my father, 'I had forgotten it; but now you remind me of it, I must not suffer you to lose a moment. Go to him instantly, and if you can, assume an air of some feeling. Why, Heaven help me, you seem as if nothing had occurred. Whatever you do, do not suffer him to leave England unhappy.'

"I promised to obey my father, and descended to the lawn to meet Constant. He advanced to me as I approached him, and affectionately taking my hand:—

"My dearest Alicia,' said he, 'your father has informed me that he has himself acquainted you with our necessary separation, and that it has become a point of honour in me to sacrifice my personal feelings, and immediate happiness, to a sense

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of duty. I know how heavy is the debt which I owe your father, and I know that it becomes me to endeavour to pay it. He very early marked me out for the enviable happiness of becoming his son, by an union with you; I have hitherto lived only in that hope, and life would lose all value to me if I were deprived of it. Your mother has very properly suggested to me, that, in return for this kindness, I could do no less than endeavour for that advancement in my profession which should render me a more equal match for the daughter of my beloved patron. She has advised me, therefore, to give a strict and immediate obedience to the letters of the Lords Commissioners, and likewise to accept the command, to which his Majesty has been pleased to appoint me. She has informed me, moreover, that though the kindness of your father would willingly detain me with him, that his better sense leads him to wish that I should accept the service. These are the reasons which have induced me to consent to a separation, which I cannot, dearest Alicia, but most acutely feel.'

"'And you have put these reasons so forcibly,' replied I, 'that I cannot but on my part acknowledge their justice. Go, Constant; obey the calls of honour, and the summons of your sovereign.'

"I will not trouble you with a detailed statement of a conversation which was now merely a farewel between lovers; suffice it to say, that Constant was all tenderness, and honourable constancy, and that from a just sentiment which arose in my own mind, that I was unworthy of him, I made an effort, and assumed an appearance of feeling which did not correspond with the actual state of my heart.'

"Constant accordingly departed; I looked after his horses till they had passed beyond my sight, and then returned with my father to dinner.'

"The Count was already in the dining-room, I could not but think that I saw an evident air of triumph in his countenance and manner. My father was dull and silent; my mother had all the conversation to herself and the Count; I felt enough to say nothing. In this manner I passed as dull an hour as had ever fallen to my lot; very ill satisfied with myself, and therefore not in the best humour with those around me."

[*To be continued.*]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR,

As your Magazine by its name should be particularly conversant in the fashionable world, I have to put some questions, which I flatter myself you will have the goodness to answer.

I need not be told, Sir, that nations and ladies have their passions as well as dress, and that in a very moderate time a more complete revolution will take place in the system of fashion. Philosophers say, that the earth is whirled round at the rate of many hundred miles a minute; one would think that men's minds partook of this rapid motion, and that sometimes in particular they were turned topsy-turvy.

I am now an old man, and in the course of my time have seen so many changes, and so many new appearances, as to have adopted the celebrated social maxim, to admire nothing, to feel no wonder at any thing. The moon, according to astronomers, has more phases than any other planet. I have no doubt, Sir, that if we could learn how our earth appears to the inhabitants of the moon, we should find that we present as many phases to the moon as the moon presents to us.

But what I am now writing to you upon is what I understand to be a new fashion, lately sprung up in town, and, like all other follies and mischiefs, has passed from you to us. When I was a boy, Sir, I remember it used to be a vulgar joke, that such a one, a boy for example, notoriously known for his mischief, was born to *swing*. Our old schoolmaster, when correcting a boy for any very mischievous or depraved act, would frequently add, by

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way of solemn prediction,—"Unless you alter your course you may have a chance to *swing* for thy propensities." By this acceptance of the word swing, Sir, I had formed an idea of it which I find it very difficult to reconcile with some circumstances which have lately occurred.

In the immediate neighbourhood of my house lives the Lady Bellair, a widow of a very large fortune, and with three elegant and beautiful daughters. The young ladies and their mother invariably spend their winter in London, but still occasionally visit their country seat for a week or a fortnight, when they are in the habit of inviting all their country neighbours; and to do the family justice, entertain us with a plentiful and elegant hospitality; being one of their neighbours I am always of these parties, and my nieces, who are under my guardianship, usually accompany me. The Miss Bellairs, as I have said, are very elegant and fashionable girls, and as I have known them from their childhood are great favourites with me. I could wish, indeed, that in the course of their residence in the metropolis, and in their intercourse with the fashionable world, they would not pick up so many of its follies; I would not wish a young lady to be without the polished manners which are given by fashionable society; but to say all in a word, I would wish her to borrow nothing from the fashionable world but its manners.

But to come to my point at once; my nieces and myself were passing the day at my Lady's, and we were all walking together on the lawn, when one of the Miss Bellairs, taking the hand of my eldest nieces:—"I am sure," said she, "you would *swing* well; don't you think, mama, that Miss Amelia is made for swinging?" The young lady, seeing me surprised at this observation, looked earnestly at me.—"And you too, Sir," said she, "I hope you will accompany us; for you and your whole family seem born to *swing*."

You may conceive, Sir, that this kind of conversation threw me into the greatest possible embarrassment, and that I did not recover from it till my Lady had the goodness to explain,—that as every age had a fashion of its own, so it had now become the fashion to swing.

Now, Sir, I would wish to be allowed to ask of you on what principle this amusement is founded; is it on its superior delicacy? I really do not know what may be the fashionable modesty of the age, what may be its bounds, and what its licence, but to speak for myself, it is somewhat repugnant to my feelings to see my nieces tossed up in the air like so many pancakes, and coming down in every possible shape, like Vulcan thrown from heaven. I know, indeed, that for some years personal exposure has been in fashion; and, perhaps, having long enough exposed the neck, the fashion is to commence exposing some other parts.

If the exercise be the thing sought, I would recommend what to my mind is both a more decent and a more salutary substitute. Suppose, instead of swinging, they were to toss each other in a blanket; a little exercise would soon render them proficient, and they might mount from the earth to the stars without more personal discomposure than they at present exhibit.

I know not, my dear Sir, whether these ideas may correspond with your own, but this I will most absolutely say, that as long as I live, no niece or daughter of mine shall take the polite exercise of swinging.

If there must no longer be any distinction between male and female amusements, let the ladies, with the amusements of the men, assume their habits; let them wear the breeches; let us not have male exercises in female habits. I have no objection, since the tide seems to run that way, that the ladies of the day should descend on the score of modesty to the level of the men, but let them be consistent. If there be any of them who will spar with each other, let them wear the appropriate *Belcher handkerchief*; if there be any of them who will swim, let them assume the *cork jacket*; and, finally, if there are any of them who are resolved upon their swinging, let them pay off their milliner's bill, and open an account with a *leather breeches maker*.—I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
J. Moody.

To

MORAL TALES.—LEONTINE AND BELINDA.

A GENTLEMAN, whom we shall distinguish by the name of Leontine, that we may escape the formality of his actual designation, possessed of an ample fortune, and which was farther amended by the death of his father, was unhappily of such a peculiar temper, such an anxious jealousy, that he could not bear a rival in love with the most common patience. If any lady, to whom he was even cursorily addressing himself, shewed any apparent condescension for the attentions of another, his jealousy immediately took the alarm, and, without any allowance for the levity of a particular woman, immediately launched out into the most passionate reproaches against the whole sex. He at length carried his fanciful humour so far as to resolve to have no engagement with any woman whatever; a resolution which gave his father much pain, as Leontine was his only son. "My dearest father," said Leontine, "I will overcome my objections so far as to marry, but from my knowledge of women I am resolved never to marry what is called a beautiful woman; having suffered so much by jealousy I cannot consent to hazard the torture of having to feel that of the lover and husband together."

He was in this disposition of mind when his father, then on the verge of life, informed him, that a young lady (whom, for the reasons mentioned above, we shall designate as Belinda,) who had received her education in France, and had been upwards of a year in London, had returned to her father's house in their immediate neighbourhood; that her fortune and birth were, moreover, unexceptionable, and that he was anxious to have her for his daughter. Leontine replied, that he feared his wish was vain; that he had heard of Belinda by report, and that report said that no one could please her; that he knew also that she was handsome, which was of itself enough to prevent him from having any thoughts of her.—"You shall see her at least," replied his father; "and if I were as certain that you would be as able to please her as I am that she will induce you to change your resolution, I should have no doubt of your speedy union."

A few days afterwards Leontine and Belinda met at an assembly. Each knew the other only from the report of their respective humours; this previous information rendered them almost familiar at their first interview. He found her person charming in the extreme, and her wit beyond what was required in so much beauty. He expressed his regret to her in not having known her sooner; but added, that it would be perhaps to his happiness not to know her longer, being sensible how difficult it was to please her, and how impossible it was not to desire it. "If you were not so divinely handsome," continued he, "I should certainly have a design against your heart, hopeless as such a design might be; but whilst you are possessed of so much beauty, the world should not induce me to become your lover."

There was something in the very extravagance of this address, and in its conformity with French manners, which infinitely pleased Belinda. Leontine, on his part, was sufficiently charmed with the interview to be induced to make certain inquiries who were and had been her former admirers. He was informed that during her education in Flanders she had been addressed by the Chevalier de Volant, a French gentleman of great merit and fortune; that his addresses, however, had been so unfortunate, that in despair he had entered the army of the Prince of Conde, and precipitated himself on a voluntary death. He was informed, moreover, that she had subsequently been addressed by several others, and that all had been equally unfortunate, so that the conquest of her affections was now given over as a thing of impossible attainment. This impossibility made him apprehend that there would be a great pleasure in the attempt; he resolved, however, to abide by his resolutions, though, in conformity to the desire of his father, he saw the young lady almost daily.

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For some time there was nothing serious between them. He often rallied with her on their mutual humours which preserved each from the other; he thought he perceived that his conversation did not displease her; and in one of their more lively moments he intreated her to favour him with the reasons which had induced her to reject all the offers which had been made her.

"I will answer you with sincerity," said she. "I feel in myself a most decided aversion to marriage; the bonds of it, the necessary restraint and submission seem to me too severe. In my humble opinion it can be nothing but a most precipitate passion, which can so far blind people as to induce them to submit to the servitude of a married state. You, on your part, are resolved not to marry for love; and I, on my part, cannot imagine how you or any one can marry without it. I have never as yet had an attachment of this kind for any one; if I have not married, it is because I have never loved."

"How, madam," said Leontine, "did no one ever please you? Did your heart never receive an impression from those who so tenderly loved you?"

"Never," replied Belinda; "I know nothing of love but its name."

This conversation sank very deeply into the mind of Leontine. "How gratifying to one's vanity," said he, "would be the conquest of a heart like this, a heart untouched by any previous passion, in which I should reign wholly, and be the first who had ever reigned at all." These thoughts became insensibly to weaken his previous resolution; in plain words, he soon found that Belinda had become the object of his love, and he flattered himself that when she spoke of her general indifference to all mankind, and that her heart had never yet been touched, she had excepted him.

It is unnecessary to say in what manner he first declared his passion; as he had always conversed with her in a vein of raillery, it was not easy to change his manner and to convince her that he was in earnest; this, however, gave him room to say things which he could not otherwise have presumed to mention till after a long preparation. Belinda had a natural dislike to men, and though she had a higher opinion of him than of any other, and certainly more than he deserved, she did not give credit to his words. Her deportment towards him, however, was entirely different from that of other women; and there was something so noble in her, and so sincere, that it surprised him. It was not long before she confessed the inclination she had for him, and even acquainted him with the advances he had gained in her heart; and, as she concealed nothing which was to his advantage, she also told him that which was otherwise. She did not believe, she said, that he loved her truly; and till she was better convinced of it she would never consent to marry him.

Scarce could he express his joy at this wonderful success, and to see the embarassment and trouble she was involved in by a passion hitherto unknown. How transporting was it to know the confusion Belinda was under, to find she was no longer mistress of herself, and that she had sentiments in her breast which she could not controul? He felt a rapture in this beginning beyond imagination; and he who had never tasted the pleasure of kindling an extravagant passion in a heart which had not experienced the gentlest impression before, might justly say he was a stranger to the true pleasures of love. If he had an exquisite delight in discovering Belinda's tenderness for him, her doubting his love, and the impossibility he thought there was of satisfying her of it, gave him extreme disturbance. This inquietude brought fresh into his mind the opinion he had always entertained concerning marriage; he was plunging, he saw, into the misfortunes he had so much dreaded, and that he should not be able to convince Belinda that he loved her; or, if he did, and she had a real affection for him, he should yet be exposed to the unhappiness of having her love decline. "Marriage," said he, "will lessen her passion, and she will love me only out of duty; and perhaps she may fancy another." In short, he represented to himself the misery of jealousy in such a manner, that, as much as he admired Belinda, he resolved to press the thing no farther, and preferred the trouble of living without her to that of living with her and not being loved.

Belinda was soon in the same perplexities of mind. They opened their thoughts

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freely to each other, and talked about the reasons they had never to become united. Several times they resolved to break off their acquaintance, and took leave with a design to execute their resolution; but their resolution was so weak, and their inclinations so strong, that the moment they separated they thought of nothing but how to meet again. After a long wavering on either side, he removed Belinda's scruples, and she quieted his. She promised to consent to their marriage as soon as those upon whom they depended had settled the necessary measures. Before it could be finished, her father was obliged to go into Wales to settle some matters concerning an estate he had there, which required his immediate presence. In the mean time Leontine was the happiest man in the world. He loved Belinda passionately, admired her beyond all women, and thought he was at the point of possessing her for ever.

He visited her with all the freedom of a man who was shortly to be her husband; when one day his evil genius put him upon desiring of her the history of the steps her former lovers had taken to gain her favour; because it would be a pleasure to him to see the difference between her behaviour towards them and himself. She repeated their names, and told him all the methods they had pursued; adding, that those who persevered the longest were those she most disliked; that Lord S——, who had made his addresses to her in London, was a self-admirer, yet had something in him engaging; and as to the French Marquis, who had loved her to death, he was never in any shape pleasing to her. The extraordinary constancy of the latter struck his mind, and the "something engaging" in the Lord deeply affected him: he begged her to relate every particular which had passed between them. She did, and though she said nothing which could give offence, the fiend of jealousy sprung up in his heart. He left her, and passed the night without sleep. Belinda appeared to him no longer the same person. "What was the charm," said he to himself, "that kindled my passion? Was it not the notion that she never loved any one before? And yet, by all she herself has told me, she could certainly have no aversion against the French Marquis, and she has expressed too great an esteem for the Lord, and treated him too civilly; and unless she had loved him in the main, she would surely have hated him for a coxcomb, as admiring himself more than her. No, Belinda! you have deceived me; you are not the woman I believed you to be; I adored you as one who had never loved; it was this that gave birth to my affection; but you are such no more; and it is just I should recal all my former fondness."

Upon this he resolved to talk with her once more, imagining he could explain to her what it was which made him uneasy, and clear up the whole affair with her in so happy a manner as to leave no suspicion. He did as he resolved; but this time of speaking was not the last; for the next day he resumed the discourse with more warmth than before; and Belinda, who had shewn an unparalleled patience and goodness till now, and had borne all his surmises, and laboured to remove them, began to be wearied with the continuance of a jealousy so violent and ill supported.—"Leontine," said she to him, "I see plainly these fancies you have entertained are going to extinguish your love; but, you must also remember, they will infallibly destroy mine. Consider, I conjure you, about what it is you torture me, and about what you torture yourself. The first concerns a dead man, whom you cannot believe I loved, since I did not marry him. The next, Lord S——, for inadvertently saying he had something engaging in him, though indeed this was never my opinion, but that of other ladies, who are sometimes more taken with external shew than real and intrinsic merit; besides, if I had loved him, my relations would have willingly consented to the match, and there was nothing to oppose it. So that, Sir, you may rest secure, if you are so disposed, that I never knew any person who had it in his power to give you the least uneasiness."—"Convince me of this, madam," cried Leontine; "repeat it a thousand times; give it me in writing, and restore to me the exquisite pleasure of loving you as I wish to do; and above all pardon me the torture I have presumed to create in you." These last words made an impression upon Belinda; she saw he was not master of his own sentiments, and promised to do as he had requested.

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Things were in this situation, when their respective families removed for the winter season to London, and with them a young Baronet by the name of Thorpe. Leontine had long contracted an intimate friendship with him, and his merit was equal to the sweetness of his manners. The union there was between them introduced an acquaintance between Sir Edward Thorpe and Belinda: Leontine was not displeased at their acquaintance; but, on the contrary, took a delight to promote it. The Baronet had observed him several times in froward fits, and though Leontine kept no secrets from him, yet he was so ashamed of his foolish imaginations, that he could not let him know them. He came in one day to see Belinda, when Leontine had been as extravagant as ever upon a new subject of jealousy, which was Belinda's permitting an elderly officer's handing her into her coach from the play. She was willing to shame him, and, without giving him time to prevent her, told Sir Edward the occasion of his disturbance. He seemed astonished, and thought it so groundless, and reproached him for it so severely, that he cut him to the heart.

Leoutine imagined from the manner of his friend's censuring him, that he had been pre-instructed by Belinda. He saw that himself had exceeded the bounds of reason, but still conceived he ought not to be condemned absolutely, at least by one who was in love with Belinda; for he imagined Sir Edward was so himself, and had been for some time. He fancied also Belinda was sufficiently aware that Sir Edward's regard to her was something more than friendship, and that, according to the common infirmity of women, she was not ill pleased at it. When alone, this new misfortune he had incurred appeared to him infinitely beyond any of his former, and that he ought to dread Sir Edward on every account. He was graceful, and Belinda had a great esteem and friendship for him; she saw him often; she seemed to unburthen herself to him, and insensibly admit him into the place he had possessed in her heart. In short, he was more in pain concerning Sir Edward than he had ever been on any other account; he knew, indeed, he was in love with another, and had been for a long while; but she was so inferior to Belinda, that he could have no security from that passion.

At length he could not refrain breaking this matter also to the amiable lady, who in the greatest surprise turned away from him without speaking a word, and, passing into her closet, locked the door. She refused to open it, notwithstanding all his intreaties, and he was forced to return home in such confusion and despair, that he was shortly taken very ill. He was convinced, but too late, of the injustice he had done his friend, who now came to see him in his distress; he conjured him to forgive him, and to endeavour to move Belinda's heart to pardon and pity him. Sir Edward went to her house, and was told she could not be seen; he called there again every day while his friend lay ill, but equally in vain. As soon as Leontine was able to walk, he went thither himself, and had the same answer; and the second time was desired to come no more, for she would not see him.

When he found there was no hope, he thought he should have expired; and all the consolation left him, was to go and pass the night sometimes under her window; but never had the pleasure to see it opened. She lived in one of the outlets of Grosvenor-square, and one night, as he was returning home, he heard her window open distinctly. He returned in an instant, and imagined he saw Belinda, but as he approached, perceived a man creeping up close to the wall under the window, as if he would conceal himself. He knew not how, but in spite of the darkness of the night, he thought it was Sir Edward Thorpe. This made him frantic; for he now believed Belinda loved him, that he was come hither to talk with her, that she opened the window for him, and that it was to him he owed her loss. In this agitation he drew, and they began to fight with fury. Leontine found he had wounded him in two places, but he continued to defend himself. At the noise of their swords, or by Belinda's orders, some came out of the house to part them. Sir Edward knew his friend by the light of the torches; he started back some paces, and Leontine advanced to seize his sword, but he dropped it, and with a feeble

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voice, "Is it you, Leontine," said he, "and is it possible I should be unfortunate enough to engage with you?"—"Traitor," cried Leontine, "it is I who will take away your life; for you deprive me of Belinda, and pass the nights at her window, which is close shut to me."

Sir Edward, who was leaning against the wall, not having strength to stand, looked on Leontine with eyes full of tears: "I am very unhappy," said he, "always to make you uneasy; but I have this comfort under my cruel destiny, that I lose my life by your hand. I am dying, and the condition I am in, ought to satisfy you of the truth of my words: I swear to you I never had a thought of Belinda which could give you offence. The love I had to another, and which I did not hide from you, brought me out to night; I thought I was watched; I thought I was pursued; I ran very fast, and having turned through several streets, stopped where you discovered me, not knowing it was Belinda's house. This is the truth, my dear Leontine; I conjure you not to afflict yourself for my death; I forgive you with my whole heart," continued he, holding out his arms to embrace him; "when, his spirits failing, he sunk down in their hands who supported him."

Words cannot express what Leontine then conceived, and the rage he had against himself. Several times he attempted to run himself through with his sword, but was led off by Belinda's father's servants, who put him safe into his own father's hands; and he, that very night, to avoid the pursuit of justice, sent him under a sufficient guard to Germany, recommended to the King of Prussia. Belinda left town instantly, and, ever after a stranger to love, lived sequestered in the country.

THE MILLER JURYMAN.

A GENTLEMAN of about 500l. per annum, in lands, in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The eldest was of a rambling disposition; he took a place in a ship, and went abroad; after several years his father died. The younger son destroyed his father's will, and seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and bribed some false witnesses to attest the truth of the report. In course of time the elder brother returned home in miserable circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn; told him that he was an impostor and a cheat; and asserted that his real brother died long ago, and he could bring witnesses to prove it.

The poor man, having neither money nor friends, was in a dismal situation. He went round the parish making bitter complaints, and at last he came to a lawyer, who, when he heard the mournful story, replied in this manner: "you have nothing to give; if I undertake your cause, and lose it, it will bring me into disgrace, as all the wealth and evidence is on your brother's side. But, however, I will undertake it upon condition that you give a bond to pay me a thousand guineas if I gain the estate for you. If I lose it, I know the consequence, and I venture upon it with my eyes open." Accordingly he entered an action against the younger brother, and it was agreed to be tried at the next general assizes at Chelmsford, in Essex.

The lawyer having thus engaged in the cause of the poor man, and stimulated by the prospect of obtaining a thousand guineas, set his wits to work to contrive the best methods to gain his end. At last he hit upon this happy thought, that he would consult the first of all the Judges, Lord Chief Justice Hale. Accordingly he went to London, and laid open all the circumstances. The Judge, who was a great lover of justice, heard the case attentively and patiently, and promised him all the assistance in his power.

It is probable he opened his whole scheme, and intended method of proceeding, enjoining the utmost secrecy. This was in the reign of King Charles II. about the year 1668.

The Judge ordered matters so as to have finished all his business at the King's Bench before the assizes commenced at Chelmsford, and was conveyed down very near that town. He dismissed his servants and horses, and sought out for a single house: he found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation, and making himself quite agree-

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able, he proposed to the master to change clothes with him. As the Judge had a very good suit on, the man had no reason to object. Accordingly the Judge shifted himself from top to toe, and put on a complete suit of the miller's best.

Armed with the miller's hat, shoes, and stick, away he marches to Chelmsford. He procured lodgings to his liking, and waited for the assizes that were to come on the next day. When the trials began he sauntered about the county hall like an ignorant country fellow. He had all his eyes about him, and when the court began to sit he soon found out the poor fellow that was the plaintiff. As soon as he came into the hall the miller accosted him:—"Honest friend," said he, "how is your cause likely to go to-day?" "Why," replied the plaintiff, "my cause is in a very precarious situation, and if I lose it, I am ruined for life."—"Well," replied the miller, "will you take my advice? I will let you into a secret which perhaps you do not know: every Englishman has the right and a privilege to except against any one juryman of the whole twelve: now, do you insist on your privilege, without giving any reason; and, if possible, get me chosen in his stead, and I will do you all the service in my power."

Accordingly, when the clerk called over the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them by name; the judge on the bench was highly offended at this liberty. "What do you mean by excepting to that gentleman?"—"I mean, my Lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

The Judge, who had been deeply bribed, in order to conceal it by a show of candour, and having a confidence in the superiority of his party, said, "Well, Sir, as you claim your privilege in one instance, I will grant you a favour; who would you wish to have in the room of the man you objected to?" After some consideration, "my Lord," said he, "I wish to have an honest man chosen in," and looking round the court, "my Lord, there is a miller; we will have him, if you please." Accordingly the miller was chosen.

As soon as the clerk had administered to all of them their oaths, a little dexterous fellow came into the apartment and sliped ten Carolus's into the hands of eleven jurymen, and gave the miller only five. He observed they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his neighbour, in a whisper, "How much have you got?"—"Ten pieces," replied he. He concealed what he had himself. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel, and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up, were adduced in his favour

The younger brother was provided with a great number of evidences and pleaders, all plentifully bribed as well as the Judge. The evidences deposed that they were in the same county the brother died in, and saw him buried.

The counsellors pleaded upon this accumulated evidence, and every thing went with a tide in favour of the younger brother.

The Judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation:—"And now, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem just." They waited but a few minutes before they determined in favour of the younger brother. The Judge said, "Gentlemen, are you agreed, and who shall speak for you?"—"We are agreed, my Lord," replied one, "our foreman shall speak for us."

"Hold, my Lord," replied the miller, "we are not all agreed."—"Why," says the Judge, in a very surly manner, "what is the matter with you? what reasons have you for disagreeing?"—"I have several reasons, my Lord," replied the miller; "the first is, they have given each of these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five; besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses."

Upon this the miller began a discourse that discovered such vast penetration, such extensive knowledge of the law, expressed with such energetic and manly eloquence, as astonished the Judge and the whole court. As he was going on, the Judge, in astonishment, stopped him—"Where did you come from, and what are you?"

"I came from Westminster-hall," replied the miller, "my name is Matthew Hale; I am Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; and, therefore, come down from a seat which you are in no wise worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will go up this moment, and try the cause all over again."

Accordingly, Sir Matthew went up with his miller's dress and hat on; began the trial from its original; searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood, evinced the elder brother's title to the estate from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasonings of the pleaders; unravelled all the sophistry to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favour of truth and justice.

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TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

ACCOUNT OF THE LAST TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, WHICH WAS VISIBLE IN LONDON.

An eclipse of the sun is caused by the interposition of the moon between the sun and the spectator, or by the shadow of the moon falling on the earth at the place of the observer.

As there are not many persons who have an opportunity of seeing a total eclipse of the sun, we shall here give the phœnomena which attended that on April 22, 1715.—Captain Stannyan, a Berne, in Switzerland, says, "The sun was totally dark for four minutes and a half; that a fixed star and planet appeared very bright; and that its getting out of the eclipse was preceded by a blood-red streak of light from its left limb, which continued not longer than six or seven seconds of time; then part of the sun's disk appeared, all of a sudden, as bright as Venus was ever seen in the night; nay, brighter, and at that very instant gave a light and shadow to things, as strong as moon light used to do." The inference drawn from these phœnomena is, that the moon has an atmosphere.

At Geneva there was seen during the whole time of the total immersion, a whiteness which seemed to break out from behind the moon, and to encompass it on all sides equally; its breadth was not the twelfth part of the moon's diameter. Venus, Saturn, and Mercury were seen by many; and if the sky had been clear, many more stars might have been seen, and with them Jupiter and Mars. Some gentlewomen in the country saw more than sixteen stars; and many people on the mountains saw the sky starry, in some places where it was not overcast, as during the night at the time of the full moon. The duration of the total darkness was three minutes.

At Zurich, both planets and fixed stars were seen; the birds went to roost, the bats came out of their holes, and the fish swam about; a manifest sense of cold was experienced, and the dew fell on the grass. The total darkness lasted four minutes.

Dr. Halley, who observed this eclipse at London, has given the phœnomena attending it as follows, prefacing his account thus:—"Though it be certain, from the principles of astronomy, that there happens necessarily a central eclipse of the sun, in some part or other of the terraqueous globe, about twenty-eight times in each period of eighteen years; and that of these no less than eight pass over the parallel of London, three of those eight are total with continuance; yet, from the great variety of the elements whereof the *calculus* of eclipses consists, it has so happened that since March 20, 1140, I cannot find that there has been a total eclipse of the sun seen at London, though, in the mean time, the shade of the moon has often passed over other parts of Great Britain." He then proceeds:—

"It was universally observed, that when the last part of the sun remained on its east side, it grew very faint, and was easily supportable by the naked eye, even through the telescope, for a minute of time before the total darkness; whereas my eye could not endure the splendour of the emerging beams in the telescope from the first moment. To this, perhaps, two causes concurred; the one, that the pupil of the eye did necessarily dilate itself during the darkness, which before had been much contracted by looking on the sun; the other, that the eastern part of the moon, having been heated by a day as long as thirty of ours, must, of necessity, have that part of its atmosphere replete with vapours, raised by the long-continued action of the sun; and, by consequence, it was more dense nearer the moon's surface, and more capable of obstructing the lustre of the sun's beams. Whereas, at the same time, the western edge of the moon had suffered as long a night, during which time there might fall in dews all the vapours that were raised in the preceding long day; and for this reason, that part of its atmosphere might be seen much more pure and transparent.

"About two minutes before the total immersion, the remaining part of the sun was reduced to a very fine horn, whose extremities seemed to lose their acuteness, and to become round like stars. And for the space of about a quarter of a minute, a small piece of the southern horn of the eclipse seemed to be cut off from the rest by a good interval, and appeared like an oblong star round at both ends; which appearance could proceed from no other cause but the inequalities of the moon's surface, there being some elevated parts thereof near the moon's southern pole, by which interposition part of that exceedingly fine filament of light was intercepted.

"A few seconds before the sun was totally

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hidden, there discovered itself round the moon a luminous ring, about a digit, or perhaps a tenth part of the moon's diameter in breadth. It was of a pale whiteness, or rather pearl colour, seeming to me a little tinged with the colours of the *iris*, and to be concentric with the moon, whence I judged it was the moon's atmosphere. But whatever it was, this ring appeared much whiter and brighter near the body of the moon than at a distance from it; and its outward circumference, which was ill defined, seemed terminated only by the extreme rarity of the matter it was composed of; and in all respects resembled the appearance of an enlighted atmosphere viewed from afar: but whether it belonged to the sun or the moon I cannot undertake to decide.

"During the whole time of the total eclipse I kept my telescope constantly fixed on the moon, in order to observe what might occur in this uncommon appearance, and I saw perpetual flashes or coruscations of light, which seemed for a moment to dart out from behind, now here, now there, on all sides, but especially on the western side, a little before the immersion; and about two or three seconds before it, on the same western side, where the sun was just coming out, a long and very narrow streak of dusky, but strong red light, seemed to colour the dark edge of the moon, though nothing like it had been seen immediately after the immersion. But this instantly vanished on the first appearance of the sun, as did also the aforesaid luminous ring.

"As to the degree of darkness, it was such that one might have expected to have seen more stars than were seen in London; the planets Jupiter, Mercury, and Venus, were all that were seen by the gentlemen of the society, from the top of their house, where they had a clear horizon; and I did not hear that any one in town saw more than Capella and Aldebaran, of the fixed stars. Nor was the light of the ring round the moon capable of effacing the lustre of the stars, for it was vastly inferior to that of the full moon, and so weak that I did not observe it cast a shade. But the under parts of the hemisphere, particularly in the south-east, under the sun, had a crepuscular brightness; and all round us, so much of the segment of our atmosphere as was above the horizon, and was without the cone of the moon's shadow, was more or less enlightened by the sun's beams; and its reflection gave a diffused light, which made the air seem hazy, and hindered the appearance of the stars. And that this was the real cause thereof, is manifest by the darkness of the night being more perfect in those places near which the centre of the shadow passed, where many more stars were seen, and in some not less than twenty, though the light of the ring was to all alike.

"I forbear to mention the chill and damp with which the darkness of this eclipse was attended, of which most spectators were sensible, and equally judges; or the concern which appeared in all sorts of animals, beasts, birds, and fishes, upon the extinction of the sun, since ourselves could not behold it without some sense of horror."

A LOVER ENTANGLED BY HIMSELF.

THE Rev. Jeremiah White, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, and one of the chief wits of the court, was so ambitious as to pay his addresses to the Lady Frances, Oliver's youngest daughter. The lady did not discourage him; but in so religious a court this gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of. The Protector was told of it, and was much displeased: he ordered the informer to keep a strict watch, promising to reward him if he could prove his assertions. In a short time the spy dogged his reverence to the lady's chamber, and ran directly to the Protector, to acquaint him that they were together. Oliver hastened to the chamber, and suddenly entering, caught the gentleman on his knees, kissing the lady's hand. Oliver, in a rage, asked what was the meaning of that proceeding. Master White, with great presence of mind, said, "May it please your Highness, I have a long while courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's attendant, and cannot prevail; I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me." The Protector, turning to the young woman, cried, "What is the meaning of this, hussy? why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? he is my friend, and I expect you would treat him as such." My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, replied, with a very low courtesy, "If Mr. White intends me that honour, I shall not be against him."—"Sayest thou so, my lass," cried Cromwell; "call Godwyn, this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room." Mr. White was gone too

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far to go back: his brother parson came: Jerry and my lady's woman were married in presence of the Protector, who gave her five hundred pounds for her portion, which, with what she had saved before, made Mr. White easy in his circumstances; but he never loved his wife, nor she him, though they lived afterwards together near fifty years.

MRS. COWLEY.

ONE of its brightest ornaments has been lost to the sex by the death of this lady, who contributed so much to establish the claim of woman to high mental rank; in departments too, in which it has been supposed most difficult to attain it—the drama and poetry.

She was born in 1743, at Tiverton, Devon, where her father, Mr. Parkhouse, who partook of the enthusiasm which existed in his youth, in favour of the wits and poets, and of literature in general, cultivated her rising mind; his education and mental powers well qualified him for the task. In her dedication to him of *The Maid of Arragon*, she says:—

"You gave my youthful fancy wings to soar,
"From your indulgence flows my wild-note song."

It was his favourite boast that her letters would have obtained insertion in the Spectator.

Mrs. Cowley was married in January 1771. Her husband, Captain Cowley, of the Hon. East India Company's service, died about ten years ago. Her mind reverting to her native place, having always wished to close her days amidst its rural beauties, and amongst her early friends, she lately retired thither, and died there on the 11th of last March, aged sixty six.

Neither before or after her first composing for the drama, was Mrs. Cowley attached to theatrical entertainment. The sums gained about the time she commenced, large enough to induce almost any one to make attempts, allured her, who was conscious of her powers; yet so little anxious was she for entering on her career, of even profitable fame (though then the celebrity of successful dramatic composition was thought almost superior to any other), that it was not until twelve months after she had sent, anonymously, to Garrick her first play, that she caused inquiry to be made whether it had been accepted. It was the last play Garrick produced before he resigned the management.

The Belle's Stratagem alone, eventually produced twelve hundred guineas. It was dedicated, by permission, to the Queen, before whom it was performed once in every season as long as the Royal Family continued to frequent the Theatres.

Her high success tempted forward her facile pen, and, in the course of a few years, *The Runaway*, *The Belle's Stratagem*, *Which is the Man? The Fate of Sparta*, &c. &c. tragedy, comedy, and in one instance, a farce, *Who's the Dupe?* were added to the public stock of entertainment and literature. Her favourite idea of female character in her plays, is a combination of the greatest vivacity of manners, with the purest innocence of conduct.

A peculiarity strikes the reader after some acquaintance with her style. It is the extreme precision with which she uses her words, in only their mere direct meaning; she seems unable to wander from the root of a word. This becomes even a fault; she has no circumspective view of the bye, figurative, indirect, or perverted sense in which the word has come to be used. Sometimes her language, therefore, has the character of not conveying her meaning. This springs from a fondness she had in early life for etymology, as she could discover it in dictionaries, &c. which attachment will frequently be mischievous, except there has been an education more generally classical than is bestowed on a lady.

May not this error be frequently discovered in the works of female authors? Where it is not so, it has probably been because their works have been submitted to the correction of a man of the world.

Latterly, tired of the drama, and of continuing any longer to pourtray the manners of the various scenes of life, sometimes for the sake of variety, necessarily low-bred and vulgar, and having taken a distaste to framing the language necessarily appropriate to such characters, Mrs. Cowley transferred her pen to poetry. Genius is not confined to a single region, like a mere knack of writing the result of continued labour in a particular direction. Her larger poems were, *The Maid of Arragon*, *The Scottish Village*, and *Siege of Acre*. There is a beautiful poem of her's, called *Editha*, given to the Editor of, and buried in a County History. From it we extract the following eulogy on marriage, written instantly on

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reading the French decree, in an early period of the Revolution, making marriage no longer an ecclesiastical rite, but a mere legal engagement before a Justice of the Peace, and enabling either party to obtain a divorce arbitrarily, without the consent of the other :—

"O marriage! powerful charm, gift all divine, [shine;
" Sent from the skies, o'er life's sad waste to
" What splendours from the bright tiara spring,
" What graces to thy sober footsteps cling!
" Vengeance will surely crush the idiot land,
" Which drags the sceptre from thy hallow'd hand,
" Which dares to trample on thy hallow'd rites,
" And nuptial perfidy, unaw'd invites.
" The weeping world to thee its solace owes;
" From thee derives its truest, best repose;
" Not the cold compact subtle interest twines, [signs,
" Not that which pale submission trembling
" Is marriage!—No!—'tis when its polish'd chain
" Binds those who in each other's bosom reign;
" 'Tis where two minds form one ecstatic whole, [soul:
" One sweetly blended wish, one sense, one
" This was the gift the exil'd Seraph curst,
" When from Hell's blazing continent he burst;
" —Eden's fair charms he saw without a groan, [throne;
" Tho' Nature there had fix'd her gorgeous
" Its rich ananas, and its aloes high,
" Whose forms pyramidal approach the sky;
" Its tow'ring pines with luscious clusters crown'd, [round,
" Its skies whose perfume fill'd the region
" Its streams pellucid, and its bowers of shade,
" Its flow'rs that knew to bloom, but not to fade;
" Its orb which nurs'd the new-created day,
" Its bow which joy'd the night with tender ray;
" Its fields of wavy gold, its slopes of green,
" By the fell Fiend, without a pang, were seen:
" —'Twas then, fierce rancour seiz'd the Demon's breast, [were blest."
" When, in the married pair, he felt mankind

In the poems which twenty years ago she threw into the newspapers, a peculiar feature still remained, from her former habit of dramatic composition, which is, that they are also dramatic; that is, they are written in some other person's character, never in her own; it is no more descriptive of her own feeling, than is the language of the characters in her plays. She would amuse herself by assuming the signature of a man, and write as a lover; or expecting never to be discovered, even by the editors, under a fictitious name as a woman, write answers to one to whom she was unknown, whom she knew not, or ever expected to hear the name of. When collections were published, in which some of her poems were, she used to amuse herself with laughing at the critical gravity with which the structure of mere "newspaper poetry" was reviewed. Poems by which their date frequently shewed that they were written within twenty-four hours after the event which gave rise to them.

Her style in poetry was certainly unequal; amongst the richest and most musical flow, and rapid energy of new created thought, there are found indeed of necessity, interstitial lines, lame and prosaic, as though the over exerted faculties had sunk into repose; such portions of her works are the Settings, to the sparkling beauties they contain. The mechanism of literature she was little given to, the file therefore was seldom used for polish, more tedious to a writer than of substantial use to the reader; her lines retain nearly the form in which they were at once cast.

A thorough proof of the flow of mind in which Mrs. Cowley composed is, that more than once, with the change of subject in the course of a poem, her measure changed, and returned not until the close of the new subject, neither the change or return being discovered by herself until afterwards. Was this a fault or poetic inspiration?

A great many years have elapsed since any thing has been published by her; several of her works are out of print. Literary fame was never in her estimation an essential ingredient of happiness; her heart was in domestic life, where as daughter, wife, and mother, she was indeed perceived to shine.

That Mrs. Cowley looked from the path of fame to the domestic circle, is proved by the dedications of her works; having previously shewn, by a dedication, her gratitude for the patronage of the Queen, and by another, her sense of the honour bestowed upon her by the friendship of Lord Harrowby, a third work is dedicated to her father, a fourth to her husband, and the dedication of the fifth is a tribute to the regard shewn her by his brother the merchant.

Though Mrs. Cowley had all the brilliant imagination, sensibility of mind, and liveliness of manners, which belong to genius, yet there was no assumption in her behaviour. Pride accompanies learning, the growth of a sense of some sort of merit, which feeling is in the mind, from a consciousness of the arduous labour by which the man of learning made his

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acquisitions; he thinks he grants, in his conversation, a portion of acquired riches. The powers of genius, being natural, appear not surprising or meritorious to the possessor, who, conscious of no effort, is not always conscious of superiority, and therefore in behaviour insists not on it. Who in Mrs. Cowley's company, ever fancied themselves with one who piqued herself on literary genius, and amongst the ladies who have felt some little mental tremor, perhaps in the commencement of epistolary correspondence with her, with whom did it continue? Yet perhaps the familiar ease and simplicity of her letters, whilst they soothed the sense of inferiority in a correspondent, rendered them not the least perfect of her compositions.

She disliked mere literary correspondence; if she found herself accidentally entangled in it, she soon tired. The constant reference to, and examination of, what had been done, was to her a disagreeable retrograde mental operation. Those in particular who employed themselves in framing common-place books, seemed to her capable only of collecting mental food for themselves, not of creating any for others. Native thought always pressed upon her; invention was the natural habit of her mind, it was almost inexhaustible; her memory was slight.

In declining literary connections, Mrs. Cowley was left without any share in that fund of mutual praise, and literary protection in periodical works, in which many authors think it prudent to be concerned.

She has shewn herself however cheerfully ready to do justice to literary merit. Thus, in the *Scottish Village*, a due compliment is paid to Miss Seward, of whom we gave a biographical sketch in our last:—

"A Scottish Seward shall demand the prize;
"She from whose pensive and mellifluous throat;
"Where'er misfortune scowls her cheerless eyes,
"Is pour'd the pitying melancholy note.

"Thus the sad nightingale, throughout the night,
"Her fond complaint rings through the leafy grove,
"And so endears the scene, we dread the light,
"Detest the sprightlier note, and sorrow love."

In the poem at large, the destruction of rural felicity, by the introduction of manufactures, and a trading population, in a village in Scotland, is opposed by an enumeration of the advantages of busy literary and cultivated life, ensuing from the acquisition of riches.

What a combination of justice, discrimination, and taste, is her criticism on Miss Burney, in the same poem:—

"What pen but Burney's then can soothe the breast?
"Who draw from Nature with a skill so true?
"In every varying mode it stands confest,
"When brought by her before the inquirers view.

"For powers peculiar all her portraits fill,
"When lines are bold and strong, a vulgar pen
"May take the sketch; it asks no mighty skill
"Misers to paint, or mad, or wayward men.

"But human nature in its faintest dye
"Burney detects, drags it to open day;
"Makes evident what slip'd th' unmarking eye,
"And bids it glare with truth's pervading ray.

"The huddled beings of the common mass,
"Who to themselves appear of equal sort,
"Must not in unawaken'd error pass,
"And sure 'tis this, is keen-eyed Burney's forte!

"Touch'd by her spear, they sudden spring to sight,
"But not new form'd—she shews them as they are;
"She moulds no character; but gives the light,
"Which makes them clear as Herschel sees a star."

Mrs. Cowley penned, in the last seven years, two or three slight poems, in friendship with the families of Lady Carew, Lady Duntre, Mrs. Wood, and other ladies in her neighbourhood. She has left but two MS. Poems; the one, of some length, professes to pass by *The Death of Nelson*, &c. &c. or any topic in adopting which a poet would *follow*, instead of *leading* public opinion, and she directs it to the Braganza family, then on its voyage to the Brazils, and gives a picture of the probable future progress there of the sciences of Europe, and of Christian knowledge. The other procured a subscription for the relief of a poor family in distress.

Of late years she declined all evening parties, nor did she see any company except ladies, and that only at her own house One morning in the week, Mrs. Cowley was at home to her female friends, and was visited by a crowd; it was a morning rout, if that term be applicable to an assemblage without card playing.

Her life was closed with the utmost degree of religious cheerfulness.

A perfect edition of her works has never yet been published, but will now appear; and by the public will be well received. Where, in a publication of the same extent, will a reader find more entertainment?

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES USED IN TIMES OF OLD IN LONDON.

[*Continued from Page 86.*]

"Or triumphant shews made by the citizens of London, ye may read in 1236, in the reign of Henry the Third, Andrew Buckell then being mayor, how Eleanor daughter to Raymond Earl of Provence, riding through the city towards Westminster, there to be crowned Queen of England, the city was adorned with silks, and in the night with lamps, cressets, and other lights without number, besides many pageants and strange devices there presented; the citizens also rode to meet the King and Queen clothed in long garments embroidered about with gold, and silks of divers colours, their horses gallantly trapped to the number of three hundred and six, every man bearing a cup of gold or silver in his hand, and the King's trumpeters before them. These citizens did minister wine as butlers, which is their service at the coronation.

"In the year 1298, for victory obtained by Edward I. against the Scots, every company, according to their several trade, made their several shew; but especially the Fishmongers, which in a solemn procession passed through the city, having, amongst other pageants and showes, four sturgeons gilt, carried on four horses, and then four salmonds on silver, on four horses; and after them five-and-forty armed knights riding on horses made like luces of the sea, and then one representing Saint Magnes, because it was Saint Magnes' day, with a thousand horsemen.

"Another shew, in the year 1377, made by the citizens for disport of the young Prince Richard, son to the Black Prince, on the feast of Christmas, and in this manner:—On the Sunday before Candlemas, in the night, one hundred and thirty citizens, disguised and well mounted in a mummery, with sound of trumpets, sackbuts, cornets, shalmes and other minstrels, and innumerable torch lights, rode from Newgate through Cheape, over the bridge, through Southwark, and so on to Kennington beside Lambeth, where the young Prince remained with his mother, and the Duke of Lancaster his uncle, with divers other lords.

"In the first rank did ride forty-eight in the likeness of esquires, two and two together, clothed in red coats and gowns of say or tindall, with comely visors on their faces; after them came riding forty-eight knights, in the same livery of colour and stuff; then followed one richly arrayed like an Emperor, and after him, at some distance, one stately attired like a Pope, who was followed by twenty-four cardinals; and after them eight or ten with black visors, not amiable, as if they had been legates from some foreign princes. After they had entered the manor of Kennington they alighted from their horses, and entered the hall on foot; which done, the Prince, his mother, and the Lords came out of the chamber into the hall, whom the drummers saluted, shewing by a pair of dice on the table their desire to play with the Prince, which they so handled that the prince was always a winner when he cast at them; when the drummers set to the Prince three jewels one after another, which were a ball of gold, a cup of gold, and a ring of gold, which the Prince won at three casts. After this they were feasted, and the music sounded; the Prince and Lords danced on one side with drummers who did also dance; which jolity being ended, they were again made to drink, and then departed in order as they came."

Lord of Misrule at Christmas.—Tempest of thunder and lightning.—Twisted trees in the week before Easter.—May games.—Robin Hood and his men shoot before the King.

"Thus much for sportful shews in triumphs may suffice; now for sports and pastimes yearly used. First, on the feast of Christmas there was in the king's house, wheresoever he lodged, a lord of misrule, or master of merry disports, and the like had they in the house of every nobleman, gentleman, or man of godly worship, were he spiritual or temporal; amongst which was the mayor of London, and the sheriffs also had their lords of misrule. Ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholders. These lords beginning their rule on Allhallow's eve, continued the same till the morrow after the feast of the Purification, commonly called Candlemas day. In all which space there were many subtile disguises, masks, and mummeries, with playing at cards for counters, more for pastime than for gain.

"Against the feast of Christmas every mansse house, as also their parish churches, were decked with holm, ivy, bays, and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green; the conduits and standards in the streets were

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likewise garnished. Amongst which I read that in the year 1444, by a tempest of thunder and lightning, on the first of February at night, Paul's steeple was fired, but with great labour quenched. And towards the morning of Candlemas day, at the Leaden hall in Cornhill, a standard of a tree being set up in the midst of the pavement fast to the ground, nailed full of holm and ivy for disport to the people, was torn up and cast down by the malignant spirit (as was thought), and the stones of the pavement all about were cast in the streets and into divers houses, so that the people were sore aghast at the great tempest.

"In the week before Easter there were great shews made for the fetching in of a twisted tree out of the woods into the king's house, and the like into every man's house of honour or worship.

"In the month of May, namely on May-day in the morning, every man without impediment would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind. And for example here Edward Hall hath noted, that King Henry VIII. in the third year of his reign, and divers other years on May-day in the morning, with Queen Katharine his wife, accompanied with many lords and ladies, rode a Maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's-hill, where as they passed by the way they espied a company of tall yeomen clothed all in green, with green hoods, and with bows and arrows, to the number of two hundred. One being their chieftain was called Robin Hood, who required the King and all his company to see his men shoot; which being granted, Robin Hood whistled, and all the two hundred archers shot off all at once, and when he whistled again they likewise shot again, and their arrows whistled by so that the noise was strange and loud, which greatly delighted the King, Queen, and their company.

"Moreover, this Robin Hood desired the King and Queen, with their retinue, to enter the green wood, where, in arbours made with boughs and decked with flowers, they were sat down and served plentifully with venison and wine by Robin Hood and his men, and had other pageants and pastimes to their great entertainment."

EPITAPH ON THE DEATH OF KING GEORGE II.

BY THE LATE DR. PORTEUS, BISHOP OF LONDON.

THIS marble boasts what once was truly great,
The friend of man, the father of his state,
To check ambition in its wild career,
To wipe from misery's eye the starting tear;
By well-plann'd laws oppression to controul;
By kindest deeds to captivate the soul;
Stern justice' sword to guide with mercy's hand,
And guard the freedom of a glorious land;
These were his acts—these Heav'n approv'd, and shed
Unnumber'd blessings on his hoary head.
Forc'd into arms, he stretch'd his generous sway
Wide as the sun extends his genial ray;
Yet saw (blest privilege) his Britons share
The smiles of peace amidst the rage of war;
Saw to his shores increasing commerce roll,
And floods of wealth flow in from either pole;
Warm'd by his influence, by his bounty fed,
Saw science raise her venerable head;
While at his feet expiring faction lay,
No contest left, but who should best obey:
Saw in his offspring all himself renewed,
The same fair path of glory still pursued:
Saw to young George, Augusta's cares impart
Whate'er could raise or harmonize the heart;
Blend all his grandsire's virtues with his own,
And form their mingled radiance for the throne.
No further blessing could on earth be giv'n,
The next degree of happiness was—Heav'n.

IMPROMPTU,

AFTER A VISIT AT L——S IN 1800.

How grateful is the tender kiss,
No feast on earth so rich as this!
Slander be dumb, pale envy fly,
And self-corroding jealousy
For once be tranquil, and agree
The prize well won by constancy.

To Mary dear my vows I gave—
Vows which no other fair shall have;
For her I cross'd the ocean wide—
For her these many years I 've sigh'd:
At length I've gain'd—Heav'n knows how glad
The sweetest kiss I ever had.

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FASHIONS
For JUNE, 1809.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—A WALKING DRESS.

A round high gown of fine French cambric, made a walking length, and finished at the feet with lace and needle-work; Union front, and plaited collar, ornamented with the same. Elastic girdle with buckle or clasp of gold or cut steel. A Turkish coat of clear worked muslin, leno, or patent net, trimmed entirely round with scalloped lace, with appliqued seams of the same; and lined with apricot, pale salmon, or primrose sarsnet; flowing open in front of the figure, in form of the Turkish robe, with a deep lappelled cape. A Wardle hat of fine straw, with conical, or bee-hive crown, ornamented with some delicately contrasted flower. Chinese parasol of lilac sarsnet, with deep Eastern awning. Shoes and gloves of pea green kid. We take occasion to remark that the trimming up of the hat should be more convex, and a little deeper in front, and that it should be worn more to one side, and forward in front. The parasol strikes us as being more correct when chosen of the same colour as the lining of the Coat or the shoes.

No. 2.—EVENING, OR FULL DRESS.

A white under dress of gossamer satin, embroidered at the feet and round the bottom of the sleeves, with a laurel border of pale-blue or pea-green foil. A Gallician robe, with demi-train of pale-blue or pea-green crape, vellum gause or leno; the edges finished with broad double foldings and cord. A full Circassian sleeve, looped up with Cornelian brooches and cord; loose triangular bosom, ornamented at the central point with correspondent tassel. A short pointed drapery flowing from the right shoulder towards the knee, rounded on the left, and festooned near the bottom with bows or rosetts the colour of the robe. A small French tippet, or half-handkerchief of lace, thrown negligently across the back and falling over the left shoulder. The Austrian helmet hat of white satin, with laurel border and spray, in pale-blue or pea green foil; a round white feather, frosted with silver, drooping towards the right side. A gold elastic neck chain, with Maltese cross of Cornelian and pearl. Hoop earrings, armlets, and bracelets to correspond. Slippers of pale blue or pea green kid, rucked below the elbow. White Opera fan of crape, wrought in antique devices of silver.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS
ON THE MOST APPROVED
FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

THE sudden transition from cold to heat since our last communication, has necessarily introduced an entire revolution in female attire. Even the sarsnet pelisse and shawl robe is considered as of too substantial a texture for the extreme heat which at present pervades our atmosphere; but as there are still to be seen some few of these articles amidst the lighter diversity, we shall proceed in our accustomed course, and begin with a description of those out-door habiliments which rank highest in the scale of fashion and elegance.

Pelisses and coats (whether of sarsnet or muslin) exhibit little novelty in their construction; they are much less fanciful than in former seasons, being formed chiefly in plain French coats, or wrapt towards one side, and flowing in a demi-robe on the other. The sleeves are made very full, and somtimes with an antique cuff; the collar high in honeycomb or puckers, and rounded to a point at the front of the throat, where it is confined with a large brooch or rich cord and tassel The skirt is trimmed entirely round, and being only fastened at the throat or waist, flows open at the influence of the passing breeze. We have observed a few curricle coats, but to these we can give no place in a tasteful selection. Short Spanish cloaks, French tippets, Austrian scarfs with new variegated Spanish binding, also the

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cloak Alcantara, of figured net or coloured sarsnet, with wrought border, are observed amidst the endless variety. Round gowns of coloured sarsnet, chiefly pea-green, grey, and dove-colour, with small Jockey bonnets of the same, with lace shirts and scarfs, or French cloaks, are distinguishable amidst the gay diversity of Kensington-gardens and the fashionable drives.

Narrow net scarfs, or cymars of black, white, or purple net, elegantly embroidered in gold or silver, are an elegant appendage to the full dress, as well as an appropriate and becoming shade to the shoulders. The Spanish hat is now entirely exploded by our fashionables, an attempt to introduce it as a summer walking hat has not succeeded. The Cottage and Mountain bonnet of matted straw, is considered most genteel for the fair and modest pedestrian. The following are also considered as highly fashionable articles in the line:—the small round hat of fine straw, with round crown and high crescent or tiara front of moss straw; small coloured silk bonnets with square ends; small Gipsy hats of chip, with yeoman crown and wreaths, and bunches of ivy or barberry blossom; coloured silk caps, with appliqued lace in various fanciful directions, with three tiers of plaited ribband in front in form of a tiara, a short lace veil suspended from the verge; the quartered cap of lace, with a bunch of spring or corn flowers in front, or an edging and ornament of beads, with a large square and transparent veil negligently thrown over the whole bust,—each of these articles comprise much appropriate elegance.

Dress gowns are frequently very fancifully constructed; the white gown, which has of late been so much exploded in full dress, is now regaining its place in that species of costume. If the walking dress be coloured, the pelisse or mantle should be formed of white muslin, leno, or net, of the lightest texture; and these latter articles in colours, with a simple white gown, have a lively and animated effect. The morning dress is more frequently and properly formed of fine white cambric or muslin, with lace or needle work introduced in various directions; the fronts in the Armenian, military, or spenser style; the gaged waggoner's sleeve and collar; the Bishop's ditto, with antique lace cuffs, or wrist-band and ruffle of lace, are in high estimation, and with this style of habiliment have a somewhat unique and attractive effect. The stomacher front still maintains its station, both in the morning and full dress, and we do not recollect any ornamental construction that comprises more accoming qualities; to the full dress of white muslin, or leno, when formed in colours, it is particularly adapted. We will endeavour to describe, for the benefit of our fair readers, two dresses in this style, which were worn by females of unquestionable rank and elegance on a late splendid occasion. These robes were round, with demi-trains, and formed of white Venetian net, worn over white sarsnet; the short sleeve of the loose Turkish construction, embroidered at the edge in a narrow and delicate border of silver violets, corresponding with the broader one which decorates the robe at the feet. To one dress was attached a long sleeve of celestial blue satin, with silver embroidered cuffs; a stomacher of the same, richly spangled and bordered; shoes of blue satin, with silver embroidered toes. The other dress only varied in having long sleeves of primrose satin, with cuffs of silver embroidery as above; and instead of the stomacher it had a bodice of the same material, cut low round the bosom, and sitting close to the form, edged and laced in front with silver cord; a girdle and buckle to correspond; a tucker of fine scalloped lace placed above the edge of the bodice in front, discreetly shaded the bosom, which would with this dress be otherwise indecorously exposed; the shoes were formed of primrose kid, with silver rosetts and bindings. Each of these fair fashionables wore their hair in the Grecian style, with combs and coronets of pearl; which delicate article was also blended with the sapphire and topaz, which formed their necklaces, earrings, and bracelets. Nothing could exceed the cool and seasonable elegance of these very beautiful and attractive habiliments. The coloured bodice is lately become a very favourite appendage to the evening dress, or dinner party; and it is certainly an uncommonly animated and well-chosen decoration; they are formed in various shades, suited to the taste and inclination of the several wearers, but those already mentioned, and others of white, purple, or green satin, laced and edged with gold, have the most pleasing and attractive effect. The waist is not worn of an ungraceful length by any but those females who, to court distinction, run hastily into every extreme. The truly elegant woman avoids all distortion of taste, preserving (even in trifles) a judicious and sensible medium; or if she adopts a singularity, her good sense will teach her to unite with each innovation, modesty, fashion, and the Graces. We beg leave to remark, that in the cased hips, wasp-like waists, and trussed forms distinguishable in many of our extravagantly fashionable fair, neither of these qualities can exist. A short skirt (which a long waist

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consequently produces) takes from the gracefulness of a tall and well-proportioned figure, and it robs the short woman of that natural and delicate proportion and symmetry which often makes ample atonement for deficiency of dignity and grace of stature. The bosom of dress gowns are considerably higher of late; but the back and shoulders are still much exposed. This part of the bust is, however, frequently shaded by the cymar, or half handkerchief, of French net, embroidered richly in coloured flowers, the ends falling on each side of the bosom. We have seen a very elegant round robe of white satin, ornamented with white beads and lace, appear to great advantage with a half handkerchief of this kind tambboured in a beautiful border of the wild rose and violet, with a cluster of the same flowers worn on the hair in form of a tiara. We know not a more becoming shade for the back and shoulders than these simple articles afford. In trinkets there is no manifest novelty since our last communication; necklaces of pearl, linked in the form of small harps or pine leaves, with brooches and bracelets to correspond, are a very elegant and chaste article; coronets and tiaras, with combs of diamonds, pearl, gold, silver, or coloured gems, are now universally worn; flowers in the hair are not considered so genteel in full dress. Coloured patent pearl of the most delicate shades are a favourite ornament for less splendid occasions; celestial blue, green, and blossom colour have the best effect. Coloured shoes, figured and plain, with bindings and bows of contrasted shades, are more general than we remember them for some time. Parasols are also formed of various hues, with happily contrasted awnings; the Chinese parasol is considered most elegant. The prevailing colours are yellow, green, primrose, grey, and shot or shaded pink. Shot silks for pelisses and mantles reign despotic over the plain, or figured sarsnet.

LETTER ON DRESS,

EXPLANATORY AND DESCRIPTIVE.

REJOICE with us, dear Frederica! Mademoiselle Rusée is gone! She took her departure about ten days since for a visit to the gay Marchioness of H——; where she is to pass the remaining fashionable period in town, and is then to accompany the family to Brighton; that is, if they remain so long on good terms, which I very much question. This gay Marchioness has been endowed with a vast assemblage of personal charms, which she has made use of to some purpose, from seventeen to forty-six; yet she does not seem at all inclined to quit the field of conquest, but still enters the lists, and exultingly triumphs over many a more youthful, though less experienced rival. There will be some glorious sparring ere long, for Mademoiselle has no rival in either beauty or art; and the Marchioness must intoxicate her lovers into a perfect stupor ere she can bring them to prefer the *highly matured charms* of forty-six to the bloom and beauty of nineteen. Upon just and natural principles, therefore, I calculate a cordial reciprocity between these two worthies for the space of one week; a cold attention and secret jealousy on the second; a taunting sort of neglect on the third; and a complete break up on the fourth. Proverbs, you know Frederica, are said to be the wisdom of nations, and it has been a long received maxim that "two of a trade can seldom agree."

The vacancy in our family circle which Mademoiselle's departure had occasioned is now supplied by a female of a totally different character;—a perfectly sentimentalizing novel-read girl from Glamorganshire, where her father possesses a considerable estate, and lives in good style as a country gentleman. He was a brother collegian of our host, and from that period to the present time a regular intimacy has subsisted between the families. Juliana (our fair guest) is an only daughter, and this is her first visit to the gay city. The novelty of the scenes with which she is now surrounded seem more to affect her by contrast than from the pleasure they afford her. She moralizes on the irrationality of our town amusements, and tells me (who am a prodigious favourite) that it can only be from habit that such turbulent pursuits are preferred to the peaceful and heart-felt enjoyments which a select society afford; she seems to possess the very soul of sensibility, which so far from regulating or restraining she suffers to run into a wild exuberance of undistinguished feeling, and she is more guided by their influence than by the sober dictates of reason. She is perfectly indifferent to general admiration, but has a high romantic sense of *individual love*; she revolts at the free and forward manners of the flighty fashionable woman; and appears to feel a sort of contemptuous pity for the trifling pursuits, frivolous amusements, and freedom of address adopted by the present town gentleman. Her person is in a great degree the index of her mind; with a pale and interesting countenance is united a figure of sylph-like symmetry, and over her whole person their reigns an air of romance perfectly characteristic of her sentiments and in unison with her feelings. In her dress too, you discover a simple elegant taste;

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her delicate bosom is covered but not concealed. It is impossible to produce a more striking contrast than this romantic yet interesting girl to the young ladies of our household; the easy gaiety, the fashionable *nonchalance*, and assured air of these sisters arrest the mind, as opposed to the apparent delicacy, and retiring yet graceful simplicity of their new companion. Our young ladies, however, appear perfectly satisfied, and seem to have too high an opinion of their own powerful and fashionable attractions, to be in the least apprehensive of a rival in this simple girl of the mountains: though, in my humble opinion, she is more formidable in this way than their quondam friend Mademoiselle Rustee. The one may excite general admiration, and a transient passion, but the other is calculated to inspire interest and awaken affection.

London is at this time a complete hive of fashion, we are consequently surrounded with engagements. Juliana frequently attempts to excuse herself from the evening and dinner party, but the two sisters soon contrive to banter her out of her sobriety; yesterday we all went to the Exhibition, and in the evening to the Argyle Rooms.

To morrow our cavalcade moves to the annual ball of the Honourable Mrs. F——; and our dresses for this splendid occasion comprise at once all that is fashionable, as well as all that is elegant and unique: you shall have a description of them; for though I forward you my customary list with this packet, yet I know you would accuse me of forfeiting my treaty with you were I to conclude this epistle without some extra information on this head. First, then, let me tell you that our young ladies have each ordered Gallician robes of pea-green Italian crape, with demi trains, which they intend wearing over white satin slips. The robe is ornamented at the bottom with a harp border in silver lama: a long sleeve of the same with antique cuffs of silver, buttoned to the size of the wrist; a plain waist, or bodice, sitting close to the form, of green and silver tissue, in small work; a harp border of silver round the bosom. Their hair will be disposed in the Grecian style, with bandeaus of diamonds, and a large drop in the centre of the forehead. A most delicate and unique chain of silver is to ornament the neck, from which will be suspended a Maltese cross of brilliants; a rose brooch of the same confines the robe in the centre of the bosom and fastens the bracelets at the waist. They will wear slippers of white satin, with cut steel clasps.

My dress is a Grecian robe of Paris net, the colour a Saragossa brown, interwoven with gold, and which I shall wear over an under dress of white sarsnet. The draperies are pointed in two irregular lengths towards the left side, trimmed with gold fringe, and finished with gold tassels. A pointed cestus of gold scaling ornaments the bottom of the waist. It has a short sleeve of the loose Turkish form, which falls over a long sleeve of white satin, finished with cuffs corresponding with the cestus. I shall wear my hair *à-la-Madona*, with a few falling ringlets on one side, and a *demi* wreath of pearl jessamine on the other. My necklace and bracelets of the same, with diamond or ruby snaps. My shoes white satin, with gold rosettes and binding, and a bouquet of geranium and white heath in the centre of my bosom.

Juliana has chosen a dancing dress of white Peruvian net, bordered with narrow wreaths of white roses, and placed over a slip of pale pink satin, which is trimmed at the feet with a scolloped lace, put on nearly plain. A complete frock front, and short sleeves, biassed with fine lace beading, and edged with white roses. Her hair is to be confined towards one side in full curls, with a shell comb of pearl, and waved across the temple on the other. She allows neither necklace or earring to obtrude on the delicate symmetry of her throat and neck; but her white and neatly rounded arm will be ornamented with the broad oriental armlet of wrought gold. Her sandal slipper is of white satin, crossed with pink and satin cord; and she wears in her bosom a half-blown rose, blended with a sprig of heart's-ease: and when thus adorned, Juliana appears a creature of irresistible attraction and interest. I send you the Minerva bonnet and cap *à-la-Diana*, as per order; though I never yet heard of the chaste Goddess having adopted such an ornament. That, however, is of no moment; fashion, you know, soon reconciles us even to absolute inconsistencies.

There is nothing new in the literary world, save "Specimens of the Poetry of Joseph Blacket," which I inclose for your admiration and wonder. He is, you will find, a native of Parnassus, and a young man of great poetical genius and much promise. Adieu.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton-street, Strand.*

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR JUNE, 1809.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An Elegant PORTRAIT of the RIGHT HON. LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL.
2. TWO WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON, COLOURED.
3. An ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-forte; composed exclusively for this Work, by M. P. KING.
4. Two elegant and new PATTERNS for NEEDLE-WORK.

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London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Proprietor of the* WEEKLY MESSENGER, *Southampton-Street, Strand, July* 1, 1809.

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THE HALF YEARLY

SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER.

This Day is published, with the present Number of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, No. XLVII. being the regular SUPPLEMENTAL Number, which concludes the Sixth Volume of this Work, with the termination of the half year.

DECORATIONS.

The Supplement contains the HEADS of those POETS whose Works have appeared in the prior Numbers of the Magazine, and likewise of such poets whose Works appear in the Supplement and following Number.

These Portraits are FIVE in number, viz. very fine Portraits, from original Pictures of acknowledged fidelity, of

THOMSON,	DRYDEN,
GRAY,	AND
JOHNSON,	GOLDSMITH.

The Literary Part of the SUPPLEMENT contains

THOMSON's SEASONS, COMPLETE;

With INDEX and TITLE-PAGE as usual.

The SUPPLEMENT is charged Half-a-crown; and Subscribers are requested to give immediate orders for it to their several Booksellers, that they may procure fine impressions and complete their Volume.—A richer Number than the Supplement, and at the same price, will never issue from the periodical press.

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Hopner del.t Burke Sc.

LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL

Engr. Printed for the 45 Number of La Belle Assemblee Cub.t June 1806, by J. Bell, Southampton Street, Strand.

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COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For JUNE, 1809.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

[illegible]

[illegible] ...om [illegible] ...or [illegible] ...omestic

...ays maintain a conspicuous place in the records of fashion: the time in which she flourished will, if we mistake not, be celebrated as a kind of ÆRA in the decoration of the female world. It is perhaps

duties in a more tranquil and secluded life. Her Ladyship has chiefly remained in this retirement; and, a short time since, had the misfortune to lose her husband.

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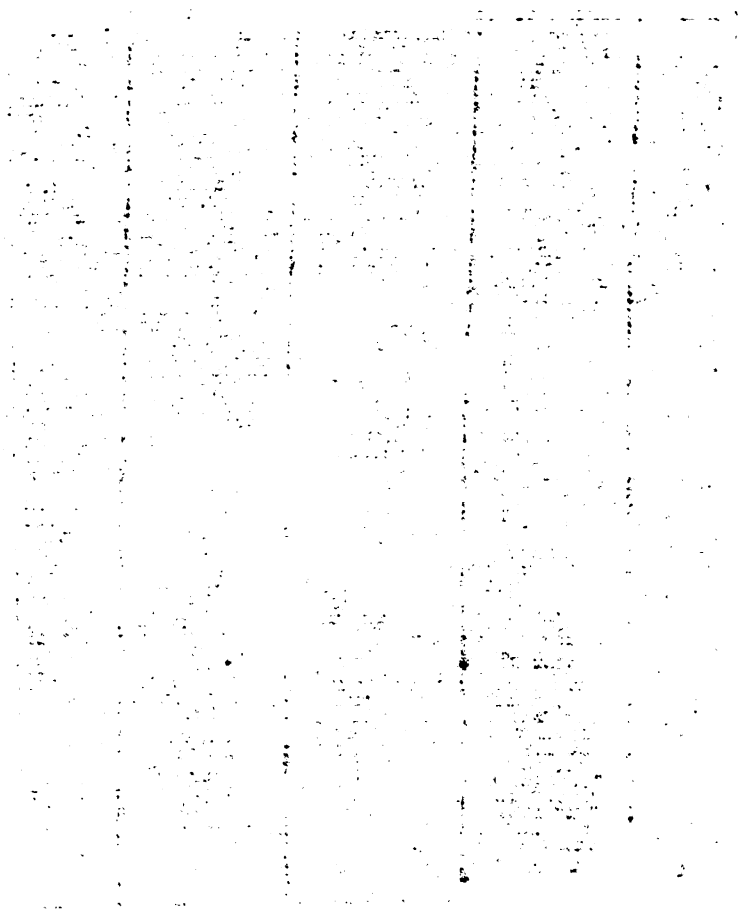

LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL

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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For JUNE, 1809.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF *ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

The Forty-sixth Number.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL.

LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL is the youngest daughter of John Duke of Argyll, by Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, and of Argyll. Her Ladyship was married to John Campbell, Esq. eldest son of Walter Campbell, Esq. of Shawfield, Lanerkshire.

This Gentleman is since dead.

It is scarcely fifteen years since Lady Charlotte Campbell was the most distinguished ornament of the fashionable circle. To a great share of beauty she united the most brilliant accomplishments, and a taste in dress which excited the admiration and envy of the female world. Her Ladyship will always maintain a conspicuous place in the records of fashion: the time in which she flourished will, if we mistake not, be celebrated as a kind of ÆRA in the decoration of the female world. It is perhaps unnecessary to inform those female readers who are possessed of experience in the science of costume, and can count the revolutions of fashions with accuracy and precision, that Lady Charlotte Campbell was the first inventor of what is technically called *short waists.*

This peculiar attraction of the sex will long be remembered by those who have so often shuddered at that martyrdom which beauty has sustained from whalebone and tight lacing.

After her marriage, Lady Charlotte Campbell made a very hasty retreat from the gay world, to cultivate the domestic duties in a more tranquil and secluded life. Her Ladyship has chiefly remained in this retirement; and, a short time since, had the misfortune to lose her husband.

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ON THE POSSIBILITY OF GROWING YOUNG AGAIN.

[*Continued from page* 136.]

A multitude of facts might be adduced to prove, that nature, as we have just observed, still possesses the same resources as ever; all that is required of us is not to paralyse her means, and this our manner of living has most unfortunately but too often a tendency to do. "The age of the world," says Dr. Huseland, "has hitherto had no perceptible influence on the age of man. It is possible to live, in our days, to as great an age as mankind did at the time of Abraham, and even at a more remote period. There have undoubtedly been times, at which men, in the same country, have attained to a greater or less age. But that nation, which should return through a revolution to a less civilized state, and approach nearer to that of nature, would be most likely to arrive, like the people of the early ages, at the real term of life."

It would be very easy to demonstrate, by examples, that man at the present day attains to a very advanced age. These examples we began to collect, but they are so numerous, that the limits of this chapter forbid their introduction. Many of them will be found in the work of Sir John Sinclair, and other writers on the subject of longevity, and the means of prolonging life, to which we shall take the liberty of referring the inquisitive reader.

The possibility of attaining to an extreme old age, is so clearly demonstrated, that we have no occasion to say any thing more on the subject. We shall therefore confine ourselves, in this place, to the proof of our assertion, that cosmetics, bathing, in a word, the pains bestowed on the skin are one of the principal of the means that promote length of life, and are sometimes capable of producing the astonishing phenomenon of a complete restoration of youth—a phenomenon of which many authentic examples are on record.

That this renovation is possible, and that it is owing, in part, to the good state of the skin, is neither a paradox nor a new opinion peculiar to ourselves. I shall take occasion to mention the names of some physicians who have entertained the same sentiments on this subject as ourselves, and to which we might add a great many others, if our limits would allow us to enter into a full discussion of this opinion.

Most of the physicians, both ancient and modern, who have devoted their attention to the means of prolonging life or restoring the vigour of youth, have always recommended particular care to be taken of the skin.

Hippocrates advised the use of the bath, daily frictions, and exercise. He lived to the age of one hundred and four years.

Galen, who died at the age of one hundred and forty years, and never had any illness, owed this protracted life to the practice of the advice which he gives in his treatise on the way of preserving health.

Asclepiades, a physician, affirmed that by art it was possible to prolong life and health, and that he would consent to pass for an ignorant quack, if he was ever attacked with the slightest indisposition. He made good his assertion, for he died of a fall, at the age of one hundred and fifty years.

Democritus was one hundred and four years old when he died. Being once asked how he had attained such an advanced age without sickness, he replied, that it was by eating honey, and rubbing his body with oil.

Herodicus, by means of repeated frictions, prolonged the lives of a great number of persons enfeebled by age.

Plutarch was likewise of opinion that there are means by which human life may be protracted, and he gives some excellent advice on this subject.

Deodatus, a physician, wrote upon the means of prolonging life beyond one hundred and twenty years.

Robertus Vallensis, Arnaud de Villeneuve, Raimond Lulle, asserted the possibility of attaining a very advanced age, and even of regaining the vigour of youth,

[*To be continued.*]

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

LOVE AND MADNESS.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

The general conversation of the fashionable world is wholly occupied upon the melancholy business which has lately been agitated in the Courts respecting the separation of Lord —— and his amiable wife; a separation which, throughout the whole affair, is accompanied with such singular and unhappy circumstances as render it more like a romance than any thing which has recently occurred, or which could be supposed to have occurred in real life. In the variety of human misery, however, it would seem that fortune sometimes borrows the powers of fiction, and thereby produces real scenes and actual occurrences, which, in the dark ebony of their ground, resemble the images of fiction. Something of this kind has happened in the unhappy affair to which we allude: some of the transactions are so melancholy, and at the same time so little known, that it may not be uninteresting to retrace them.

Lord —— is a nobleman possessed of the most eminent personal attractions; he is possessed, moreover, of those qualities which still farther heighten the effect of those attractions. Amongst those illustrious few whose single deeds uphold the reputation of the country, Lord ——'s name stands foremost. Some of the most brilliant of our late victories have been imputed to him, and certainly if not altogether acquired by his individual prowess, his active valour has at least contributed more than an equal share. It is a very old remark, that no quality is so attractive to the ladies as valour, and therefore that nothing more effectually recommends a man to their favour than having a reputation for courage; Lord —— possessed this reputation in a most eminent degree. Every soldier could relate the acts of his unexampled courage; every soldier acknowledged him as his star and model. In every action he had distinguished himself as the bravest of the brave; every battle had been to him but a new occasion for the display of those qualities which are deemed characteristic of Englishmen. Lord —— therefore was never mentioned in any company but that at the same time his name was accompanied with eulogies of his bravery. With such a reputation, so well merited, and so universally acknowledged, it is no reasonable subject of surprise that Lord —— was considered as the British *Alcibiades*. As elegant in his manners as in his person, he seemed to unite every thing with which the fancy of the novelist usually decks his hero of seduction. Unfortunately, too, Lord —— seems to have employed all his natural gifts to the same perverse purpose.

Lord —— paid his first addresses to the daughter of the Earl of ——, and as the match was every way suitable, the young lady being of equal rank with himself, these addresses met the approbation of both families, and after the usual period of courtship the parties were united. Every one anticipated for the illustrious young couple all that happiness which usually follows a union of sentiment; and the Poet of the MORNING POST, the tender and elegant HAFIZ, wrote an epithalamium on the occasion, in which, with his usual felicity, he predicted that their love should only end with their life. Unfortunately, however, the words of the poet have not been verified; their life continues, but their love has been interrupted.

In the ordinary intercourse of fashionable life, Lord —— was introduced into the family of Mr. ——. Mr. —— was one of those men who are, perhaps, more calculated for business than for domestic society. He was a man of the most strict

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honour, of the most laudable morality, but had a gravity which but ill accords with the fashionable levity of the day. Unhappily for his repose, Mr. —— had been induced by his family connections to select as his wife one of those fashionable ladies who suffer their tastes and their morals to be formed from the trash of a circulating library, who learn the predestination of love from *Werter*, and the omnipotence of it from *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*. To avoid the confusion of names we shall call this lady by the name of *Calista*, and hereafter Lord —— by that of *Lothario*.

The consequence of this unhappy acquaintance was, that *Lothario* and *Calista* too soon forgot their respective honour: they saw and loved—they loved, and forgot every thing. To make short of this melancholy tale, the seductions of *Lothario* prevailed upon *Calista* to leave the house of her husband; in one unfortunate moment, friends, family, every thing was forgotten.

This elopement was no sooner known, than the following letters passed between some of the parties concerned:—

The first was from the brother of the unfortunate lady, whom from delicacy we shall call *Horatio*.

"LOTHARIO, *March* 23, 1809.

"I hereby request you to name a time and place where I may meet you, to obtain satisfaction for the injury done myself and my whole family by your conduct to my sister.

"I have to add, that the time must be as early as possible, and the place not in the immediate neighbourhood of London, as it is by concealment alone I am able to evade the police.

"HORATIO."

LOTHARIO'S ANSWER.

"HORATIO, *March* 30, 1809.

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th inst. I have nothing to say in justification of my conduct towards your sister, but that it has been produced by an attachment perfectly unconquerable.

"She has lost the world upon my account, and the only atonement I can make is to devote myself, not to her happiness (which, with her feeling of mind, is, under the circumstances, impossible), but to endeavour, by every means in my power, to alleviate her suffering. I feel, therefore, that my life is hers, not my own. It distresses me beyond all description to refuse you that satisfaction which I am most ready to admit you have a right to demand; but, upon the most mature reflection, I have determined upon the propriety of this line of conduct.

"My cause is bad indeed; but my motive for acting thus is good; nor was I without hopes that you would have made allowances for this my very particular situation, and thereby have largely added to the extreme kindness you have already shewn to your sister upon this afflicting occasion.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"LOTHARIO."

P. S. On referring to the date of your letter, it becomes necessary to assure you that I have only this moment received it.

HORATIO TO ALTAMONT, HIS INTENDED SECOND.

"MY DEAR SIR, *April* 2, 1809.

"I have availed myself of the very first moment in my power to relieve you from the anxiety you have for some days past been feeling on my account, by assuring you that all communication between *Lothario* and myself has ceased.

"And in order that what has passed may not be misrepresented, I herewith inclose copies of the only letters that have been exchanged, and I have to request that you will shew them, together with this letter, to any of my friends, or of your own acquaintance, that might wish to read them.

"When my sister, after a separation of a very few days, returned to *Lothario*, and when I was convinced, by a variety of circumstances, that the fear of my resentment had no farther effect in deterring her from that connection, I could no longer restrain the impulse of my feelings, and immediately demanded that satisfaction from *Lothario*, which the laws of my country do not afford, but which I had a right to ask, and he was equally bound to give me, for the injury he had done myself and my

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whole family. This satisfaction, however, *Lothario* thought proper to deny me, alleging, as his letter expressed it, 'that his life is not his own, but my sister's;' and thus making the very injury for which I demanded satisfaction his excuse for not meeting me. It is not unknown to you that I have by concealment alone been able for some time to evade the police, who, having anticipated the step I was likely to take, are still continuing in pursuit of me. Under these circumstances, it would ill become me to apply to the conduct of *Lothario* the expressions that my feelings at this moment dictate; and I shall therefore leave it to you and others to determine whether the line he has thought proper to adopt on this occasion, is or is not the most honourable.

"I remain, my dear Sir,
"Your's most sincerely,
"HORATIO."

CALISTA TO HER FRIEND.

"It would be the height of ingratitude were I not to try to convey my thanks to my husband for his most kind and generous offer of taking home a wretch who has so much injured him. I dare not write to him myself; but I implore it of you to say every thing which gratitude and feeling can suggest, to express my sense of the kindness of his conduct. His note was forwarded to me this morning; but, degraded and unprincipled as I must appear in the eyes of every body, believe me I am not lost to all sense of honour, which would forbid my returning to a husband I have quitted, to children I have abandoned. Indeed, indeed, my dear friend, if you knew all, you would pity more than blame me. Could you tell all the resistance that has been made to this criminal, most atrocious attachment, could you know what are my sufferings at this moment, you would feel for me. My husband has not deserved this of me. We have had some differences, and he may perhaps sometimes have been a little too harsh to me; but I can with truth assert, and I wish you to publish it to the world, that in essential, and indeed in trifling subjects, he has ever been kind to me to the greatest degree; nor has the person, who may be supposed to have attempted to lower him in my estimation, in order to gain my affections, ever spoken of him to me but in the highest terms of respect. About my dear, dear children, I must say one word. Do you think I dare hope, by any remote or indirect means, to hear sometimes of them? You know how much I love them; you are aware of their merits, and what I must feel at having quitted them; but I have the satisfaction, the inexpressible comfort of knowing they will be taken care of by their father, though their mother has abandoned them. My dear little Henry and Charles—Oh! God bless you!—I wrote every thing to my brother last night."

"*Tuesday morning, 7 o'clock.*

"Since writing the inclosed, I have come to town, and if it is not repugnant to your feelings, I think I should like to have one interview with you, but not if you object to it in any way. The bearer can bring you to me instantly, if you will see me; but if not, ask no questions."

THE HUSBAND WROTE TO HER, IN REPLY TO THIS LETTER TO ALTAMONT.

"That, for the sake of her welfare, and that of her children, he would consent to receive her again, provided she would return, and break off all correspondence or connection with the person she was then with; but that she must return *instantly*, for the next day would be too late."

It is not understood that *Calista* availed herself of this indulgence of forgiveness*.

* The letters of these unhappy parties have been given to the public in a pamphlet, intitled "Lord Paget's Letters in the affair of Lady Charlotte Wellesley," which we recommend to the perusal of our readers. It is a most melancholy realization of the romance of *Charlotte* and *Werter*.

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SOUTH OF FRANCE.

PRESENT STATE OF ANGERS.—MANNERS OF THE INHABITANTS.—PRICE OF PROVISIONS, &c.

Extracted from Pinkney's Travels into the South of France, just published.

We had intended to have reposed ourselves at Angers, but Mons. de Corseult, having been very lately married, had his house daily full of visitors, and as we were strangers, parties were daily made for us. Whatever time I could steal from this unintermitting round, I employed in walks to the town, and in the neighbourhood. Mr. Younge generally accompanied me, but I was sometimes fortunate enough to be honoured with Mademoiselle St. Sillery, an happiness of which I should have been more sensible, had it not usually tempted the intrusion of some coxcomb, who converted a tour of information into a mere lounge of levity and senseless gallantry. How miserable would have been an English girl, of the beauty and wit of this young lady, with such gallants! Or is it with ladies as with the poet in Don Quixote—are love and flattery sweet, though they may come from a fool and a madman? I should hope not, or at least with Mademoiselle St. Sillery.

In despite, however, of these intrusions, we had two or three pleasant walks through Angers, in which the curiosity of Mademoiselle was of much use to me. He must be less than a man who could be wearied even by the most minute interrogations of an handsome woman. Mademoiselle St. Sillery, as if resolved to be ignorant of nothing, put the most endless questions to those who accompanied us about the town; and with true French gallantry, the answers even exceeded the questions. I had little to do but to look and to listen.

Angers is situated in a plain, which in the distance being fringed with wood, and being very fertile in corn and meadow, wants nothing of the richness and beauty which seem to characterize this part of the province. It is parted into two by a river called the Mayenne, which is a small branch of the Loire, and again falls into the main river about five miles from the town. The French, like the Dutch, seemed to be peculiarly attached to this kind of site, having a river run through their towns, one half being built on one side, and one on the other. The water of the Mayenne is so harsh that it cannot be drunk or used for cookery, and were it not for the proximity of the Loire, and some aqueducts, Angers, though built on a river, must necessarily become desolate for want of water. The same improvidence is visible in many towns in France, and still more in Holland.

The walls round this city were built by King John of England, and though six centuries have elapsed, are still nearly entire. Part of them were indeed demolished by Louis the Eighth, but they were restored in their original form by his successor, and remain a proof of the durable style of building of that age (1230). The castle of Angers was built at the same time. It is situated on a rock which overhangs the river, and though now in decay, has still a very striking appearance. The walls are lofty and broad, the towers numerous, and the fosses deep. They are cut out of the solid rock, and must have required long and ingenious labour.

The general appearance of Angers does not correspond with the magnificence of its walls, its castle, and its cathedral. Its size is respectable; there are six parish churches, besides monasteries and chapters, and its inhabitants are estimated at 50,000. The streets, however, are very narrow, and the houses mean, low, and huddled: there is the less excuse for this, as ground is plentiful and cheap; there is scarcely a good house inhabited within the walls. The towns in France differ in this respect very considerably from those in England: in a principal town in England you will invariably find a considerable number of good houses, where retired merchants and tradesmen live in the ease and elegance of private gentlemen. There is nothing of this kind in the French towns. Every house is a shop, a warehouse, a magazine, or a lodging-house. I do not believe there is one merchant of independent fortune now resident within the walls of Angers. This, indeed, may perhaps arise from a differ-

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ence in the general character of the two kingdoms: in England, and even in America, there are few tradesmen long resident in a town without having obtained a sufficiency to retire; whilst the French towns being comparatively poor, and their trade comparatively insignificant, the French tradesman could seldom do more than obtain a scanty subsistence by his business. In all the best French towns the tradesmen have more the air of chandlers than of great dealers. There are absolutely no interior towns in France like Norwich, Manchester, and Birmingham. In some of their principal manufacturing places there may indeed be one or two principal men and respectable houses; but neither these men nor their houses are of such number and quality as to give any dignity or beauty to their towns beyond mere places of trade. The French accordingly, judging from what they see at home, have a very contemptible idea of the term merchant; and if a foreign traveller of this class should wish to be admitted into good company, let him pass by any other name than that of a marchand or negociant. To say all in a word, this class of foreigners are specifically excluded from admission at court.

I visited the market, which in Angers, and I believe throughout France, is held on Sunday. This is one of the circumstances from which a foreigner would be very apt to form a wrong estimate of the French character, which now, whatever it might be, is decidedly religious. But the Roman Catholics have ever considered Sunday as at once a day of festivity and a holiday; they have no scruple, therefore, to sing and dance, and to hold their markets on this day; all they abstain from is the heavier kind of work—labour in the fields and warehouses. A French town, therefore, is never so gay as on a Sunday. I inquired the price of provisions. Beef and mutton are about 2d. per pound; a fowl 5d.; and turkies, when in season, from 18d. to 2s.; bread is about 1½d. a pound; and vegetables, greens, &c. cheap to a degree. A good house in Angers about six louis per year, and a mansion fit for a prince (for there are some of them, but without inhabitants) from forty to fifty Louis, including from thirty to forty acres of land without the walls. I have no doubt but that any one might live at Angers on 250 louis per annum, as well as in England for four times the amount. And were I to live in France, I know no place I should prefer to the environs of this town. The climate, in this part of France, is delightful beyond description. The high vault of heaven is clad in ethereal blue, and the sun sets with a glory which is inconceivable to those who have only lived in more northerly regions; for week after week this weather never varies, the rains come on at once, and then cease till the following season. The tempests which raise these fogs from the ocean have no influence here, and they are strangers likewise to that hot moisture which produces the pestilential fevers in England and America. There are sometimes indeed heavy thunder storms, when the clouds burst, and pour down in torrents of rain: but the storm ceases in a few minutes, and the heavens, under the influence of a powerful sun, resume their beauty and serenity.

The soil in the neighbourhood of Angers (I speak still with reference to its aptitude for the residence of a foreigner, for I confess this dream hung very strongly on my imagination) is fertile to a degree, and as far as I could understand, is very cheap. Every house, as I have before said, without the walls, has its garden, and all kind of fruits and vegetables were in the greatest plenty. The fences around the gardens of the villages were very fantastically interwoven with the wreaths of the vine, which would sometimes creep up the trunk of a tree, and sometimes hang over the casements. Nothing can be more delightful than the vine when flourishing in all this unbridled wildness of its natural luxuriance, and as if justly sensible of its beauty, the French cottagers convert it to the double purpose of ornament or utility. Whilst travelling along, my spirits frequently felt the cheering influence of the united images of natural beauty and of human happiness. Often have I seen the weary labourer sitting under a sunny wall, his head shaded by the luxuriant branches of the vine, the purple fruit of which furnished him with his simple meal. Bread and fruit is the constant summer dinner of the peasantry of the Loire. Upon this subject, the general plenty of the country, I should not have forgotten to mention, that in the proper

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season partridges and hares are in great plenty, and being fed on the heath lands of Bretagne and Anjou, are said to have the best flavour. An Englishman will scarcely believe, that whilst he is paying 12s. a couple, half a guinea for a turkey, seven shillings for a goose, &c. &c.: whilst such I say are the market prices in London, the dearest price in the market of Angers is 10d. a couple for fowls, a shilling a couple for ducks, 1s. 6d. for a goose. As to the quality of these provisions, the veal and the mutton being fed in the meadows on the Loire, are entirely as good as in England; but the beef, not being in general use except for soups and stews, is of a very inferior kind. Wood is the only article which is dear; but an Englishman in this country would doubtless rise above the prejudices around him, and burn coal, of which there is a great plenty in every part of France.

I must not take leave of Angers without mentioning that it was a favourite station of the Romans, who, like the monks, always consulted natural beauty in the site of the towns and permanent encampments. Many remnants of this people are still visible: some of the arches of an aqueduct are yet entire, and without a guide speak their own origin.

Angers, being so near La Vendee, suffered much by the Chouans, and still retains many melancholy traces of the siege it had to maintain. The people, with feelings which are better conceived than expressed, spoke with great reluctance on their past sufferings: there seems indeed one great maxim at present current in France, and this is to forget the past as if it had never happened. A foreigner is sure to offend, who interrogates them upon any thing connected with the horrible Revolution.

Nothing can be more delightful than the environs of Angers, whether for those who walk or ride. The country is thickly enclosed, and on each side of the river varied with hill and dale, with woodland and meadow. The villages and small towns along the whole bank of the Loire are numerous and invariably picturesque and beautiful. In the vicinity of Angers the vineyards are very frequent, and cover the hills, and even the valleys, with their luxuriance: nothing can be more beautiful than the natural festoons which are formed by their long branches as they project over the road, and when the grapes are ripe, the landscape wants nothing of perfect beauty. The peasantry, the Vignerons as they are called, live in the midst of their vineyards: their habitations are usually excavated out of the rocks and small hillocks on which they grow their vines, and as these hills are usually composed of strata of chalk, the cottages are dry and comfortable. Some of them, as seen from the road, being covered even over their doors by the vine branches, had the appearance of so many nests, and as many of them as had two stories, were picturesque in the extreme. Upon the whole, the condition of the peasantry in this part of France is very comfortable; they are temperate, unceasingly gay, and sufficiently clad; their wants are few, and therefore their labour, added to the fertility of the soil, is sufficient to satisfy them. They repine not for luxuries of which they can have no notion.

We took leave of Monsieur de Corseult on the Wednesday instead of the Monday, but he insisted upon accompanying us on horseback half way to Saumur, where we proposed sleeping. The ladies could not but accept this obliging offer, and the information which Mons. de Corseult was enabled to give us, rendered his society equally agreeable to Mr. Younge and myself. We learned from this gentleman, that though Anjou is reputed to have a great proportion of heath and barren land, it does not yield to any province in France either for beauty or fertility. As much of it as lays along the Loire, I have already had occasion to describe, and what we were now passing through was not a whit behind it. Every village was most romantically situated; some in orchards, some in fenced gardens, some in corn fields, and others in vales and in recesses on each side of the road. The corn being ripe, added much to the beauty of the landscape. In some fields the reapers were at work, and the harvest was going on with true French gaiety. Sometimes we would see them dancing in the field; sometimes sitting round some central tree sporting and gamboling with the women and girls. I never saw a scene in England which could enter into compe-

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rison with a French harvest. I was sorry, however, to see that the women had more than their due share of the labour; they reaped, bound, and loaded. Some of the elder women were accordingly very coarse, but the girls were spirited and pleasing. They nodded to us whenever we caught their eyes, and if we stopt our horses, would come to us, at whatever distance, as if to satisfy our inquiries.

We happened to pass an estate which was for sale, and the house being at hand, inquired the price and particulars. There were six hundred acres of land, a good house, and the purchase-money was five thousand pounds English. Four hundred acres were arable, the other wood and heath. In England, the price of such an estate would have been at least twenty thousand pounds.

We reached Saumur very late in the evening: it is a small but very pretty town, on the southern bank of the Loire. There are here two bridges over the river; the one from the northern shore to an island in the middle of the river; the other from the island to the southern shore. Saumur was formerly a fortified city, and though the fortifications are now neglected and in perfect ruin, it still maintains its rank as a military town, and the names of travellers are formally required, and formally registered. The inn at which we put up was very comfortable; but the beds were so scented with lavender as to prevent me from sleeping. Here likewise I had the happiness of being again waited upon by females. A young woman, the daughter of the landlord, not only lighted me to my room, but took her seat at the window, and retained it till she saw that I was in bed. The French women have none of that bashful modesty which characterises the women of England and America. Before getting into bed I was about to close a door which I perceived half open at the extremity of the room opposite to that occupied by my bed; but Felice prevented me, by informing me that her sister and herself were to sleep there, and as a further proof shewing the bed. "Then I must leave my own chamber-door open," said I.—"Certainly," said she, "if you are not afraid of my sister and me: I have only to see if Madame and Mademoiselle are in want of any thing, and then I shall come to bed."—"Where does Mademoiselle sleep?" said I.—In the same chamber with Monsieur and Madame; it is a double-bedded room, on the first floor, fronting the road; you might have observed the casements of it shaded with the barberry tree. But you seem curious as to Mademoiselle; perhaps there is a *petite affaire* of the heart between you. Well, Heaven bless Monsieur, and may you dream that you are walking with your love in the corn-fields!" Saying this, the sprightly girl left me with the characteristic trip of French gaiety. I had the curiosity to remain awake till her sister and herself passed through my chamber to their own. The girls laughed as they went through the room, and had not even the modesty (for so I must call it) to close their own door; it remained a third part open during the whole night, and as they talked in bed they prevented my sleep. One of these young women might be twenty; the other, though tall, could not be more than fourteen.

I rose early in the morning with the purpose of a walk in the fields around the town, and finding Felice was going to fetch some milk from a village about half a mile distant I accompanied her. It is needless to say that she played off all the coquetries which are natural to French girls in whatever station. By dint of frequent questions, however, I collected from her some useful information on three points in every French town or village where I might happen to stop—the price of provisions, the price of land, and the price of house rent. The price of provisions at Saumur, as I learned from this girl, was very cheap: beef, not very good, that is not very fat, about three-halfpence (English) per pound; mutton and veal about twopence; two fowls eightpence; two ducks tenpence; geese and turkies from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings and sixpence; fuel, as much as would serve three fires for the year, about five pounds; a house of two stories and garrets, two rooms in front and two in back in each story, such being the manner in which they are built, a passage running through the middle, and the rooms being on each side—such a house,

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resembling an English parsonage, about five Louis a year, or with a garden, paddock, and orchard, about eight Louis; butter eightpence per pound; cheese fourpence; and milk a halfpenny a quart. According to the best estimate I could make, a family, consisting of a man, his wife, three or four children, two maid-servants, a man-servant, and three horses, might be easily kept at Saumur, and in its neighbourhood, for about a hundred pounds a year. I am fully persuaded that I am rather over than under the mark. The country immediately about Saumur is as lively and beautiful as the town itself. It consists of corn-fields studded with groves, or rather tufts of trees, and divided by green fences, in which were pear and apple-trees in full bearing. The fields near the town had paths round them and across them, where the town-folk, as I understood from my informer, were accustomed to walk in the evening, and which, the corn being ripe and high, were pleasantly recluse. Felice and myself crossed three or four of them, and if I may judge from the little scrupulosity with which she ran among the corn, the proprietors of the lands must gain little from their fields being the customary promenade of their townsmen. One thing, however, I have observed peculiar to the landholders in France, that wherever the free use of their property can contribute in any thing to the enjoyment of others, wherever their fields, or even their parks and gardens, lie convenient for a promenade, those fields, parks, and gardens, are thrown open, and whatever they contain, flowers, fruits, and seats, are all at the public disposal. A Frenchman never thinks of raising the height of his own wall in order to interrupt the prospect of his neighbour. One quality, in a few words, pervades all the actions, all the words, and all the thoughts of a Frenchman—a general benevolence, an anxious kindness, which is daily making sacrifices to oblige and even assist others.

Upon my return to the inn, I found Mademoiselle at the breakfast table, which was set in a back room fronting a very pleasant garden. She rallied me pleasantly enough, but as I thought with an air of pique, upon my morning walk and my fair companion, and Felice happening to enter the room, asked her how she should like a foreign husband. "Very well, Mademoiselle," replied the girl with great innocence, "after I had taught him to talk in French: and I believe you are of the same opinion, Mademoiselle," added she with more pertness. Mademoiselle, with true French dexterity, here dropt a cup on the floor, and thus saved the necessity of reply, and furnished an excuse for the confusion into which the girl's impertinence had evidently thrown her. Shall I confess that my vanity was gratified, but I will defy any one to travel through France without becoming something of a coxcomb.

Having resumed our journey, we proceeded merrily, under a cheering sun refreshed by a morning breeze, on the road for Tours, through les Trois Voletes and Langes. The road was still along the banks of the Loire, and continued on the southern side till we reached Chousay, a very sweet village about twelve miles from Saumur. We had here a repast of bread, grapes, and a sweet wine peculiar to the country, but the name of which I have not noted; and though together with our servants we drank nearly four quart bottles, and ate a good quantity of grapes and bread, our reckoning did not exceed seven francs. Nothing indeed surprised me so much as the uncommon cheapness in this country. The country to Chousay had a very near resemblance to what we had passed through the preceding day, except that it was more hilly, and the hills being clothed in vines, more beautiful. On some of these hills, moreover, amidst groves or tufts of trees, and lawns extending down the declivity, were some very pretty chateaus, which being white and clean, looked gay and animated. The landscape, indeed, seemed to improve upon us as we advanced; every mile was as charming as the preceding, but every mile began to have a new character. At Chousay I saw the cleanly way in which the Vignerons of the Loire bruise their grapes. In Spain and Portugal they are put into a mash tub, and the juice is trodden from them by the bare feet of men, women, and girls hired for the purpose: here the practice is to use a wooden pestle. The grapes being collected and picked, are put into a large vat, where

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they are bruised in the manner I have mentioned, and are thence carried to the press.

Our next post was Planchoury, a small village, which we reached about six o'clock in the evening, and where we agreed to remain for the night, that our horses might have a rest, which they seemed to require. Our inn here was a farm-house. We had for our supper a couple of roasted fowls, and a dish which I had never seen before, some new wheat boiled with pepper and salt. It was so savoury, and I have reason to believe so wholesome, that I have frequently taken it since. I can say from experience, that it is a powerful sudorific, and very efficacious in a cold. I must not forget to mention that I slept on some straw, in a kind of hay-loft, and to the best of my memory never slept more delightfully. When I opened my razor case on the following morning, I found a paper, upon unrolling of which I found a ringlet of hair, with the word Felice on the envelope. Once for all, the French women can think of nothing but gallantry, and live for nothing but love. Sweet girl, I will keep thy ringlet, and when weary of the world, will remember thee, and acknowledge that life may still have a charm.

We remained at Planchoury till the noon of the following day, when we resumed our journey, with the intention of dining at Tours. From Planchoury throughout the whole way to Tours, the scenery exceeded all the powers of description. The Loire rolled its lovely stream through groves, meads, and flowers. On both sides was a border of meadow clad in the richest green, varied sometimes by hills which hung over the river, the sides of these hills robed in all the rich livery of the ripening grape, and the towers and battlements of castles just surmounting the woods, in which they were embosomed. How delightful must it be to wander in a summer's evening along these lovely banks, far from the din of the distant world, and where the deep tranquillity is only interrupted by the song of the nightingale, the whistle of the swain returning from labour, or the carol of the milkmaid as she is filling her pail. Surely man was formed most peculiarly to relish the charms of Nature. Would Heaven grant me my fondest wish, it would be to wander with ——— on the banks of the Loire. How sweetly, and even how justly, did Felice express the true image of love, when she wished me the golden dream,—that I was wandering with my love in the cornfields of Saumur.

We passed through Langeais, a small town, celebrated for its melons, with which it supplies Paris, and all France. This town was known to the Romans, by whom it was called Alingavia. We stopped to examine its castle, which is celebrated in the history of France, as the scene of the marriage of Charles the Eighth and Anne of Bretagne. The castle, as may be expected, is now in ruins; but enough remains of it to prove its former magnificence. It frowns with much sublimity over the subject land. I never remember to have passed through a more lovely country, more varied scenery, abounding in vines, corn, meadow, wood, and water, than the whole of the road between Saumur and Tours. Well might Queen Mary of Scotland exclaim, when leaving the vines and flowers of France for her Scotch kingdom. "Dear delightful land, must I indeed leave thee! Gay, lovely France, shall I never see thee more!"

We reached Tours somewhat later than we expected. According to our previous arrangement, we were to stay there only the whole of the following day, but we again broke our resolution, and extended our time from one day to three. I envy not that man's heart who can travel France by his watch.

Having extracted so liberally from this elegant work, we cannot do less than recommend it to general perusal. It not only contains the present state of France (in the summer of 1808) but the best, and we believe almost the only picturesque description of the scenery of the French provinces, and of the manners of the peasantry of the interior of Languedoc and Provence.

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HYMENÆA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

[*Continued from Page 142.*]

MR. EDITOR,

THE kind of life which I was now living at my aunt's began to have peculiar charms for me. I cannot concur in sentiment with those who prefer the tranquil enjoyments of the country to the more splendid pleasures of the fashionable world. Believe me, Sir, nothing has been more injuriously dealt with by writers who know nothing about it, than the world of fashion. Pythagoras, with his heaven of glass, and clouds of crystal, was not more ignorant of the real world, of the grand system of nature, than are your ordinary tribe of novelists of what is called the *beau monde*. According to them the world of fashion is a world of monsters; every man or woman of fashion is either an extraordinary fool, or an extraordinary knave. They seem perfectly to forget that the fashionable world is but a splendid scene, and an elevated stage, and is only distinguished from more humble life from being possessed of greater opportunities both of good and evil. With due allowances for these greater opportunities, and therefore greater temptations, there is nothing to surprise in the habits or manners of fashionable life. There are the same feelings, the same common nature, the same propensities, the same virtues, and with a small grain of allowance, the same vices. I speak from an experience which corrected my first notions. The mode of life at my aunt's, however, was one uninterrupted scene of gaiety; and though as far as my own observation went, I can take upon me to say that this gaiety was unmixed with absolute vice, yet I will not assert, on the other hand, that this unintermitting round of dissipation did not banish all serious reflection, and therefore most assuredly in a degree at least encourage a dangerous state of mind. It is an excellent observation of the moralists, that it is with the virtues of the mind as with the physical habits of the body; they are all confirmed and invigorated by exercise, and proportionately lost and weakened from the want of it. It is thus with fashionable dissipation; it steals us from our best monitor; it prevents us from taking counsel with ourselves; it hurries us from the more serious offices of self-examination into the more attractive offices of the rout and ball. And if life has any better end than mere enjoyment, if we are made for any thing better than to pass away the day, and make our journey imperceptible, if such be not the aim and purpose of our life, a course of fashionable dissipation is not calculated to make us either better or wiser.

To resume, however, my narrative:—My aunt had a kind of fashionable ledger, in which were entered all her engagements, as well as her own days This was produced every morning on the breakfast table, as regularly as the Morning Post, and the Porter's Visiting List. My aunt, after examining it one morning, told me with a smile to prepare for a splendid party in the evening. This is the day when we invited all my friends to a party at Mrs. Pagod's, the rich Nabob's wife, just returned from the Indies. "And why did you invite them there," said I; "have you not a house of your own, aunt, why did you not have them here?"

"This is what I must explain to you, my dear Hymenæa," replied my aunt, "you must know that this is one of the good humoured expedients of high life, and of the fashionable world, for transferring one's friends *en masse* to another friend, who wishes their acquaintance, but who knows nothing of them, nor is known by them. Of all those four hundred persons who will this night shake Mr. Pagod's house over his head, there is scarcely one of them whom he has ever seen before; yet before this time to-morrow, they will all be his dear friends and his most intimate acquaintance."

"What hypocrisy," said I, "there must be in that case on both sides."

"Not at all," replied my aunt; "you must not confound friendship and acquaintance, or intimacy and personal regard. They are fools, indeed, who expect a friend, as your philosophers define a friend, in every fashionable acquaintance. If you

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wish to live happy, and to enjoy life, you must take it as you find it; you must not expect to find every acquaintance a friend, nor every friend a Pylades. The world is well enough to those who do not expect too much from it. But if you imagine it an Eden or a Paradise of sweets, you will be necessarily deceived. As to the practice of which I am speaking, it is one of great mutual convenience, and of great mutual kindness: a respectable strange family, that is to say, a family not introduced and not known, makes its appearance in the town, and wishes to be introduced and to be admitted into fashionable society. How was this to be done?"

"There is but one way. You, who are unknown, apply to me who am known: I immediately invite all my friends *en masse* to your house, and thus without having a single friend or acquaintance in the world, you have in the instant your house full of friends, and are introduced to the whole town. Mr. Pagod was in this predicament. He went out to India about twenty years since, and having then made his fortune, returned to England. His first step on his return was to take a lovely and beautiful wife, and what has rendered him a favourite with me, is, that he took her without a fortune. Mr. Pagod himself has little to recommend him but his wealth and profusion. His origin, I believe, was very passable, and his education very imperfect. But he compensates for these defects by a ready and precipitate imitation of all the follies of fashionable life. His lady is truly an estimable woman, and suffers much in her feelings from the absurdities of her husband. However, as Mr. Pagod is a very honest man, and has great good humour, they are a very happy couple, and are envied even by those who laugh at them."

"By what you have related," said I, "Mrs. Pagod will be one of my chief favourites. She seems to have some virtues in her of our country stamp." "She deserves your esteem and your friendship," replied my aunt.

This conversation was interrupted by a visit from Signor Benvenuto, one of the Opera corps, and who, as it is understood, immediately acts under the manager, in providing the entertainments of the town. This gentleman, if so I must call him, gave me such an invincible disgust, that his figure and manner are forcibly impressed upon my recollection. Conceive a person diminutive in his figure, and at the same time so full of active contortions as to bear a near resemblance to nothing but to a bottle twirling upon a pin. His manners were as affected as his personal address. I confess that I felt a more than common surprise that my aunt, a woman of fashion, and a woman of understanding, could even admit the approach of such an effeminate monster.

"Well, Signor," said my aunt, "how have you settled with the 'Nightingale?" (This I afterwards understood to be the name of the favourite singer.)

"We cannot settle in any way with her, Madam," replied he, "unless indeed the Minister will help us out of the Ways and Means. I have had two meetings; the one with the Nightingale herself, and the other with that monstrous puppy her husband. The Nightingale insists upon being paid according to the time of her performance, the long hundred, as she calls it, by the hour; that is to say, precisely at two guineas per minute. For attending at the rehearsals she is to have half the sum; and, in short, for every minute spent in the Opera-House, she is to receive one guinea—one guinea a minute throughout the season."

"Unconscionable," exclaimed my aunt; "then for me, let her return to Italy, I will sooner give my money to the Magdalen, where it may support objects of charity, and my own countrymen; I will not contribute to the insolence of these foreign vagabonds."

"Vagabonds, indeed," said the Signor, "for the mother of the Nightingale was most probably a beggar in a ditch, and her father a gallant lazzarone. But be it as it may, such are the lady's terms, and such I am instructed to lay before the subscribers."

"Then you have had my answer in a word," replied my aunt; "but tell me, Signor, did you not find more conscience in her husband; was Monsieur as unreasonable as his lady?"

"Infinitely worse," replied the Signor, "Monsieur refused to confirm his wife's

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offer without an additional half guinea per minute for himself. His time was precious, and he could not think of either suffering his wife to come to the Opera-House without him, or of coming there himself without being paid for it. Parbleu, why should he have to sit an hour in such a house of barbarians; he could pass his time more comfortably at home."

"Then it seems, Signor," replied my aunt, "that we are to engage Monsieur as well as Madame. Pray of what service, and in what capacity is Monsieur to be engaged?"

"Madame is to sing," replied the Signor; "and Monsieur, I suppose, is to encore his wife. He is to have half-a-guinea per minute for attending her to the Opera, and even in so doing he seems to think that he shall do too much for the English barbarians, for such he does you the honour to call you all *en masse*."

"Well, Signor," replied my aunt, "you have my answer, and I hope it will be that of the main body of the proprietors."

"I hope so too," replied the Signor, taking his leave at the same time; "it is my duty to lay these terms before the subscribers, but it is not likewise my duty to persuade them to accept them. The terms are enormous, and if the English nation pay thus for a song, why it is better to be a Nightingale than a Newton."

"And is it possible," said I to my aunt, after the Signor had left us, "that what he has stated is true, and that such are the terms which are demanded by an Italian singer. I have, indeed, repeatedly heard of their extravagant extortion, but is it possible that it can reach to this point?"

"It is very possible," said my aunt; "indeed it is absolutely true. There seems to be no natural bounds to the luxury of the age. In the midst of a twenty years' war, in the midst of so many important public and private calls, the Nightingale is enabled to demand at the rate of two guineas per minute for singing us an Italian air, and what is more, her demands will be complied with."

"Why does not the Lord Chamberlain interfere," said I, "and banish the whole Italian corps out of the kingdom? Such an act would at once save our money, and dignify our taste."

"Because the Lord Chamberlain is one of the *dilettanti*. The Nightingale has fortunately for herself a party upon her side even in the Privy Counsel, and if I have not been misinformed, her influence has been more than once necessary to keep her husband in the kingdom. He is, in every sense of the word, a perfect puppy; and if he were to receive his deserts, would be hunted from the kingdom by an hue and cry of boys at his tail."

At the proper hour in the evening we went to Mrs. Pagod's, where my aunt performed all the offices of the mistress of the house, and received the company, at the same time introducing Mrs. Pagod. Nothing appeared to me more extraordinary than this practice of receiving company in the house of another, and thus rendering the party as it were a stranger in his own house. I have since, however, lived sufficiently long in the fashionable world to have lost all admiration or wonder at any thing however singular. The fashionable world, Sir, has so peculiar a system of its own, that it must not be judged by common rules or common laws.

Mrs. Pagod equalled the expectation which I had formed of her from the description which my aunt had given. To a tall and elegant person, she added an infinite grace of manners; I never remember to have seen any one whose general air more forcibly impressed me. There is a kind of features, which, without approaching to the perfection of beauty, is perhaps more powerful than the most perfect beauty; it is impossible to see it without being compelled into something like affection. I have frequently had occasion to remark that the most perfect beauties are not always the most followed. The point of truth seems to be, that something is required beyond mere features to touch the heart. The eye may be pleased by a beautiful statue, but in despite of the ancient fable, no one I believe was ever seriously enamoured of the most perfect production of Phidias or Apelles.

Mr. Pagod himself had nothing to distinguish him from the common herd of those who, from a vulgar origin, by fortuitous circumstances, have been enabled to raise themselves to fortune and distinction. He was almost totally without any other edu-

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cation than what he had derived from the first forms of a free grammar school, having been removed early even from these elementary studies, that he might lose no time in walking over the course of his fortune. Having passed twenty years in India, he had now amassed a princely fortune, and returned to England to enjoy it. His first step was to marry the lady who now figures as his wife, and to this indeed he owes all the respect and estimation which he now enjoys. And to do him justice, he seems full aware of the virtues of this truly amiable and lovely woman, and though in many respects they were very ill paired, they seemed happy in each other. I cannot but here make the cursory remark that nothing is more erroneous, and in many cases more prejudicial, than the doctrine inculcated in novels, that the union of all virtues and of all perfections, is necessary to render the married state happy. My own experience amongst the immediate circle of my own acquaintance, has convinced me to the contrary; I know at this instant more than one or two happy couples, who neither in personal nor mental endowments, have any thing to distinguish them beyond what is common to their fellow creatures. The truth seems to be, that no superemiuent endowments are necessary to happiness. It is within the reach of almost all who try for it. To attain it is only strenuously to attempt it.

In the motley assembly which met together at this rout, it is not much to say that I had some admirers. My fortune and family being known, I was generally regarded as an object of interest and attraction. The old flattered me by kind attention, the young endeavoured to recommend themselves to my notice by the display of their accomplishments.

My aunt particularly introduced me to a Captain Medley, one of the most reputed of the modern men of fashion. With an air of the most extreme insignificance, Sir Laurence was neither destitute of dignity or understanding; he was elegantly and almost profoundly read, and wanted nothing to be a valuable character but a due estimation of the qualities in which he really did excel, and a due contempt for those in which he only attempted to excel. With every possible disqualification for a man of fashion, he seemed to have no aim but to stand at the height of the mode; and whatever folly was most in fashion, in that he laboured to be most egregiously extravagant. Overlooking his own real talents, his learning, and his wit, he endeavoured only at a gay impertinence, a profound *nonchalance*, which was contradicted by every feature in his mind and face. Never did man make more sacrifices to become what nature never intended him.

Many other persons of characters equally singular were introduced to me in the course of the evening, but as I had afterwards more detailed opportunities of knowing them, I shall say nothing further of them in this place. One remark particularly suggested itself, that from the general frivolity of the fashionable world, or some other equally perversive cause, one universal trait characterized every person in this fashionable circle. However they might differ in what might be called their specific character, their general feature was an insignificance, a levity, an apparent want of the power of discriminating between things of no moment, and things of importance. Every thing appeared to them of equal importance, and they talked of every thing in the same tone. The singing of Catalani, the total defeat of the Austrians, an accidental shower in the Park, and the slaughter of thousands on the Rhine and Danube, were mentioned and conversed upon in the same indiscriminating tone. I know not whether to attribute this seeming apathy to want of feeling, or that habitual vacancy of all thought, which is so unhappily introduced by fashionable manners and fashionable habits. From a calm review of what I have seen, and indeed daily do see in the fashionable world, I have no hesitation to say, that the people of fashion have the same hearts and minds as the vulgar, but the fashionable world has an atmosphere so peculiarly its own as gradually to assimilate every thing to itself. A winter course in town, a daily, or rather a nightly intercourse with truly fashionable society, would ossify the best heart. This is my deliberate opinion of the effects of fashionable habits.

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In the course of a few days I had a visit in form from several of the gentlemen to whom I had been more particularly introduced in this rout at Mrs. Pagod's. The first was from Captain Beaufoy.

The person of the Captain was such as might have satisfied any woman, but as if in despite of nature, and to degrade her gifts, he seemed to spare no efforts to sink the gentleman, and to assume something which can only be described in detail. His warm ambition, it would appear, was to be the leading charioteer of the day. He had accordingly established a club, the sole and exclusive business of which was to drive coaches in the resemblance of stages from London to Bedfont, and from Bedfont to London. This was not the diversion of the club, but their business, that for which they lived, and to which they devoted every moment and hour of their time. Something might have been allowed to young men just emancipated from the restraints of the minority or collegiate discipline, but Captain Beaufoy had not this excuse; he had attained his full maturity of age and understanding. I was really grieved that a man really possessed of sense, as was this Captain, should thus lose himself in frivolities, for though all his pursuits were trifling, he was in reality not without sense, and possessed even some talents which might have rendered him respectable in the more important business of life.

I need not say, I hope, that I rejected the proposals of this gentleman; I was resolved not to take a husband from the stable, and not to have a man of whom his friends could say nothing but that he was a DRIVER.

My next lover, (if so I may call them who made their addresses with the most [illegible] *sang froid*, as if they were buying a [illegible] ing a carriage,) my next [illegible] eldest son of an Irish noblema[illegible] [illegible]tion from a contract for blankets. The young Lord Popinjay (his father being an Earl) was only distinguished in the fashionable world from the excessive contrast of his poverty and his pride; he would not so completely defy the heralds as absolutely to assume the royal liveries, but he did what he could; he exhibited a resemblance so near, that it was not easy without a minute inspection, to distinguish one from the other. This pride was the more ridiculous, as it was contrasted with its appendages. A servant richly habited in royal livery was borne on a hack horse, which no one would have purchased for five pounds. My Lord himself, moreover, was not the best mounted in the world, but then his livery was royal, and strangers seeing him at the distance of a mile, would mistake him for one of the Royal Family.

I had no wish to become a representative Princess, and therefore, after amusing myself some time with his Lordship's follies, declined his proposals. I will not extend my present letter by relating many others of a similar kind. In my future narrative you shall have other sketches of fashionable characters, who being informed of my fortune thronged around me as an object worthy of their attention. It is really astonishing, Sir, how many of our most splendid men of fashion lay themselves out, as it were, for the speculation of a rich wife. The first pursuit of a younger brother of a good family is to get a place at court; if his family happen however to be on the wrong side, like *Sir Francis Wrong-head*, he takes another string to his bow, and looks out for an HEIRESS. Surely, Sir, the prevalence of this speculation is not very flattering to our sex in general. What an opinion must the men entertain of us, when they thus consider us as such easy dupes, when they thus consider that they have only to make the attempt, and we are gained.—Your's,

HYMENÆA.

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SECOND-SIGHT.

ISLE OF SKY, NORTH BRITAIN.

[*Concluded from Page* 146.]

TO THE LADY SYBILLA MACKEN.

"CONSTANT had now been absent six months, and since he had left Plymouth I had received only one letter. They know little of the human heart who trust to the permanence of past impressions. I have somewhere read an excellent comparison of the human mind in this respect to the sands of the sea-shore, one wave destroys the trace left by the former, and is in its turn destroyed by its successor. Lovers, particularly absent lovers, should always have this similitude before them. Whilst the idea of Constant was thus gradually weakened by absence, the Count was always at my side, and always endeavouring to render himself necessary and pleasing to me; my education and natural accomplishments rendered this but too easy to him. To the gaiety of the Frenchman without its characteristic frivolity, the Count added the more masculine graces and understanding of an Englishman; and it is a well known and celebrated remark of the elegant Richardson, that no triflers are so pleasing to women as those who, being evidently capable of better things, and competent to higher pursuits, descend to trifle for their sakes.

"Things were in this situation when a most unfortunate event occurred in my family.—After a sudden and short illness my father died. He left a will, by which, after a liberal provision for my mother-in-law, he bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to me: by the same will my mother-in-law was to be my sole guardian during my minority, and I was to lose half the fortune bequeathed to me, if at any time before the age of twenty-five I married without her consent.

"Behold me entirely in the hands of this artful woman, for such I must call her. Let me, however, do her justice; with the single exception of whatever was necessary to the accomplishment of her purpose, I had no cause to complain of her—she treated me with the tenderness of a natural parent, and by this affectionate conduct well supplied to me the place of my late father. I must acquit her, moreover, of any selfishness except in as far as it was necessarily implicated in the nature of her purpose. To confess the truth, though I have suffered such an extremity of misery from the effect of her artifices—though my understanding most completely condemns her, and even my heart does not fully acquit, yet so powerful an hold does she yet retain on my affections, that in the midst of my sufferings I still love the author of them.—Let those who are better read in the human heart, and better versed in the human affections than I am, explain this seeming inconsistency.

"After the proper season for the first mourning had elapsed, my mother resumed the progress of her contrivance, and at length directly proposed to me that I should receive the addresses of the Count. I have reason to believe, that from the daily delight of listening to these addresses I made some very faint objection to this proposal, recalling to her mind only in a cursory and indifferent manner, my engagements to Constant. My mother, looking me earnestly in the face, asked permission to put to me a serious question. 'Is it necessary,' said I, 'that a mother should ask such a formal permission of her daughter—surely mamma this is unkind.' 'I ask the question formally,' replied my mother, 'and seriously, because I expect a serious and formal answer. I need not be told, that there are certain points in which young women deem themselves justified in deceiving even their mothers. Now I wish to arrive at your real sentiments.' 'Propose your question, then madam,' said I; 'I give you my word that I will answer you as seriously as if I was before the altar.' I am sure you will Alicia—there is a candour in your tone and manner which convinces me of it,—my question then briefly is—is Constant still dear to you? does he still occupy your heart and your affections? do you still prefer him to all mankind?'

"Does he not deserve to be loved?' replied I.

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"That is no answer to my question,' rejoined my mother; 'young women are not such perfect machines that their love necessarily follows the merit of its object, nor indeed are all virtues of a kind which necessarily appeal to a woman's affection; Sir Isaac Newton, for example, was a great and a good man, yet I do not think that either you or I should have been enamoured of him—may it not be something of the same kind with Constant? I wish you to confess the truth.'

"What am I to confess?' said I; 'you seem already to have formed your opinion.'

"I have already formed my opinion,' replied my mother, 'and that opinion is, that Constant is not the man that is suited to you; he is grave, you are gay; he is naturally of a sober, plodding (for so I must call it) cast and humour, and you are of an air and humour as totally opposite as fire and water; it is impossible you can mingle together in that intimate intercourse which is necessary to constitute the happiness of a married life. When you are for pleasure he will be for reasoning; when you are for enjoyment he will be for reflection. In short, as a lover, or rather as a husband, I know of but one good quality which he possesses, and perhaps that is one which would not recommend him to ever one, he has not the slightest spark of jealousy about him; like the fools in Congreve's comedies, he will suffer another to court his mistress before his face, and even innocently advance his rival's suit; the apathy of his nature will not suffer him to kindle into jealousy.'

"You do not mean to assert,' said I, 'that he does not love me.'

"No, nothing of the kind,' said my mother;' 'I really believe that he loves you as much as he is capable of loving any one, but you must permit me to say, that he appears to me one of those who naturally and systematically follows the advice of the poet,—to admire nothing passionately, to love every one and every thing with a temper and moderation which shall not endanger his happiness. Now of all kinds of lovers, heaven protect me and my daughter from your thinking, reasoning, philosophical lovers.'

"To what does all this tend,' said I.

"It tends to procure a direct reply to a very intelligible question,—do you, in the present state of circumstances, still continue to love Constant? or, to speak plainly, have you began to prefer the Count?'

"I really forget the terms in which I replied to this question, but they must have been of a nature upon which my mother put a construction favourable to the views of the Count, as she immediately afterwards resumed her advocacy of his cause.

"I must confess,' said she, 'that to me you appear to be fully absolved from any engagement from which you may consider yourself as being implicated towards Constant; three times a sufficient period has elapsed for him to have written and to have received letters, yet he has now been absent month after month, and you know nothing of him but that he is circumnavigating the globe; I must acknowledge that a lover of this nature would not suit me.'

"That I may not enter into a longer detail than the pages of your Magazine may probably be able to admit, suffice it to say, that the arguments of my mother, as seconded by my own inclinations, and the importunities of the Count, had such an effectual result that a kind of compromise took place between us, by which I consented to receive the addresses of the Count as my future husband, unless within the period of three months I received some letter or satisfactory intelligence respecting Constant.

"During the interval the Count continued his addresses, and availing himself of his knowledge of the world, and more particularly perhaps of his knowledge of women, so far prevailed, that I cannot but confess that nothing would have been more unpleasing to me than the arrival of that letter from Constant which must have terminated his hopes. I am really at this distance of time surprised at my infatuation,—continuing daily to receive the addresses of the Count, whilst I acknowledged myself by every principle of right and honour to owe my hand to another.

"My mother, upon her part, made no disguise of her satisfaction, and every preparation was making that our union should take place at the end of three months.

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The matter soon became generally reported in the country, and as the evident conduct of the Count and myself confirmed it, there was but one general opinion and general report, that the Count and myself were to be married.

"In this manner I was precipitated, as it were, into the snare which was prepared, till at length every thing appeared so natural, that when the Count at length pressed me to permit him to fix a day for our marriage, I heard him without surprise, and though I had still resolution to refuse him, he had already advanced very far, when he had persuaded me to listen to such a proposal. By dint of importunity, and by at length availing himself of a favourable moment, the day was at length fixed, and every preparation avowedly made, that our nuptials might be duly solemnized.

"The day arrived, and forgetting all the rights of Constant, I gave my hand to his rival, and became the wife of the Count.

"For some time nothing could be more happy than my husband and myself. Day only succeeded day to introduce some new pleasure. My husband's love seemed only to increase; and grateful for so much tenderness, I on my part became hourly more affectionately attached to him. I must not here omit an observation which I have repeatedly had occasion to make. In my intercourse with my female friends, I have repeatedly heard the indiscriminate use of the words, first love, first attachment, &c. and as repeatedly heard it alleged by them as the received maxim of the female world, that a first attachment, as they call it, is invincible, and that no one can ever be happy but with the object of their first choice. Now I have no hesitation to acknowledge, that the first object of my choice, or to use the sentimental language of the day, that the first image impressed upon my heart, was Constant. In every sense of the word, he was my first love; yet how easy was this first image erased, with how much facility was this invincible love extinguished and subdued. Let no one hereafter assert that misery is the necessary result of a first disappointment. How many notable women are there at this present moment, who, after the mental indulgence of all the ideas of romance, after having been cruelly thwarted in their imagined love of some pennyless swain, have afterwards been compelled to accept some plain honest husband, and are now as happy (to use a vulgar expression) as the day is long. There is not a greater enemy to real happiness than these ill-conceived ideas.

"Our happiness, however, was shortly interrupted: I was walking one day with my husband in the fields which adjoins our house, when a letter was suddenly brought to him. He opened it before I could catch a sight of the superscription. I observed him change colour, and dropping my arm, he left me suddenly, without any other excuse than that the letter demanded an immediate answer.

"A melancholy presentiment overtook me; I continued my walk, but was miserable, though I knew not wherefore. I at length returned towards the house, when I was met by my favourite maid, who was hurrying towards me. The girl seemed frightened I hastily enquired of her the cause.'

"Indeed I know not, Madam,' replied she; but there is something very strange about my master and the gentleman who called on him.'

"Who was the gentleman that called?'

"I know not, Madam,' replied she; 'but being in the shrubbery by the side of the gate which enters upon the lawn, I heard my master say that he would ride to Colonel Orton's, and then return to the place mentioned in the letter. The stranger bowed, and went away, first of all dismissing his own servant and spurring his horse to the full speed.'

"And where is your master?' said I.

"He has mounted his hunter, Madam, and has likewise rode off full speed, and without a servant.'

"Where can he possibly have gone to?' demanded I.

"Indeed I know not,' replied the girl; 'and what could he possibly want with pistols?'

"With pistols!' exclaimed I.

"Yes, madam,' replied the girl; 'he took them from the gun-room, and when he saw me observe him he looked somewhat confused.'

"I had not time to express my alarm when my attention was suddenly diverted

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by a noise at the park gate, through which we had by this time passed. A baker's cart appeared, attended by a crowd of peasants and labourers; my maid and myself rushed forwards to learn the cause, already conjecturing some disaster. Imagine our horror when we saw two bodies extended dead upon straw,—the one my husband, the other by his uniform and his features I instantaneously recognized to be Constant.

"I will not enter into a detailed description of my feelings upon this most horrible event, suffice it to say, that Constant was dead, and my husband only opened his eyes to take my hand, and pressing it feebly, he breathed his last.

"Some years have elapsed since this fatal event; I have since learned by the acknowledgment of my mother, that the Count and herself interrupted the letters of Constant, and that thus I was led to believe that he had totally forgotten me. Confess now, that a more miserable woman than myself cannot exist.

"Your's,

ALICIA."

CHARACTER OF THE SPANISH LADIES.

If the men are distinguished by their peculiar character, the Spanish women are distinguishable for the warmth of their constitutions.

A fantastical enthusiasm for the religious system of their country, pride that would bend every thing beneath its yoke, a singularity that knows no law but its own will, a passion for revenge in opposition to which nothing is held sacred, and an unbridled love of pleasure, are by no means an amiable assemblage of qualities; yet all these are compensated in the Spanish women by a fidelity and an attachment that nothing can shake, by strength of mind and heroism carried to the utmost height. All their sensations are violent, but they have a character of energy and of sublimity, that would carry you away in spite of your better judgment and of all your philosophy.

The physiognomy of a Spanish woman bears the stamp of sensibility. Her slender form, her majestic step, her sonorous voice, her black and brilliant eye, the vivacity of her gesticulation, in a word, the whole action of her person shows the temperature of her soul. Her premature charms are too soon displayed, and fade with equal rapidity. The climate, the heating aliments they use, excess in their amusements, every thing contributes to produce this effect. At forty years of age a Spanish woman seems twice as old, and her whole exterior shows exhaustion and premature old age. Almost all have a down upon their upper lip, a peculiarity which shows the warmth of their constitutions which is so disagreeable, that they have recourse to the *velleras*, or women whose business it is to pluck out the hair. Almost all have spoiled their teeth by an immoderate use of *dulces*, or sweetmeats.

A Spanish woman is sincerely and irrevocably attached to her religion. Her tender veneration for the Madona, her devotion to her patron saint may occupy her infantine heart, the pomp of ceremony may amuse her unpractised senses, but these pious illusions, this mystical enthusiasm, and these sacred tendernesses certainly open her soul to the attacks of love. To love a saint naturally awakens a sense of her sexuality, and thus a voluptuous devotion becomes from sixteen years of age the most important occupation of her life.—In this view alone can the contradictions in her conduct be explained, and her continual alterations of penitences and aberration accounted for, as well as the physical influences exercised over her by the priests.

Divided between religious duties and the pleasures of sense, a Spanish woman seems to be in a state of continual warfare between her conscience and her constitution. Yet in spite of constraint nature at length overcomes the rigour of her principles, and she ends by quieting her conscience with the idea of being able to expiate enjoyment by a mass or a prayer. Hence it is by no means rare to see a beautiful woman quit the arms of love to kneel before a Madona, and, being reconciled by this act of devotion, again hasten to give herself up to pleasure.

The Spanish women, however, are very far from delicate in objects of this kind. With a warm constitution and burning passions they are ignorant of those charms, those sweet

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illusions, which the fair sex derive from delicacy. Hence the most unrestrained language and the most lascivious looks are incapable of making them blush, and what would excite the utmost indignation in a German or an English woman appears perfectly simple and natural to a native of Spain, who yields without reserve to such licentious images as the former would not dare to contemplate even in solitude.

It would be an error, however, to infer from these remarks the certainty of success in the enterprises of a lover. They speak, it is true, on these subjects with the freedom of men; their lips, their eyes, and their ears are alike strangers to chastity, but their pride prevents them going further. Such an attempt from a man would show a sense of superiority, whereas it is they must reign with uncontrouled power. Every such advance would therefore be rejected with disdain. They must not be chosen, it is they must choose. It is they that take upon themselves the part of the man, to whom they only leave the duty of complying with their wishes, and giving himself up entirely to their will. Hence it is that the most timid and the coldest of men are often more successful with them than the most enterprising and impassioned lover. Their despotism forces the former to pay homage to their charms, for their pride has fixed upon them as their slaves. The more indifferent these appear, the more ardour the women shew; the more he shuns her, the more she pursues him. One would imagine she loved him, yet she only desires to be the object of his love. She seems to give herself up to him, yet she only seeks to reduce him to submission.

They are, however, faithful and constant. The energy of their character preserves them from levity, and their pride from baseness.

They are susceptible of the most elevated sentiments, of the most noble sacrifices, of the most generous actions; but the source of these must be sought not so much in her attachment to the object she loves as in the high ideas she entertains of herself. She considers her lover as her property, and uses the same complaisance toward him, that she would feel for herself; but she exacts in return the most absolute devotion to her will.

Nothing can be more burdensome than the restraint attached to the title of lover; it is one uninterrupted succession of minute cares and attentions. Chained to the arm of his cara sposa, he must accompany her every where like her shadow. At the Prado, at mass, at the theatre, at the confessional, never must he quit her, and the whole weight of her affairs of every kind rests upon his shoulders. Never must he approach her empty-handed, especially on feast-days. To him a wish however slightly expressed, a caprice the most undecided, is a command, while the most inviolable respect for her whims and fancies, and the most undisturbed submission of temper are sacred duties; in a word, he must in all things be the passive agent of a woman, whose ardent imagination often commands what is impossible with the most impatient egotism.

Such is the general character of the women of this country. We will now view them as relates to marriage.

This engagement is formed sometimes from an appearance of mutual inclination, frequently from mere convenience, and the nuptial benediction renders it indissoluble. The lover however, who has hitherto appeared the most humble slave of his intended wife, suddenly becomes her master on the very day of his marriage. But while he endeavours to assert his forgotten rights, the wife defends hers with so much the more obstinacy, and at the very moment when he is endeavouring to strip her of her authority, she increases her pretensions. Thus marriage becomes a source of perpetual hostilities, which nourish a disunion between the husband and wife, and which are the principal cause of the continuance of the custom of cortejos.

This word expresses generally a lover, but more particularly that of a married woman. Very frequently this lover has nothing but the name, and might more properly be called a friend, on whom are laid all the cares above described. But how can we reconcile this custom with the ancient jealousy of Spaniards towards their wives? or have we any precise notion of its origin? I can answer neither of these questions; but I will observe, that cortejos are rarely found among the middle classes, and scarcely ever among the lower orders; that they frequently only serve for etiquette, but that still more frequently they enjoy all the privileges of a husband. This species of intimacy however is subject to such rigorous laws, that the two parties in some measure insulate themselves from all other individuals of their sex, and consider the least cause of suspicion as unpardonable. But if on the one hand a lady watches her cortejo with the most extreme jealousy, on the other hand she is most rigid in her attentions to him: for all those who are in this situation never give any other answer to the advances of strangers who are either indiscreet or ignorant of the customs of the country than contemptuous silence or haughty

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disdain. Thus in all the tertullas every cortejo is placed beside his female friend, nor can it be denied, that this servile restraint contributes to give a coldness and a sameness to society.

In speaking however of the multiplicity of unhappy marriages among the Spaniards, I do not mean to exclude all exceptions. But whoever observes with attention the interior of families, will easily convince himself that happy marriages, which are every where rare, are still more so in this country. And where can the women receive that instruction which they ought to have, or acquire just notions of their duties and destinations? All their education consists in a knowledge of a system of dogmas and ceremonies, to which is given the name of religion, and in cultivating a few external accomplishments, such as dancing, embroidery, and playing the guitar. To them marriage is a state of idleness and pleasure. It is on the husband that all the cares of the house and of marketing fall, and in the first and middling classes it is even very rare to see a mother nurse her own children. All the journals in the great towns, as Madrid, Cadiz, Valencia, Barcelona, &c. are full of advertisements of nurses wanted or offering their services, and an express condition is often inserted that the child is to be *taken away*, a custom, which though unknown among our German compatriots is very general both here and in France.

It is true that in Spain women were formerly in a state of the most abject slavery, insomuch that since the general civilization of Europe Spanish jealousy has become proverbial; but in progress of time the manners of Spain, running from one extreme to the other, are almost become more free than in any other country. Women pay and receive visits from their tertullas at will, go to public fêtes without consulting their husbands, spend the income of their dowries as they please, and demand besides a certain proportion of pin-money, which is stipulated in their marriage articles. In a word they not only know how to assert their rights, but enforce their pretensions with the utmost rigour. They also combine together with a kind of *esprit de corps*, by means of which the slightest infringement of common usage is resented as an attack or an injury done to the whole sex.

These ill assorted marriages sometimes produce the most horrid acts of revenge. We will relate one of the most recent examples, which took place at Madrid.—Dona Antonia, a charming woman about twenty-nine years of age at most, was married to a merchant, a man of a mild temper, but capricious and of a weak constitution. This lady had always lived a very retired life, till a young man from Valencia, who came to study the law at Madrid, was recommended to her husband, and thus had access to her. Dona Antonia was pleased with his person, which procured him her favour, and all the privileges attached to it. The husband however perceived their intimacy, and by means of the offers and honourable means he employed succeeded in dismissing the young man, without affording Dona Antonia an opportunity of opposing the measure.

The letters however of Dona Antonia pursued her lover wherever he went, and love and revenge rendered them so eloquent, that the young man some months after broke his word and returned secretly to Madrid. He then renewed his interviews with her at a private house, and his passion daily increased. At length the time arrived that Antonia ventured to communicate to him a plan she had long since formed, of assassinating her husband, and offered him on that condition her hand and fortune. Don Juan shuddered with horror at the proposal, begged her to abandon the idea, showing her the dreadful consequences of so black an action, which he absolutely refused to perpetrate. Hereupon at first she treated him with the profoundest contempt, and then gave herself up to all the extremes that could be suggested by despair. She employed alternately menaces, prayers, and imprecations, then recurred to all the artifices that revenge or love could contrive, till at length Don Juan consented, and the death of the husband was resolved. They were engaged in contriving the means of effecting this, when the following circumstance occurred to hasten its execution.

Dona Antonia had presented one of her watches to Don Juan, but her husband missing it, she accused the cook of having stolen it, and under that pretext discharged her. The husband however meeting the woman, upbraided her with her conduct, but she justified herself by revealing to him the whole secret. He therefore brought her home, concealed her in an alcove, called his wife, and made the pretended theft the topic of conversation. The remainder of this interview may easily be imagined. And now all was lost, and nothing but the death of her husband could save her. The grief of the husband for the infidelity of his wife brought on a fever, and he was obliged to confine himself to his bed. It was therefore determined to send all the servants out on the following Sunday, and leave the patient alone. The opening the door of the balcony was the signal agreed on, and thus the plot was executed. The lover entered the apartment with

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a poinard in his hand, fell upon the sick man, gave him several stabs in the belly, and made his escape. But the unfortunate husband calling for help, a young girl who was with her aunt Dona Antonia heard him. The noise of Don Juan in escaping also attracted her attention, as she ran to the apartment of her uncle, whom she found weltering in his blood, and immediately called her aunt. It may easily be conceived that the latter did not fail to cry out for help too, and to feign the deepest despair. Meanwhile the young man had gained the gate of Toledo, and was going to quit Madrid, when he recollected he had no money: he therefore turned back, and went to his apartment to get some, but strongly impressed with the embarrassment in which he imagined the object of his love to be, he went to a woman of his acquaintance, and there waited to receive some tidings of her.

Two days passed, the report of this assassination spread over Madrid, and in the interval the person who was in the secret of their connection revealed it to her confessor, who advised her to go and inform the alcade mayor. The suspicion was confirmed by an intercepted letter, and the culprits were arrested. Don Juan immediately confessed; and Dona Antonia flew in a rage, when she was informed that her lover had confessed, and loaded him with reproaches and with abuse; but in her last moments her love seemed to be renewed with increased ardour, and when her sentence was read to her she asked: "Y Don John tendra la misma suerte?"—"And will Don John suffer the same fate?"—which being answered in the affirmative, she replied: "Pues senores la siento mucho mas que la mia."—"I am much more grieved, gentlemen, for him than myself;" and immediately fainted.

The day of execution at length arrived, for which a scaffold had been erected in the Plaza-mayor. The two culprits, having received the sacrament in the chapel of the Dominicans, were conducted to execution by the confraternity del Refugio. They were both dressed in black, and Dona Antonia wept. She would have embraced her lover for the last time, but he turned away his head, till the confessor at length reconciled them. She had begged as a favour to be strangled first, but the sentence was that both should be executed at the same moment. They were each on a separate seat. Don Juan fainted at the moment the cord was put round him, but Dona Antonia sat with great decency, casting her eyes upon her lover. They were dispatched in about a minute.

It must here be remarked, that in Spain there is a difference between strangling (dar garotes) and hanging (ahorcar), in the former of which a wheel is used, which turns a cord across a beam, before which the criminal sits.

According to custom the bodies remained exposed in the same state till sunset. Twelve candles of yellow wax burned near them on black stands, and some of the executioner's attendants kept guard. The whole square swarmed with people from four in the morning, and continued so throughout the day. The observations and judgments of the spectators all bore the stamp of the national character. The faces of the deceased being black in consequence of the reflux of blood during the suffocation, the people of course attributed this to the violence the devil had done to their souls. They compared the two countenances. The men made excuses for Don Juan, and the women took up the defence of Dona Antonia. The majority pitied their unhappy fate. This probably it was that induced a curate some days after to say in his sermon, "that he knew for certain, that Madrid contained thousands of women, one half of whom had been guilty of similar crimes, and the other meditated the perpetration of them." We are willing to hope, that the pious pastor in his zeal somewhat exaggerated, yet it is certain that the Spanish women are too often led by the manners of the country to rid themselves of their husbands by poison or any other method. But let us quit these gloomy ideas, and say something of their dress.

The national costume of the women when they go out, consists of a petticoat called basquina, thrown over that worn at home, and a kind of veil called mantilla. The former is black or very dark brown, and the latter black or white, and in small towns sometimes red or green. The basquinas are generally silk trimmed with single, double, or triple flounces very broad and adorned with silk tassels. They are open in front, being tied with ribbons, and are only closed below. The mantillas, made of casimir from Silesia, Saxony, or England, are generally adorned with embroidery, or vandyked trimmings, especially the black, which are used in winter. They are attached to a pad, which is kept in its place by a comb, or to the ribband that encircles the head and binds the hair. Sometimes it is thrown back like a small capuchin on the head and shoulders, sometimes it covers the face or bosom, sometimes it floats freely, and out of town it is often taken off, or falls down behind.

The basquina and the mantilla in reality constitute the Spanish national female dress out of doors, and without them women never appear in public. The poor, and women of the

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lower orders, go sometimes without a basquina, but rarely without a mantilla; for it is indispensably necessary to have both to be completely dressed.

Young girls from their earliest infancy wear the basquina and mantilla, and it is doubtless the custom of wearing them so young, that gives them that habitual elegance, and that peculiar art and grace with which they use them; a grace by which they are distinguished from all other nations, for the mantilla looks like a sack upon a German or a French woman, and does not become them at all; whereas on a Spaniard it is a graceful ornament, that gives to all the features an animated and fascinating air. Being accustomed to the veil from their earliest infancy, all their motions are in harmony with its undulations. Short and transparent according to the present custom, it does not hide their waist, and suffers all the graces of their slender and attractive forms to be perceived. In the southern provinces, during the summer months, the women sometimes wear light jackets without sleeves, and envelop their bosoms and arms in the mantilla in a very pleasing manner. Visits of etiquette are always made and received in a mantilla and basquina, but intimates throw off both, as they can put them on in an instant. These two articles of dress are very convenient, and sometimes cause the wearers to neglect what is beneath them.

Women of the first class adopt the French fashions, and have renounced the national dress, except when they go out on foot, or to public assemblies, to church, or to the theatre. They are always excused from wearing them in the country, and even in the garden of Retiro.

Fashion indeed has already extended her empire even to this species of dress. The mantillas are now shorter, and black gowns with long bodies are worn, in which the body and basquina are in one piece. There are even basquinas of net work, very transparent, under which are light petticoats that show the shape. In winter are worn a kind of pelisses, over which the veil is thrown back, but the old people find great fault with these innovations, and give those who adopt them the nickname of *Pierracas y Madamitas.*

It is well known that this dress originated from the time of the ancient Moors, and that it is still in use in Barbary. Fans seem also to have the same origin, and are in universal use from the queen to the beggar.

The dress at home consists of a jacket and petticoat of silk, cotton, &c. The white or coloured petticoats worn under the basquinas are called *guardapies*, and the under-petticoats *enaguas.* They are furnished with a very light white cloth and adorned with fringe. The laws of luxury require them to be changed every day, and even oftener. Corsets, however, have taken place of stays, and the pads behind have fortunately vanished long since.

As to the head-dress it differs according to the rank of the wearers and in the various provinces; at least among those women who have not adopted the French fashion of frizzing the hair.

Women of the middle class wear generally a cofia, which is a kind of large bag of taffeta with a number of trimmings. The cofia is fixed to the middle of the head, and embraces the tresses behind. Above it is an ivory comb upon the front hair, to which is attached the pad spoken of above used for supporting the mantilla; they often add an aigrette.

The head dress of the lower orders of women varies in different provinces. In Biscay they wear white or coloured handkerchiefs, which cover part of their long tresses, and distinguish the married from the single. In Old Castile, the Asturias, and Galicia, the women wear pointed beaver caps with small flaps or wings, and the hair hogged. In Estremadura they wear a chignon like the French, and bind their hair with ribbands, or wear little white caps. In Andalusia they wear straw hats, in Catalonia nets, &c. The hair of the Spanish women is generally of a fine black, and the use of powder is still very rare.

In their stockings and shoes they are particularly elegant; for this reason their petticoats are short, so that at every step the calf of the leg may be seen through the long and moving fringe of the petticoat. Those who can afford it wear silk stockings, and their shoes adorned with silver spangles. They are so luxurious in this respect that many women use two pair in a week, and it is even expressly stipulated in their marriage contracts. High heels are still in use, and at Madrid, Cadiz, &c. the French women who wear flat heels are exposed to continual raillery. Splendid earrings and diamond rosettes are also much used, as well as bracelets and necklaces. The latter consist among the poor of a shabby rosary, on which are strung counters or small plates of brass.

We have frequently heard the Spanish women of different provinces distinguished thus:—The Biscayans are laborious, the Catalonian excellent housewives, the Castilian prudes, the Andalusian ardent, the Valencian clean and the most beautiful.

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ART OF DRAWING.

[*Continued from Page 217, Vol. III*]

CAN we then expect a learner to copy such a picture with any facility or satisfaction who does not yet know how to represent properly any one of the parts? When told that this is a simple and easy subject, will not the many difficulties opposing his progress disgust him with the pursuit altogether? If he possesses vivacity and patience, he may produce a resemblance of his example; but it is next to impossible that he should gain much, if any, useful knowledge in this way. He may be compared to a schoolboy, who learns the Latin grammar in a language he does not understand, and is as ignorant of the rules when he has with great pains got them by heart as before he dipped into *propria quæ maribus*. Nor is it possible for the master to infuse all the requisite information at once into the pupil, who, if this method is preferred, must long continue to pore in the dark, to remain in partial ignorance, and to work with accumulated difficulty. On the contrary, by studying at first the least complex, and therefore the most easy forms, proceeding from such to those that are more intricate and difficult, the pupil will receive fresh entertainment and improvement from every succeeding lesson.

The knowledge thus acquired will be indelible; continual advantage will arise from applying it to practice; and as every trial will prove the truth and utility of each rule, the exercise of the pencil will become every day more delightful. Let us then proceed in that method which, it is presumed, will not fatigue the youthful mind with perplexing difficulties at every step; let us begin with such principles as are easy to comprehend, and obviously just; which will therefore, if duly attended to, prepare the mind to receive the most important and interesting intelligence; which will direct the eye and guide the hand to correctness, freedom, and masterly execution. Written directions lay down these general rules; their application to practice must be carefully pointed out as opportunity offers, occasionally correcting the youth's performance, or shewing him, with your own hand, how any particular part is executed, not on his drawing, if it can be avoided, but on a separate piece, and continually superintending the first efforts, to preserve strictly that regularity of procedure which will soon become habitual, and which will abridge the trouble at least one half.

We knew a master once whose instructions probably were the most concise ever given to a scholar. When this master gave his pupil an example, the excellence of which this is not the place to investigate, to every interrogation how this or that part was to be done, this was the laconic answer, "Copy."—"But how, Sir?"—"Make yours like that." A mode of instruction thus, if so it may be called, which, though certainly right as it explicitly declared what was to be done, will be generally admitted to leave rather too much to the ingenuity of the scholar as to the *quo modo*. As to touching the pupil's drawings, that was a circumstance this master totally disapproved; he came for instruction, not to have drawings made for him. On this last head I knew another instance at a respectable school in the metropolis of England, the improvement of the pupils was observed to be at first remarkably rapid, and afterwards exceedingly uniform; their drawings never were extraordinary, but they seemed all to be done by the same hand; time brought to light the mysterious cause; the master, dissatisfied continually with the efforts of the scholars when they had half spoiled the paper, rubbed them all out, and as well as he could made all the drawings himself. It is evident then that the scholar must assiduously copy drawings for a considerable time before he can draw after nature, much less attempt to compose from his own imagination. In the commencement of this pursuit care should be taken to give such examples only as the pupil can imitate with the materials placed in his hands; the first instrument to be used, and which is universally useful, is the black lead pencil. At first then, place before him drawings made with a black lead pencil; he cannot with a pencil imitate at all to his satisfaction a print or a drawing made with any other materials; nothing can be so discouraging to youth as to find themselves extremely disappointed, after taking infinite pains, by their work being so extremely dissimilar from the original except in the forms. It is a lamentable practice with many teachers who have more scholars than they can supply with drawings, to set prints before their pupils, which the more pains they bestow to copy the more they inevitably deviate from every thing like the execution of an artist; and when, after all, the drawing is completely finished, it is only a good deal worse than the

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print, which possibly never was good for any thing. The outline is the first thing to be attended to and acquired; correctness herein is most requisite, and indeed indispensable in almost every species of drawing; glaring incorrectness will instantly offend in the finest picture; it is not however necessary, particularly in landscapes, that this accuracy should aim at mathematical precision, or descend to a minute detail of subordinate parts; with a due attention to the general relative proportions the eye will be satisfied. To attain just ideas of proportion, the student cannot bestow too much attention; he should be continually sketching from large and simple examples, by drawing repeatedly the same subject till thorough master of that one before he attempts any other.

It was formerly the general practice to make the scholar begin with straight and other lines, in various directions; perpendicular, horizontal, and sloping; then to join them into squares, triangles, and irregular figures; afterwards to form circles, ovals, and other curved shapes. Certain it is that these are the elements of figures, that all objects are bounded by one or other of these lines; and as no object can be represented without the assistance of lines, to draw them by a full command of hand, with accuracy and spirit, is greatly desirable; but to begin with simple lines, the use of which is not obvious to the learner, has been experienced to create disgust towards an art, apparently in the outset, difficult and tedious, dry and unentertaining: this method, therefore, is but seldom adapted. However, when by the pleasure he receives, the student is thoroughly engaged in the pursuit, he will naturally wish to produce something more perfect than a childish sketch; he will see and feel the necessity of reverting to those first elements of forms, and he will not find the time misapplied which he must bestow in bringing his hand to execute them with facility and precision, and his mind to comprehend the proportions and relations.

The least deviation from the ancient method will probably be found most conducive to the improvement and entertainment of the youthful student; to exercise his imitative powers upon simple, obvious, and well known forms, innumerable variety of which present themselves for our choice at every step we take in town or country, his efforts may be first engaged on these objects which are composed only on straight lines: a mile-stone, direction-post, a watch box, an hovel, or an outhouse, if represented with a just effect of light and shade, will probably attract his attention, by the truth of the resemblance, and engage his attempt to copy them by the facility with which it appears they may be done. Such simple subjects as these may be preferred, because they require less nicety of execution to represent them properly than buildings even of the very same forms; such as a summer-house, an obelisk, a garden-temple, an Italian villa, or an English cottage: and they are capable of conveying useful ideas upon the general properties of lines, which will be readily applied, as the hand attains proficiency, to those objects the principal subjects of picturesque delineation. It may be apprehended that the pupil will find considerable amusement in tracing the conformity between these first rude and truly simple figures and those more elegant, but not more complete embellishments of landscape. And here it is to be remarked, that if the student wishes to acquire freedom of execution and an accurate eye, he must give to the mechanic the rule and compass; his eye must learn to divide and proportion the work; and his hand, directed only by his eye, to draw the lines accurately in whatever direction the object requires. Rules and practice may enable him to attain correctness without a stiff formality, which the rule and compasses assuredly will not. The student will be at once surprised and delighted at the improvement of his hand and judgment, from a little attentive practice upon principles, without the fetters and shackles of mathematical instruments.

To lay down all the rules for drawing regular form, is beyond the scope of this essay; to be able on the spot to take the sketch of a building, of a beautiful prospect, of any curious production of art, or uncommon appearance in nature, is not only a very desirable accomplishment, but a most agreeable amusement to the student advanced thus far in this pleasing art; rocks, mountains, fields, woods, rivers, cataracts, cities, towns, castles, houses, fortifications, ruins, or whatever else may present itself to view on our journey or travels in our own or foreign countries, may be thus brought home, and preserved for our future use either in business or conversation. On this part, therefore, more than ordinary attention should be bestowed.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

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FASHIONS

For JULY, 1809.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—The Elvira Dress.

This dress is composed of yellow crape, with a train about half a yard in length; the front of the skirt forming a deep vandyke (to the point of which is suspended a tassel), and is embroidered round the edge in two shades of brown chenille; the sleeves are formed of several rows of plaits crossed on the arm. To complete the whole of this elegant dress, there is worn with it a jacket of yellow satin, which is formed with three deep vandykes behind and two in front; the bosom square, with three straps across the centre, which are fastened with diamond brooches; the points of this jacket, front, back, and shoulder straps, are embroidered at the edges the same as the dress, which is worn over a slip of white satin, likewise embroidered round the bottom, and the sleeves of which appear below the crape over it, and are finished at the bottom with chenille embroidered in form of a vandyke with the point turned upwards, the centre filled up with a sprig.

No. 2.—Kensington Garden Dress.

Mantle of green crape, with a train terminating in a point, trimmed all round with feather trimming of the same material; a tippet with a pointed cape attached to the mantle, the ends of which cross the bosom, and are tied behind with a ribband; with this is worn a Gipsy hat of the same coloured crape; the crown quartered with a small knot on the top, and on the left side a cord and tassels; the hat trimmed at the edge the same as the mantle. Robe dress, walking length, of white washing sarsnet, with an embroidered border.

LADIES' DRESSES
ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF
HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

Her Majesty.—A green and lilac silver tissue petticoat, with lace draperies, richly ornamented with diamonds, festoons of Valenciennes lace, and beautiful diamond tassels; train to correspond, with a most superb border, composed of diamonds, &c. This dress exceeded, in respect to magnificence, any of the dresses worn by her Majesty of late years.

Princess Augusta.—Petticoat of amber-colour tissue, embroidered with lilies of the valley, in silver stripes, with a very rich border of oak leaves; a mantle of Turkish silk, a late present from the Ottoman court to his Majesty. This dress was peculiarly beautiful.

Princess Elizabeth.—A dress of sea-green silver tissue, with magnificent drapery of silver net, divided in rows, laced open, and fastened together with large silver beads and silver bullion, forming a net work, contrasted by the drapery, and bordered by the same in pendant festoons, with profusion of handsome silver tassels, displayed in looping up the drapery, large bunches of fern or mountain *sougere* had a strikingly new and elegant effect; the addition of a massy bottom of silver, bordered with beads and foil, completed this superb dress.

Princess Mary—Appeared in a dress of sapphire blue silver tissue, embroidered all over with bouquets of fancy flowers in dead and bright foil, intermixed with stars and ring spangles, pointed and festooned draperies, with magnificent borders in chains and stars, and branches of large laurel leaves in dead and bright foil, alternately relieving each other, with small branches of foil and spangles in drooping

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flowers; drapery festoons looped up by large bunches of silver oak and acorns tastefully arranged, relieving the massy borders of the flat drapery; at the bottom a rich border of falling leaves, supported by festoons of ring spangles and bullion; the whole finished with handsome cords and tassels.

Princess of Wales.—A superb lilac and silver gossamer gauze court train, richly embroidered all round with a beautiful silver net fringe, embroidered with a magnificent plume of feather lamé work, embellished with silver spangles up the front and centre of the dress; body, sleeves, and pocket-holes, richly embroidered in plate silver-work and spangles, the drapery looped up with superb diamonds in clusters; the richness and beauty of this dress were extremely elegant; head-dress diamonds and rich ostrich feathers.

Princess Charlotte of Wales.—A frock of pale blue patent net embroidered in silver, with a light elegant border of the same.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester—As is usual, was most elegantly attired. Her Highness wore a white satin petticoat, richly embroidered with white bugles, and tastefully ornamented with bunches of roses, the latter formed the draperies; body and train of white satin, embroidered and trimmed with bugles, fringe, and roses; head dress, feathers and diamonds.

Princess Castelcicala.—A white satin dress, with draperies of the same, blended with crape, tastefully ornamented with beads, looped up with the same, bordered at the bottom with white satin leaves, knotted to a cluster with a small bead tassel.

Duchess of York.—Petticoat of white satin, with draperies of white crape, richly embroidered with blue and almond blossoms, with a rich border of lilac flowers, silver cords and tassels; train of silver tissue to correspond; head-dress, a silver turban, blue feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

Duchess of Bedford.—A rich white satin robe and coat, the whole of the petticoat covered with a magnificent drapery of gold lamé work, on fine white lace, supported by very large gold tassels and cord, and trimmed with a rich gold fringe, from which was suspended innumerable beautiful gold tassels.

Duchess of Buccleugh.—A petticoat of purple satin, with lace draperies, ornamented with vandyke silver fringe and tassels; train of purple satin, decorated with silver and lace; head-dress, embroidered net, with a profusion of diamonds.

Marchioness of Buckingham—Lilac and silver tissue, with beautifully formed drapery of the same, supported by a profusion of magnificent tassels and large cord, richly finished with a rich fringe, on fine point lace.

Dowager Duchess of Rutland.—A court dress of Pomona green, with drapery of lace, tied up with bunches of white lilac; head dress, feathers and diamonds.

Marchioness Cornwallis.—White satin Petticoat, with a broad rich silver border of dead silver flowers, with bright silver leaves, the draperies of pea-green crape, with a rich applique border in bright silver and dead silver flowers, ornamented all over in dead silver stars, with large silver ropes; the train of green crape, with body and sleeves ornamented to match.

Marchioness of Salisbury.—Brown and silver gauze petticoat, ornamented with chains of silver; body and train to correspond.

Marchioness Townshend.—A lilac dress, very richly embroidered and trimmed with silver; head-dress, lilac feathers and diamonds.

Machioness of Bath.—White crape petticoat, and draperies embroidered in wreathes of roses, with net, foil, and spangles, mosaic applique of silver rose leaves, embellished with cords and rich tassels; train, white crape, with silver borders.

Marchioness of Downshire.—A pale green crape petticoat, bordered with a wreath of oak leaves in deep green and silver spangles, draperies of white lace net, richly embroidered in real silver oriental lamé, ornamented with cord and large tassels; train green crape, with rich silver border; head dress, a turban of green crape richly spangled, and panache of ostrich feathers, and magnificent diamonds.

Countess of Loudon and Moira.—Violet net, richly embroidered with shells of silver; drapery festooned with silver cords and tassels; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Mahon.—White crape, richly embroidered in shells of silver hops; train silver tissue; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Cardigan.—White and silver; body and train of green; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Camden.—A white satin petticoat, richly ornamented with gold and gold shell lace, with rich cords and tassels; train of white satin.

Countess of Pembroke.—Grey sarsnet petticoat, trimmed at the bottom with crape, embroidered with silver concaves and silver bows, drapery of white crape festooned with rich silver tassels; train of grey sarsnet, trimmed with silver; head dress of diamonds.

Countess of Chesterfield.—A pea-green crape petticoat, the bottom richly embroidered in green and silver pine-apples; right side dra-

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pery of green crape, richly embroidered in silver lilies and green leaves; left side a square drapery, richly embroidered of the same, the ground-work a shower of spangles; train of green crape, trimmed with silver; head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Jersey.—A pink sarsnet petticoat, elegantly trimmed with fine Brussels lace and pink ribbons; train and body of the same; head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Bridgewater.—Apricot-coloured crape petticoat and draperies, elegantly ornamented with matted silver beads; train of the same; head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

Countess Conyngham.—White satin petticoat, richly embroidered with a Tartar border in pearls and foil, a short drapery of white crape, elegantly embroidered with stripes to correspond with the petticoat; train of white satin, richly ornamented with pearls and concave spangles; head dress a beautiful plumage and diamonds.

Countess of Cardigan.—Petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered with silver.

Countess Grosvenor.—Lilac petticoat of Albion red, and draperies of lace, ornamented with silver in the form of bunches of grapes; silver cords and tassels.

Countess Northesk.—Dark green crape petticoat, beautifully ornamented with white lilac and point lace; body and train to correspond.

Countess of Hampden—Wore a beautiful dress of white satin and crape, ornamented with pearls and rich stomacher of coloured jewels; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

The Lady Mayoress.—Petticoat of lilac, embroidered with lilies of the valley in silver; border of cockle shells, finished with elegant tassels of an entirely novel fashion.

Lady Amelia M'Leod.—Lilac gauze, ornamented with white roses; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady Waterpark.—A white and silver dress; train of violet silk, trimmed with silver; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady Sophia Lumley.—White crape, embroidered with silver; train of lilac crape, trimmed with silver; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady Theodosia Craddock—White crape, ornamented with rich blond and pearls; head-dress feathers and pearls.

Lady C. Thynne.—White crape petticoat, trimmed with blond and lilies of the valley, crape drapery, ornamented with wreaths of roses; crape train, trimmed with lace and lilies of the valley; head-dress, ostrich feathers and wreaths of roses.

Lady Dynevor.—A brown sarsnet gown and petticoat, tastefully ornamented with black lace and gold beads, formed in draperies.

Lady Macclesfield.—A silk petticoat of primrose colour, white net draperies, richly grounded with pearls and magnificent wreaths of pearl roses, with a fine fall of leaves, likewise of pearls on the left side; the robe, primrose coloured silk, trimmed in the same way: the head-dress, feathers of primrose colour, with a profusion of diamonds and pearls.

Lady Melville—A pale green silver tissue petticoat; a drapery of dark green crape, richly embroidered with silver; the robe to correspond: the head dress white feathers and bands of diamonds.

Lady Hardwicke.—A pale lilac satin petticoat, most magnificently embroidered with silver, in a fine scrawl pattern, with a mixture of pearl; the robe the same, with a rich embroidered stomacher and sleeves; the head-dress a fine plume of feathers and diamonds.

Lady Kingston.—White crape petticoat, richly embroidered with silver drapery, looped up with large cord and silver tassels; train white crape; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Lady Georgiana Cecil.—Lace petticoat, over yellow silk, ornamented with yellow roses; train of yellow silk; body ornamented with yellow lace.

Lady Emily Cecil—The same dress as her sister.

Lady Bontein.—Yellow crape, the petticoat of satin, with rich draperies of yellow crape, festooned and looped with beautiful pearls, supported by a profusion of beautiful yellow tulips, ranunculuses, and columbines; robe and draperies trimmed with superb point lace.

Lady W. Gordon.—Petticoat of orange and silver tissue elegantly trimmed with silver; train of orange and silver tissue trimmed with silver and rich Brussels point; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Lady Mary Poulet.—A petticoat of white satin, ornamented with white flowers and draperies of white crape and flowers, forming a sash; train of white satin and crape.

Lady de Crispigay—Petticoat of sea-green crape, very richly embroidered in gold and spangles, with a rich gold and green fringe, draperies of sea-green crape, embroidered on the petticoat, and tastefully drawn up with gold cords and tassels; body and train of sea-green crape, trimmed with gold, and gold sleeves, point ruffles and tucker; head dress of sea green crape, diamond bandeau and diamond corn flowers, with a plume of white feathers; diamond necklaces, ear-rings, and brooches.

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Lady Innes Kerr.—Petticoat of yellow figured satin, with draperies of pink crape *en applique* in silver, and ornamented with bunches of silver leaves, train of yellow figured satin, trimmed with Brussels point; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Lady Charlotte Nelson.—A train of Pomona green crape, richly embroidered with beads, and diamond stomacher, and the body decorated with wreaths of diamonds, the petticoat was green to correspond, ornamented with chains of beads and tassels of cope de pearl, the draperies fastened with large bunches of variegated choice flowers; head dress of green, and plume of white ostrich feathers, supported by the diamond aigrette which was presented by the Grand Seignior to her illustrious uncle, Admiral Lord Nelson.

Lady Charles Somerset—A white sarsnet petticoat, with dress lace draperies, ornamented with bunches of moss roses, and scabiusses, and rows of French pearl; train of figured sarsnet, richly trimmed.

Hon. Mrs. A. Stanhope.—Petticoat of yellow crape, richly embroidered with dead silver; the drapery looped up with silver snow drops; train to correspond; head-dress diamonds and feathers.

Hon. Mrs. Villiers.—A petticoat of blue crape, embroidered with silver.

Hon. Mrs. Couzens—White satin, with drapery, embroidered in shells of silver spangles, edged with a beautiful border of dead and bright silver hops; body and train the same, white net embroidered with silver.

Hon. Mrs. West—Body and train of lilac Peruvian net, trimmed with Brussels point and silver; petticoat of white crape richly embroidered in silver, intermixed with bunches of corn flowers, and tied up with cords and tassels.

Hon Mrs. Irby.—A white crape dress over lilac silk, the drapery having a very brilliant ornamental silver border, large silver tassels bearing a silver cord across the dress, giving a good relief to the border, finished at the bottom with a border of silver willow leaves, the crape spangled all over in small flowers; a robe of lilac figured gauze, trimmed with crape, beautifully bordered with talle, and ornamented with chenille.

Mrs. Canning.—Amber coloured dress, richly embroidered in silver drapery, looped up with silver cord and tassels; train of same colour, richly embroidered and trimmed with point lace; head dress ostrich feathers and diamonds.

TO MISS H——.

AGAIN returns the flowing Spring,
All nature wears a lovelier smile;
Yet its return no blossoms bring,
No cheering sun our cares beguile.

Long have we seen our days o'erspread
With ills o'er ills that gather fast,
The dawn of hope's no sooner rear'd
Ere it receives the cruel blast.

Grieve not, my dear, tho' hard your fate,
At this continued scene of woe;
Fortune will yet her frowns abate,
And happier days once more bestow.

Still thou shalt see thy brother rise,
In spite of envy's specious grin;
Truth her envenom'd tongue defies,
While conscious honour glows within.

Calm, my Susan, calm such fears,
Nor let a thought your mind distress;
Thy brother's toils, a few short years,
With wealth will all his efforts bless.

B. H——.

ON account of the length of the Court Dresses we have omitted our OBSERVATIONS *and* LETTER ON DRESS, *which, in truth, are this month destitute of all novelty.*

Mr. BELL *regrets much that many of the Portraits given in the preceding Number of this Work, were delivered in a very feeble condition, owing to an imperfection in the copper. The Engraving was very finely executed; the first impressions were very beautiful, but the copper proving to be very soft, few good impressions were produced. Mr.* BELL *is therefore preparing another Plate, entirely new, from the same subject, and he means to give fine impressions of it in the next Number, as an additional plate, without any additional expence, in order that he may be sure of every Subscriber having a fine impression.*

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PARADISE LOST.

A POEM IN TWELVE BOOKS.

BY

JOHN MILTON.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now falling into hell described here, not in the centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos. Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then confounded. They rise, their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with the hope of regaining heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the deep. The infernal peers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire [Seed,
That Shepherd, who first taught the Chosen
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos: or if Sion hill [flow'd
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first [spread
Wast present, and with mighty wings out-
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support!
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men. [view,
Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy
Nor the deep tract of hell, say first what cause
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first reduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in heav'n and battle proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf
Confounded, though immortal: but his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain [eyes,
Torments him; round he throws his baleful
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible,
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where Peace
And Rest can never dwell, Hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed

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With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place eternal Justice hath prepar'd
For those rebellious, here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n
As from the center thrice to th' utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and welt'ring by his side
One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd
Beëlzebub. To whom th' Arch-enemy,
And thence in heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:
If thou beest he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright! If he who mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd
In dubious battle on the plains of heav'n,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
This downfall; since by fate the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heav'n.
So spake th' apostate angel though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair;
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer:
O Prince! O Chief of many throned powers,
That led th' imbattled seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearless, indanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us heav'n and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heav'nly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
Though all our glory' extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he our conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpow'r'd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?
Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd:
Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
But see the angry Victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heav'n: the sulphrous hail
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,

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Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of Desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
And re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope.
Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream:
Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam:
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permission of all ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shown
On Man by him seduc'd, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.
Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is Sov'rain can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition though in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heav'n, or what more lost in hell!
So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub
Thus answer'd. Leader of those armies bright
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we ere while, astounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height.
He scarce had ceas'd when the superior Fiend [shield,
Was moving tow'ard the shore; his ponderous

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Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains on her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbow'r; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases
And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heav'n gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.
They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude, like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And pow'rs that erst in heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till wand'ring o'er the earth, man,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their creator, and the invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great emp'ror's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
The chief were those who from the pit of hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.

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First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrils loud
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worship'd in Rabba and her watry plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Himmon, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.
Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowr'y dale of Sibma, clad with vines,
And Eleale to the Asphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd
Ev'n to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide; lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell
With these came they, who from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,
These feminine. For spirits, when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded in their essence pure,
Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumb'rous flesh; but in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Ashtoreth; whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grounsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers:
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz his sottish conqu'ror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew, who under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wand'ring gods disguis'd in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,
Jehovah, who in one night when he pass'd
From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heav'n, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
Or altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns Athiest, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God?

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In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above the loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage: and when Night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Expos'd a matron to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th' Ionian gods, of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confess'd later than heaven and earth, [born,
Their boasted parents: Titan heav'n's first
With his enormous brood, and birth right seiz'd
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove
His own and Rhea's son like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
Their highest heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.
All these and more came flocking; but with looks [pear'd
Down-cast and damp, yet such wherein appear
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief [lost
Not in despair, to have found themselves not
In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears. [sound
Then strait commands, that at the warlike
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving; with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and througing helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorder; such as rais'd
To heights of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase [pain,
Anguish and doubt, and fear and sorrow, and
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanc'd in view, they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impose; he through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods,
Their number last he sums. And now his heart [strength
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his
Glories: for never since created man
Met such embodied force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain, with all his peerage, fell
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread Commander: he above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd; as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, from behind the moon
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone

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Above them all th' Archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and Care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under-brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines, [bare,
With singed top, their stately growth, though
Stand on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last [way.
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their
O myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers
Matchless! but with th' Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter; but what pow'r of mind
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend,
Self rais'd, and re possess their native seat?
For me be witness, all the host of heav'n,
If counsels different, or danger shunn'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full; but still his strength conceal'd, [fall.
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in heav'n, that he ere long
Intended to create and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of heav'n:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd,
For who can think submission? War, then, war,
Open or understood, must be resolv'd.
He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew [thighs
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell; highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms [war,
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of
Hurling defiance tow'rd the vault of heav'n.
There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke: the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
A numerous brigade hastened: as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pick-axe arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In visions beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength, and art, are easily out-done
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil,
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
High on the plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,

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Sev'ring each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells,
By strange conveyance, fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did they want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately height, and strait the doors
Opening their brazen folds, discover wide
Within her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With Naptha and Asphaltus, yielding light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
And some the architect; his hand was known
In heav'n by many a towered structure high,
Where sceptr'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos th' Ægean isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with his rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
To' have built in heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent,
With his industrious crew, to build in hell.
Mean while the winged heralds by command
Of sov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates,
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defy'd the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air [bees
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till the signal given,
Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount, or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the Moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to earth
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
Intent with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporated spirits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their shape immense, and were at large,
Though without number still amidst the hall
Of the infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat
A thousand demi gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: Some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search; Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan returns. He passes on his journey to Hell gates, finds them shut, and who sate their to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merits rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heav'n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus display'd.
Pow'rs and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me, though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heaven
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loss
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior: but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.
He ceas'd, and next him Moloch, sceptre'd king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse
He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake.
My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather choose,
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs, to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels, and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend

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Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;
The event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorr'd deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus
We should be quite abolish'd and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which to the height enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being:
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desp'rate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open war, O Peers!
As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? the tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bord'ring deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more; sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed,
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awak'd should blow them into sev'nfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds, and for ever sunk

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Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end! this would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? he from Heav'n's height
All these our motions vain sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might,
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here
Chains and these torments? better these than worse
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what would fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqu'ror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd
With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour, or inur'd not feel,
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light,
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.
Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reason's garb
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
For peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.
Either to disinthrone the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord supreme
We overpow'r? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbl'd hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc'd Hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied sov'reign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task,
In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek [own
Our own good from ourselves, and from our
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse
We can create, and in what place soe'er
Thrive under ev'l, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst [Sire
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling
Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd,
And with the majesty of darkness round [roar
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders
Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n show more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war: ye have what I advise.
He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull

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Sea-faring men o'er-watch'd, whose bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: Such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heav'n.
Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake. [Heav'n,
Thrones and Imperial Pow'rs, Offspring of
Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now
Must we renounce, and changing style be call'd
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless; while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king; and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsaf'd or sought; for what peace will be given
To us inslav'd, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our pow'r hostility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqu'ror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dang'rous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place,
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc'd amongst the Gods, and by an oath,
That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
Of substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety Though Heav'n be shut,
And Heav'n's high arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants, or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep

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Will once more lift us up in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neighb'ring arms
And opportune excursion we may chance
Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some mild zone
Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair light
Secure, and at the brightning orient beam
Purge off this gloom; this soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of those corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we send [find
In search of this new world; whom shall we
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? what strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage? for on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His looks suspence, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own dismay
Astonish'd: none among the choice and prime
Of those Heav'n-warring champions, could be found
So hardy as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage: till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchial pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake:

O Progeny of Heav'n! empyreal Thrones!
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seis'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plung'd in the abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers!
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd
With splendor, arm'd with pow'r, if ought propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers, [home,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion; intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coast of dark Destruction, seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprise
None shall partake with me. Thus saying, rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, least from his resolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd;
And so refus'd, might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'rds him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
That for the general safety he despis'd
His own: for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue; least bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heav'n's cheerful face, the louring element

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Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip, snow, or shower;
If chance the radiant sun with farewel sweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men, devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, man only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.
The Stygian council thus dissolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers:
Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
Alone th' antagonist of Heav'n, nor less
Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme,
And Godlike imitated state; him round
A globe of fiery seraphim inclos'd
With bright emblazoury, and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets' regal sound the great result:
Tow'rds the four winds four speedy cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy
By herald's voice explain'd; the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclame.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and wand'ring, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he might likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields.
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigade form,
As when to warn proud cities war appears
Wag'd in troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Pick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into the Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that Fate
Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance.
Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when sp'rits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)
Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:
Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
In bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gather heaps, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulph profound as that Serbonian bog

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Betwixt Damiata and mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold perfumes th' effect of fire.
Thither by harpy footed furies hal'd
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change [fierce,
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt
Medusa, with Gorgonian terror, guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands
With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire.
Mean while the adversary of God and Man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of high'st design, [hell
Puts on swift wings, and tow'rds the gates of
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the Iles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply stemming nightly tow'rd the Pole. So seem'd
Far off the flying fiend: at last appear
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantin rock,
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waste, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung [creep,
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would
If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within, unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides, hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his son except,
Created thing nought valued he nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began:
Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dars't, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with sp'rits of Heav'n.
To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd:
Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's son

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Conjur'd against the High'st, for which both thou [condemn'd
And they, outcast from God, are here
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with sp'rits of Heav'n, [scorn
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deform: on th' other side
Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds, [on
With Heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only son? What fury, O Son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom;
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore, then thus to her Satan return'd.

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal vale, first met, thou call'st
Me Father, and that phantasm call'st my Son;
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.

T' whom thus the portress of hell gate reply'd:

Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In Heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in sight
Of all the seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum [fast
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and
Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fair, a goddess arm'd
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seis'd
All th' host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while war arose,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could else?) to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout
Through all the empyréan, down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heav'n, down
Into this deep, and in the general fall
I also! at which time this powerful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded Death.
I fled, but he pursued (though more, it seems,

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Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,
Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly-born, with sorrow infinite
To me; for when they list into the womb
That bred them, they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before my eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be; so fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.
She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth:
Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us unforseen, unthought of; know
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
Of spirits, that in our just pretences arm'd
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the purlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Lest Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils: be this or aught
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, inbalm'd
With odours; there we shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:
The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful king
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her pow'r, the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth rebounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,

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Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place are lost; where eldest Night,
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mast'ry, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th' almighty maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds:
Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to raze
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious; but that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain, plump down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryphon through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: So eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way, [flies:
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sound and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bord'ring on light; when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavillion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthron'd
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumour next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all embroil'd,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm, but by constraint
Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heav'n; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, th' ethereal king
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my course;
Directed no mean recompence it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway
(Which is my present journey) and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With falt'ring speech and visage incompos'd,
Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,

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That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head against Heav'n's king, though overthrown.
I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils,
Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night: first Hell
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that side Heav'n from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go and speed;
Havoc and spoil and ruin are my gain.
He ceas'd; and Satan stay'd not to reply,
But glad that now his sea should find a shore;
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosporus betwixt the justling rocks:
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he;
But he once past, soon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wond'rous length
From Hell continued reaching the utmost orb
Of this frail world; by which the Spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the wall of Heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmost works a broken foe
With tumult less and with less hostile din,
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And fast by hanging in a golden chain
This pendant world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a cursed hour he hies.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

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PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretels the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount Niphates.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of Knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of Nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.
Now had the almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he sits
High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the sanctities of Heav'n
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd

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Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son; on earth he first beheld
Our two first Parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd, without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake:
Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage
Transports our adversary? whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss'
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly tow'rds the new created world,
And man there plac'd, with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert,
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall,
He and his faithless progeny: Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' eternal powers
And spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
Where only what they needs must do appear'd,
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had serv'd Necessity,
Not me? They, therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-rul'd
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
Or ought by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge and what they chuse; for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain
Till they inthrall themselves; I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd [grace,
By th' other first: Man, therefore, shall find
The other none: in mercy and justice both,
Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory excel,
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.
Thus, while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace,
Which uttering thus he to his father spake:
O Father! gracious was that word which clos'd [grace;
Thy sov'reign sentence, that Man should find
For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Incompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
For should Man finally be lost, should Man,
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the Adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell
Draw after him the whole race of Mankind,

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By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both [fence.
Be question'd and blasphem'd without de-
To whom the Creator thus reply'd:
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed:
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsaf'd; once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and inthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desire;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th' incensed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ears shall not be slow, mine eyes not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide,
My umpire Conscience, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This my long suff'rance and my days of grace,
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of Heav'n,
Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath nothing left,
But to destruction, sacred and devote,
He with his whole posterity must die;
Die he or Justice must; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save?
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?
He ask'd, but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all Mankind
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest meditation thus renew'd.
Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace; [way,
And shall Grace not find means, that finds her
The speediest of the winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?
Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Atonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me Man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreck all his rage;
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess
Life in myself for ever; for thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample air, in triumph high,
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show [the sight
The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at
Pleas'd, out of Heav'n shalt look down and smile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return

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Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd
And reconcilement; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.
His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal man, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd
All Heav'n what this might mean, and whither tend [ply'd:
Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus re-
O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for Mankind under wrath, O thou
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
To me are all my works, nor Man the least,
Though last created; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee a while, the whole race lost.
Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself Man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,
By wond'rous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all Mankind, though Adam's son,
As in him perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restor'd
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
Godlike fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed Universal King; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee as head supreme
Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions, I reduce:
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning arch-angels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while [spring
The world shall burn, and from her ashes
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need,
God shall be all in all. But all ye gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies;
Adore the Son, and honor him as me.
Nor sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions: lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;
Immortal amarant, a flow'r which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of Life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of Life,
And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heav'n
Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream;
With these that never fade the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams, [bright
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the

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Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet,
Of charming symphony, they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n:
Thee, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitst
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle Heav'n, that brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they sang of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made visible, th' almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold; on thee
Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He Heav'n of Heav'ns, and all the pow'rs therein,
By thee created, and by thee threw down
Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaime
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not so on man: him through their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity incline:
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd,
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For Man's offence. O unexampled love,
Love no where to be found less than divine!
Hail! Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my Song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.
Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent,
Mean while, upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs inclos'd
From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless expos'd, and ever threat'ning storms
Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky;
Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n, [gains
Though distant far, some small reflection
Of glimmering air less vex'd with tempest loud: [field,
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious
As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light:
So on this windy sea of land the Fiend
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place
Living or lifeless to be found was none;
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aereal vapors flew
Of all things transitory and vain, when Sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th' other life;
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd;
Those argent fields more likely habitants,

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Translated Saints, or middle Spirits bold
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.
Hither of ill join'd sons and daughters born
First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came single; he who to be deem'd
A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles; and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead who lives in Heaven;
And they who to be sure of Paradise
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd;
They pass the planets sev'n, and pass the fix'd,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd;
And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo,
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air; then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits with their wearers tost
And flutter'd into rags, then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste
His travel'd steps: far-distant he descries
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heav'n a structure high,
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz,
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cry'd, This is the gate of Heaven.
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd,
Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:
Direct against which open'd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to th' earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promis'd Land to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Pancas the fount of Jordan's flood
To Beersaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian shore;
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair
That scal'd by steps of gold to Heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night; at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder seiz'd, though after Heaven seen,
The sp'rit malign, but much more envy seiz'd
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease

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Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there
He stay'd not to enquire: above them all
The golden sun in splendour likest Heaven
Allur'd his eye: thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament, (but up or down
By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude) where the great luminary
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep;
So wond'rously was set his station bright.
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw.
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar'd with aught on earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides
Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Portable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' equator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall; and th' air
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on some great charge employ'd
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:
And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd:
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume sprinkled with gold,
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard; the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known
Th' Arch-Angel Uriël, one of the seven
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.
Uriel, for thou of those sev'n Spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye
To visit oft this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wond'rous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wond'rous he ordain'd,

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Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wand'ring. Brightest Seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath Man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with secret gaze
Or open admiration him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel foes
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss
Created this new happy race of Men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways.
So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
For neither Man nor Angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth:
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill [beguil'd
Where no ill seems: which now for once
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held
The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heaven;
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul
In his uprightness answer thus return'd.
Fair Angel, thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps
Contented with report hear only in Heav'n;
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And this ethereal quintessence of Heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move; [course;
Each had his place appointed, each his
The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side, [shines;
With light from hence, though but reflected,
That place is Earth, the seat of Man, that light
His day, which else as th' other hemisphere
Night would invade; but there the neighb'ring moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heaven,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bower.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires. [low,
Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan bowing
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects, [beneath,
Took leave, and toward the coast of earth
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,
Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel,
Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of Life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them awhile, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the ground of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hindred by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalypse heard cry in Heav'n aloud
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
"Woe to th' inhabitants on earth!" that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scap'd,
Haply so 'scap'd his mortal snare: for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The Hell within him; for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step no more than from himself can fly
By change of place: now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad;
Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower:
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.
O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride, and worse ambition threw me down
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless king:
Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?
O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? Some other Power
As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean

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Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would height recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore! ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewel hope, and with hope farewel fear,
Farewel remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long, and this new world shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and despair;
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practis'd falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down
The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befal
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
He mark'd, and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he supposs'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd; and over head upgrew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of Paradise up sprung:
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd with gay enamel'd colours mix'd:
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath show'r'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landskip: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:

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So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd
Than Asmodëus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.
Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick intwin'd
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way:
One gate there only was, and that look'd east
On th' other side: which when th' arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt,
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views
To all delight of human sense expos'd
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A Heav'n on Earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in th' east
Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste,
And all amid them stood the tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death the tree of Knowledge grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mould high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs, worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs: thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hillock; or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan

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Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers
Herself a fairer flow'r by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nysean isle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid son
Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd
True Paradise under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, inclos'd with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures new to sight and strange.
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all,
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She as a veil down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those myst'rious parts were then conceal'd,
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down: and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers;
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase
In woods or wilderness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them; th' unwieldy elephant
To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe probocis; close the serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the sun
Declin'd was hasting now with prone career
To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale
Of Heav'n the stars that usher evening rose:
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.
O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold?
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.
Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh

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Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd
Long to continue, and this high seat your Heaven
Ill fenc'd for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied: league with you I seek,
And mutual amity so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.'
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd,
By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now [hor.
To do what else though damn'd I should ab-
So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
Down he alights among the sportive herd
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and unespy'd
To mark what of their state he more might learn
By word or action mark'd: about them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground, [both
Whence rushing he might surest seize them
Grip'd in each paw: when Adam first of men
To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow.
Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinite, and free as infinite;
That rais'd us from the dust and plac'd us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath need, he who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise that bears delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of Knowledge, planted by the tree of Life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of pow'r and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion giv'n
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard,
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers, [sweet.
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were
To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom [flesh,
And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where [how.
And what I was, whence thither brought, and
Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as the expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,

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EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT,

BEING THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. Shut, shut the door, good John, fatigu'd I said,
Tie up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide;
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge,
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me:
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner time.
Is there a parson, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause;
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope;
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong
The world had wanted many an idle song,)
What drops of nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face:
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."
Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends;
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;
"I'm all submission, what you'd have it make it."
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,
"I want a patron; ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—but here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
"Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine;
"He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."
Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues,
"A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."
If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."
There (thank my stars!) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the house reject him, "'Sdeath, I'll print it,
"And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door:
"Sir, let me see your works and you no more."
'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring
(Midas, a sacred person and a king),
His very minister who spied them first
(Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous things,
I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing—*P.* Nothing, if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:

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The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb thro'
He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib or sophistry in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again;
Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,
Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer;
And has not Colley still his lord and whore?
His butchers Henly, his free-masons Moor?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?
Still Sappho—*A*. Hold, for God's sake—you'll offend,
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these—*P*. One flatt'rer's worse than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."
There are who to my person pay the court,
I cough like Horace, and, tho' lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high;
Such Ovid's nose; and, "Sir! you have an eye"—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgrac'd my betters met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head;"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.
Why did I write! what sin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink, my parent's, or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd:
The muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me thro' this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserv'd to bear.
But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd Garth, inflam'd with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read;
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head;
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friend before)
With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their author when by these belov'd!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.
Soft were my numbers, who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with bedlam or the mint.
Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence;
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right;
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd their ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds;
Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakspear's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,

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Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year;
He who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning,
And he whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these my modest satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatt'rers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?
What, tho' my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great George! a birth-day song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy dangled thro' the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side:
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd;
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder!) came not nigh;
Dryden alone escap'd his judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve;
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.
May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill!
May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo still!
So when a statesman want's a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense:
Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May Dunce by Dunce be whistled off my hands!
Blest be the great for those they take away,
And those they left me, for they left me Gay;
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return,
My verse and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn.
O let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please.
Above a patron, tho' I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs:
I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.
Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with Swift."—"Indeed? no doubt
"(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will,
"No, such a genius never can lie still;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my style?

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Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress;
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;
That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour injur'd to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray:
Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Cannons what was never there;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie—
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus tremble.—*A.* What! that thing of silk?
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire of sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, of tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*;
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd:
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile; be one Poet's praise,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
That flatt'ry ev'n to Kings he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same:
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:
That not for fame but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread;
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sov'reign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the past;
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome even the *last!*
A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave's a knave to me in ev'ry state:
Alike my scorn if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.
Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded sat'rist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhym'd for Moor.
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie:
To please a mistress, one aspers'd his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let Budgel charge low *Grub-street* on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
Let the two Curlls of town and court abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moor!
Unspotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in virtue or in song.

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Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
While yet in Britain honour had applause)
Each parent sprung.—*A.* What fortune, pray?
P. Their own;
And better got than Bestia's from the throne
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife;
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age,
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art;
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;
His life, tho' long, to sickness pass'd unknown,
His death was instant and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.
O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these, if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, cheerful and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.
A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

SATIRES AND EPISTLES OF HORACE IMITATED.

SATIRE I.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
There are to whom my satire seems too bold;
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say;
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to counsel learned in the law:
You 'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.
F. I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think:
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night;
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.
F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the night seems tedious, take a wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine—*probatum est.*
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise;
You'll gain at least a *knighthood*, or the *bays*.
P. What! like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With arms, and George, and Brunswick crowd the verse,
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?
F. Then all your muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow thro' all the royal line.
P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their Laureate twice a year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays;
It is to history he trusts for praise.
F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.
P. What should ail them?
F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam.
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.
P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pye;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she:
F— loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all else as one egg to another.
I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne:

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In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within:
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass my muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next:
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
Verseman or Proseman, term me which you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
Save but our *army!* and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more:
But touch me, and no minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.
Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words, or hanging, if your judge be Page:
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate,
Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
So drink with Waters, or with Chartres eat;
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.
Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court,
Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the ev'ning of my day;
Or death's black wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write,
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budgel, I will rhyme and print.

F. Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long;
In flow'r of age you perish for a song!
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers now to take your life!

P. What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a *star*;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatt'rers and bigots even in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden pimp and friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave.
To virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world besides may murmur or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
There, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.
Envy must own, I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state;
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me know; who love me, tell
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers to peers, alike are mob to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?

F. Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes:
Consult the statute, *quart.* I think it is,
Edwardii sext. or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*
See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.

P. Libels and *Satires!* lawless things indeed!
But grave *Epistles*, bringing vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
Such as Sir Robert would approve—

F. Indeed?
The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

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SATIRE II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art,
To live on little with a cheerful heart,
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine),
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.
Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dancing to the mantling bowl.
Hear Bethel's sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules,
Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish denied (the river yet unthaw'd),
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.
Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my lord can eat),
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endued,
Cries, "Send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued!
O blast it, south winds, till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail!
By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink?
When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see;
Thus much is left of old simplicity!
The robin red-breast till of late had rest
And children sacred held a martin's nest.
Till Becca-ficas sold so dev'lish dear
To one that was, or would have been a peer.
Let me extol a cat on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or even to crack live crawfish recommend,
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between excess and famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid; tho' not splendid clean.
Avidien, or his wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a dog and her a bitch,)
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day (as when they found
A lost Bank bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart;
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side nor on that;
Nor stops for one bad cork his butler's pay;
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like Nævius, ev'ry error pass;
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.
Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring:
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)
First health: the stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)
Remembers oft the school boy's simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.
How pale each worshipful and rev'rend guest
Rise from a clergy or a city feast!
What life in all that ample body, say?
What heavenly particle inspires the clay?
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, even in sound divines.
On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
How easy ev'ry labour it pursues!
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse;
Not but we may exceed some holy time,
Or tir'd in search of truth, or search of rhyme;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
And more the sickness of long life, old age;
For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate youth the vessel drains?
Our fathers prais'd rank ven'son. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he the voice of Fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear,
(For, faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong;
The world's good word is better than a song)

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Who has not learn'd fresh sturgeon and hampye,
Are no rewards for want and infamy?
When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself;
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd a penny well.
"Right," cries his Lordship, "for a rogue in need,
"To have a taste, is insolence indeed:
"In me, 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
"My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the sun, let Bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
O impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new built churches round thee fall? [hall:
Make quays, build bridges, or repair White-
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M——o's was, but not at five per cent.
Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity;
Or, blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?
Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always speaks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the man.
In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd
The lord of thousands, than if now excis'd;
In forest planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton round the year;
But ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play),
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards;
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords.
To Hounslow-heath I point, and Banstead-down;
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
From yon old walnut tree a show'r shall fall;
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from standard and espalier join;
The devil is in you, if you cannot dine:
Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have place;)
And what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost!
My life's amusements have been just the same
Before and after standing armies came.
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone:
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? thro' whose free op'ning gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
For I who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.
"Pray Heaven it last! (cries Swift) as you go on:
"I wish to God this house had been your own.
"Pity! to build without a son or wife;
"Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's property? dear Swift! you see it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;
Or in pure equity, (the case not clear)
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty years:
At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
Shades that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And Hensley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scriv'ner or a city knight.
Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

St. John, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
Public too long, ah! let me hide my age;
See modest Cibber now has left the stage;
Our gen'rals, now, retire to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates;
In life's cool ev'ning, satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding even in Brunswick's cause.

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A voice there is that whispers in my ear,
('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can bear) [breath,
" Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take
" And never gallop Pegasus to death;
" Lest stiff and stately, void of fire or force,
" You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horse."
Farewel then, verse, and love, and ev'ry toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all:
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste,
That ev'ry day will want, and most the last.
But ask not to what Doctors I apply;
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
As drives the storm, at any door I knock;
And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.
Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state,
Free as young Lyttelton her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
Long as to him who works for debt the day,
Long as the night to her whose love's away,
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That task, which as we follow or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And, which not done, the richest must be poor.
Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort not to be a fool.
Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite;
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise, [eyes.
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these
Not to go back, is somewhat to advance;
And men must walk at least before they dance.
Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched av'rice, or as wretched love?
Know there are words and spells which can control,
Between the fits, this fever of the soul;
Know there are rhymes, which, fresh and fresh applied,
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High Dutch, or a Low Dutch bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.

La Belle Assemblée.—No. XLI,

'Tis the first virtue vices to abhor;
And the first wisdom to be fool no more.
But to the world no bugbear is so great
As want of figure and a small estate.
To either India see the merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale poverty!
See him with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing to make philosophy thy friend!
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here wisdom calls: " Seek virtue first, be bold!
" As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."
There, London's voice: " Get money, money still!
" And then let virtue follow if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul!
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.
Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;
" Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand pounds;
A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a cit, with all thy worth;
And Bug and D—l, their honours and so forth.
Yet ev'ry child another song will sing;
" Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king."
True conscious honour is to feel no sin;
He's arm'd without that's innocent within:
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass,
Compar'd to this, a minister's an ass.
And say to which shall our applause belong,
This new court jargon, or the good old song;
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke of Cressy or Poitiers?
Who counsels best! who whispers, " Be but great,
" With praise or infamy, leave that to fate;
" Get place and wealth, if possible with grace;
" If not, by any means get wealth and place."
For what? to have a box where Eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a King—
Or he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro', [too?
And, while he bids thee, sets th' example
If such a doctrine in St. James's air [stare;
Should chance to make the well-dress'd rabble
If honest S—z take scandal at a Spark
That less adnires the Palace than the Park,
Faith I shall give the answer reynard gave:—
" I cannot like, dread Sir, your royal cave;
" Because I see, by all the tracks about,
" Full many a beast goes in but none come out."

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Adieu to virtue, if you're once a slave;
Send her to court you send her to her grave.
Well, if a King's a lion, at the least
The people are a many-headed beast:
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold,
Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn;
Some win rich widows by their chine and prawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent.
In dirt and darkness, hundreds sink content.
Of all these ways, if each pursue his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But shew me one who had it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,
"No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich hill!"
Up starts a palace, lo! th' obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsy, or the devil within
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen.
"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
"For snug's the word: my dear! we'll live in town."
At am'rous Flavio is the stocking thrown;
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangly as the rich?
Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch.
They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes,
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and when once aboard
Grow sick, and damn the climate like a lord.
You laugh, half-beau, half-sloven, if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary.
But when no prelate's lawn with hair-shirt lin'd
Is half so incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round.
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,
Nor once to Chancery nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?
This he who loves me, and who ought to mend;
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That man divine whom wisdom calls her own;
Great without title, without fortune blest;
Rich ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd;
Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
At home, tho' exil'd; free, tho' in the Tow'r:
In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing;
Just less than Jove, and much above a king,
Nay, half in Heaven—except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours cloud this demi-god.

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Not to admire, is all the art I know
"To make men happy, and to keep them so."
(Plain truth, dear Murray! needs no flow'rs of speech;
So take it in the very words of Creech).
This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look thro' and trust the Ruler with his skies;
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful all without a fear.
Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold:
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?
Or popularity, or stars and strings?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings?
Say with what eyes we ought at court to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?
If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing.

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Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire;
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.
Thus, good or bad to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away.
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate:
Procure a taste to double the surprise,
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleas'd at council-board rejoice,
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom nature, learning, birth conspir'd
To form, not to admire but be admir'd,
Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dullness of some son of earth?
Yet time ennobles or degrades each line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:
And what is fame? the meanest have their day;
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Grac'd as thou art with all the pow'r of words;
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far) where kings and poets lie:
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully or an Hyde!
Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward by batter'd beaus invited over,
And deap'rate misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cur'd whene'er they please.
Would ye be blest? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain what every Cornbury disdains:
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
But art thou one whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way;
Who virtue and a church alike disowns;
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
Fly then on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:
Advance the golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
For, mark th' advantage, just so many score
Will gain a wife with half as many more;
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste;
And then such friends—as cannot fail to last.
A man of wea'th is dubb'd a man of worth;
Venus shall give him form, and Anstis youth.
(Believe me, many a German prince is worse,
Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse)
His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or, if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole house upon a poet's day.
Now in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
If wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting; never, never rest.
But if to power and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consists the joy,
Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord,
To do the honours, and to give the word:
Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your coach;
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troublesome, is near the chair;
"That makes three members, this can choose a may'r."
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him son, or cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest.
Or if your life be one continued treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat,
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day;
Go, drive the deer, and drag the finny prey,
With hounds and horn go hunt an appetite—
So Russell did, but could not eat at night;

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Call'd "happy dog" the beggar at his door;
And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.
Or shall we every decency confound,
Thro' taverns, stews, and bagnios take our round;
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan feasts,
Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our country and degrade our name.
If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
The cordial drop of life is love alone,
And Swift cry wisely, "*Vive la Bagatelle!*"
The man that loves and laughs must sure do well.
Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
Ev'n take the counsel which I gave you first;
Or better precepts if you can impart,
Why do; I'll follow them with all my heart.

EPISTLE I. BOOK II.

TO AUGUSTUS.

While you, great patron of mankind! sustain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main;
Your country's chief, in arms abroad defend,
At home with morals, arts, and laws amend;
How shall the muse from such a monarch steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
Edward and Henry now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd
The Gaul subdu'd, or property secur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human virtue to his latest breath,
Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.
The great Alcides, every labour past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last.
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Oppres'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Those suns of glory please not till they set.
To thee the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
Above all Greeks, above all Roman fame:
Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd
As Heaven's own oracle from altars heard.
Wonder of kings! like whom to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.
Just in one instance, be it yet confess'd,
Your people, Sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old,
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote:
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o'er the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the muses met him at the Devil.
Tho' justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our sires?
In ev'ry public virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well;
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us trembling thro' a hoop.
If time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all dispute, and fix the year precise
When British bards begin t' immortalize?
"Who lasts a century can have no flaw?
"I hold that wit a classic, good in law."
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound? [sound?
And shall we deem him ancient, right, and
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce?
"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
"By courtesy of England he may do."
Then, by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down ancients like a heap of snow,
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe;
And, estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier.
Shakspear (whom you and ev'ry playhouse bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The life to come, in ev'ry poet's creed.
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art!
But still I love the language of his heart.
"Yet surely, surely these were famous men!
"What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
"In all debates where critics bear a part,
"Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's art,

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" Of Shakspear's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
" How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
" How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow,
" But, for the passions, Southern sure and Rowe,
" These, only these, support the crowded stage,
" From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; the people's voice is odd;
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To Gammer Gurton if it gives the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
But let them own that greater faults than we
They had, and greater virtues I'll agree.
Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now not heaven can bound,
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;
In quibbles, angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school-divine.
Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook;
Or damn all Shakspear, like th' affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.
But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more
(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er),
One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd thought that gleams thro' a page,
Has sanctified whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd not as bad, but new;
While, if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.
On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow;
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names,)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
Mistake him not: he envies, not admires;
And, to debase the sons, exalts the sires.
Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd so worthy to be read
By learned critics of the mighty dead?
In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restor'd;
In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,
" All, by the king's example, liv'd and lov'd."
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t'excel;
Newmarket's glory rose as Britain's fell;
The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ romance.
Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm;
And yielding metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing muses were debauch'd at court:
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant or tremble thro' an eunuch's throat.
But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.
Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his fathers was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove, that luxury could never hold;
And place, on good security, his gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays;
To theatres and to rehearsals throng;
And all our grace at table is a song!
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie;
Not —'s self e'er tells more fibs than I.
When, sick of muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to shew our wit.
He serv'd a 'prenticeship who sets up shop;
Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his drop;
Even Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile.)
But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble to a man.

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Yet Sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the church or state;
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind;
And rarely av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the muse is kind
To cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter,
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre:
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then a perfect hermit in his diet.
Of little use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose:
Yet let me shew, a poet's of some weight,
And (tho' no soldier) useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long, or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king;
Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden! in all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse from courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison's remains.
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth;
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd,
"The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the ideot and the poor,
Proud vice to braud, or injur'd worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms:
The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the gods bestow'd a proper muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.
The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
The blessing thrills thro'all the lab'ring throng,
And heaven is won by violence of song.

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain
With feasts and offrings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
With growing years the pleasing license grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the points that left the sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice rang'd thro' private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th'alarm,
Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm.
At length by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
Most warp'd to flattery's side; but some, more nice,
Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.
We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms,
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
Britain to soft refinement less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
Tho' still some traces of our rustic vein
And splayfoot verse remain'd and will remain;
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd nation breath'd from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Shew'd us that France had something to admire!
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.
Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Some doubt if equal pains or equal fire
The humbler muse of comedy require.
But, in known images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less.
Observe how seldom even the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely does Astrea tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey eat with vast applause!

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But fill their purse, our poets' work is done ;
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.
O you ! whom vanity's light bark conveys
On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high !
Who pants for glory finds but short repose ;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewel the stage ! if, just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit ;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd,
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Black Joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords !
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords
(Taste, that eternal wanderer ! which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes) !
The play stands still ! damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse ;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermin, gold, and lawn ;
The champion too ! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.
With laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure the people, are the sight !
Ah, luckless poet ! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more ;
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends !
Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep,
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat :
Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark ! the universal peal !
"But has he spoken ?" Not a syllable.
"What shook the stage, and made the people stare ?"
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the Poet from the man of rhymes :
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart ;
And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

But not this part of the poetic state
Alone deserves the favour of the great :
Think of those authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the muses sing ?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring ?
How shall we fill a library with wit,
When Merlin's cave is half unfurnish'd yet ?
My Liege ! why writers little claim your thought,
I guess ; and, with their leave, will tell the fault ;
We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind the creatures most absurd :
The season when to come and when to go,
To sing or cease to sing, we never know ;
And, if we will, recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience just like other men.
Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend ;
Repeat unask'd ; lament, the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But most, when, straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epistles to the King ;
And from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or pension from the crown ;
Or dubb'd historians by express command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land ;
Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.
Yet think, great Sir ! (so many virtues shewn)
Ah think what Poet best may make them known !
Or choose at least some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the Laureat's weighty place.
Charles to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care ;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed ;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit :
But Kings in wit may want discerning spirit.
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles ;
Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear."
Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august of King or conq'ring chief,
E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
Oh ! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing !

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What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace how oft, how dearly bought!
How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep
Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in sleep;
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne.
But verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
And I'm not used to panegyric strains:
The zeal of fools offends at any time,
But most of all the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write;
That, when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woeful likeness; and if lies,
"Praise undeserv'd is satire in disguise:"
Well may he blush who gives it or receives;
And, when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

EPISTLE II.—BOOK II.

Dear Colonel, Cobham's and your country's friend!
You love a verse, take such as I can send.
A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins—"This lad, Sir, is of Blois:
"Observe his shape how clean, his locks how curl'd!
"My only son, I'd have him see the world:
"His French is pure; his voice too—you shall hear,
"Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pounds a year.
"Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
"Your barber, cook, upholst'rer, what you please:
"A perfect genius at an opera song—
"To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
"Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
"His whole ambition was to serve a lord:
"But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?
"Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart.
"Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
"And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
"The fault he has I fairly shall reveal;
"(Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal."
If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd so bad?
'Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;
Who sent the thief, that stole the cash, away,
And punish'd him that put it in his way.
Consider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you, when I went, I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With laws to which you gave your own assent?
Nay worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but for rhyme?
In Anna's wars, a soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night
He slept, poor dog! and lost it to a doit.
This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castle wall,
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
"Prodigious well!" his great commander cried;
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
Next pleas'd his excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter)
"Go on, my friend (he cried) see yonder walls!
"Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
"More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
"D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a sot?
"Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."
Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
Besides my father taught me, from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half so well
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by suff'rers thought unjust,
Denied all posts of profit or of trust;
Hopes after hopes of pious Papist fail'd,
While mighty William's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me the muses help to undergo it;
Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer!) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would scribble rather than repose.

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Years following years steal something ev'ry day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend:
This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unwearied mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses now stand still?
But, after all, what would you have me do,
When out of twenty I can please not two;
When this heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg:
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg.
Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartinenf detests.
But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme: can London be the place?
Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends,
In crowds and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A poet begs me I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsbury-square—
Before the Lords at twelve my cause comes on—
There's a rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.
"Oh! but a wit can study in the streets,
"And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite so well however as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass;
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Even to their own S-r-v--nce in a car?
Go, lofty Poet! and in such a crowd
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
Alas! to grottos and to groves we run;
To ease and silence ev'ry Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-court.
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
The man who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete,
See! strew'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
He walks an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue, you would swear,
Stept from its pedestal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers at their doors,
Shall I in London act this idle part?
Composing songs for fools to get by heart?
The Temple late two brother Serjeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
With equal talents these congenial souls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray, as a wit.
'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your eloquence;" [T'albot's sense."
"Yours, Cowper's manners;" and "yours,
Thus we dispose of all poetic merit;
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit. [Nine,
Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the
Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's cave to see
No poets there but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
"Or, I'm content; allow me Dryden's strains,
"And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
Much do I suffer, much to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race; [bite,
And much must flatter, if the whim should
To court applause, by printing what I write:
But, let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.
In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect:
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue;
Each, prais'd within, is happy all day long:
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men who write such verse as we can read!
Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care.
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay tho' at court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words that long have slept, to awake,
Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
(For Use will father what's begot by Sense)

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Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue:
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But shew no mercy to an empty line:
Then polish all with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:
"But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."
If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool:
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease;
It gives men happiness or leaves them ease.
There liv'd in *Primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord;
Who, tho' the House was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman, tho' a pasty fell,
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd, they cur'd:
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short,
Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
My friends! he cried, p-x take you for your care,
That from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote.
Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
Wisdom, curse on it! will come soon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:
To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind;
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul.
Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the threat it dropp'd before;
Thoughts which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me in the pensive grot;
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart:
If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your folly as disease?
The heart resolves this matter in a trice:
"Men only feel the smart, but not the vice."
When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil;
When servile chaplains cry that birth and place
Endue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look if that breast, most dirty D——! be fair;
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatt'rers preach.
Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D—— lov'd sixpence more than he.
If there be truth in law, and use can give
A property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord;
All Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to Town,
His ven'son too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thousands what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln-fen,
Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat:
Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.
Yet these are wights who fondly call their own
Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town,
The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity should stand:
Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's pow'r,
Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what wouldst thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vast possessions (just the same the case
Whether you call them villa, park, or chase)
Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale;
Let rising granaries and temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear;
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak;
Inclose whole towns in walls—'tis all a joke!
Inexorable death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.
Gold, silver, iv'ry vases, sculptur'd high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not—and, thank heaven! there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face as soon as of a mind.

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Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
The other slights, for women, sports and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:
Why one, like Bu— with pay and scorn content,
Bows, and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorp, from pole to pole;
Is known alone to that directing Pow'r
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will:
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual; his great end the same.
Yes, Sir, how smooth soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place:
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free or frugal I shall pass my days;
I, who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd if sordid want be far away.
What is 't to me (a passenger, God wot)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail am neither less nor bigger;
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth:
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.
"But why all this of avarice? I have none."
I wish you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad—the avarice of pow'r?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appall?
Not the black fear of death that saddens all?
With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES. IN TWO DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE I.

F. Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in print;
And when it comes, the court see nothing in 't.
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ;
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace, long before ye,
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter."
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *vice*;
Horace would say, Sir Billy *serv'd the Crown*;
Blunt could *do business*, H-ggins *knew the town*;
In Sappho touch the *failings of the sex*,
In rev'rend bishops note some *small neglects*;
And own the Spaniard did *a waggish thing*,
Who cropp'd our ears, and sent them to the king.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at court, and make Augustus smile:
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of *screen*.
But, 'faith, your very friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir Robert—
P. See Sir Robert!—hum—
And never laugh for all my life to come?

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Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure ill exchang'd for pow'r;
Seen him uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come—at all I laugh he laughs no doubt;
The only diff'rence is—I dare laugh out.
F. Why, yes, with Scripture still you may be free;
A horse laugh, if you please, at honesty;
A joke on Jekyl, or some odd old Whig,
Who never chang'd his principle or wig;
A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue as they will.
If any ask you, "Who's the man, so near
"His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?"
Why answer, Lyttleton; and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury;
But well may put some statesman in a fury.
Laugh then at any but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends; and, if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all again.
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.
P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come harmless characters that no one hit;
Come Henley's oratory, Osborne's wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Y—ng!
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipp'd cream of courtly sense,
The first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's and then H—vy's once again.
O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As tho' the pride of Middl. ton and Bland,
All boys may read, and girls may understand!
Then might I sing without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the *nation's sense*;
Or teach the melancholy muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All parts perform'd, and all her children blest!
So satire is no more—I feel it die—
No Gazetteer more innocent than I—
And let, a-God's name, ev'ry fool and knave
Be grac'd thro' life, and flatter'd in his grave.
F. Why so? if satire knows its time and place,
You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:
For merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all satire in all changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave D—re.
Silent and soft as saints remov'd to heaven,
All ties dissolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiven,
These may some gentle ministerial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a king!
There where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a court;
There where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace [place:
Once break their rest, or stir them from their
But past the sense of human miseries,
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No check is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a question or a job.
P. Good Heaven forbid that I should blast their glory,
Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory,
And when three sov'reigns died, could scarce be vext,
Consid'ring what a gracious prince was next.
Have I in silent wonder seen such things,
As pride in slaves, and avarice in Kings;
And at a Peer or Peeress shall I fret,
Who starves a sister or forswears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of vice be lost?
Ye Gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke?
A fav'rite's porter with his master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie;
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry things!)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith like Kings?
If Blount dispatch himself, he play'd the man,
And so may'st thou illustrious Passeran!
But shall a Printer, weary of his life,
Learn from their books to hang himself and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice thus abus'd demands a nation's care;
This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.
Let modest Foster, if he will excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well;

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A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaff in doctrine—yea in life;
Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to virtue and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's still the same belov'd contending thing.
Vice is undone if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth:
But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore:
Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more.
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess, [bless;
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground;
Our youth all livery'd o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance; behind her crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the Pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, and son!
Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim,
That *not to be corrupted is the shame.*
In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!
See all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape or triumph o'er the law;
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry:
"Nothing is sacred now but villany."
Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Shew there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

F. 'Tis all a libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.
P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow, 'faith it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.
How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the sins of Thirty-nine!
Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.
F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;
Even Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person, and expose the vice:
P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper but the dice?
Come on then, satire! gen'ral, uncoufin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!
Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall!
Ye rev'rend Atheists—*F.* Scandal! name them; who? [do.
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to
Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt,
I never nam'd; the town's enquiring yet.
F. The pois'ning dame, you mean.—*P.* I don't.
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the secret and not you!
The bribing statesman.—*F.* Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd elector.—*F.* There you stoop too low.
P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escap'd the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature may we hunt the 'squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a Bishop may I name a Dean?
F. Dean, Sir? no; his fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.
P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down proud satire! tho' a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;
Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain than the great?
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better sure to charity becomes
The tax Directors, who, thank God, have plums;
Still better ministers; or if the thing
May pinch even there—why lay it on a King.
F. Stop! stop!
P. Must satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.
F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago;
Who now that obsolete example fears?
Even Peter trembles only for his ears.
F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
You make men desp'rate, if they once are bad:

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Else might he take to virtue some years hence—
P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the Prince.
F. Strange spleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows I praise a courtier where I can.
When I confess there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarb'row name?
Pleas'd let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove
(Where Kent and nature vie for Pelham's love),
The scene, the master, op'ning to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!
Even in a Bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart:
Manners with candour are to Benson given;
To Berkley ev'ry virtue under heaven.
But does the court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love;
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus Somers once and Halifax were mine.
Oft in the clear still mirrour of retreat,
I studied Shrewsbury, the wise and great;
Carleton's calm sense and Stanhope's noble flame
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the same.
How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I Pultney, Chesterfield forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit?
Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field:
Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions and his own:
Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their train;
And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say,—no follower but a friend.
Yet think not friendship only prompts my lays;
I follow virtue; where she shines I praise;
Point she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.
I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Din'd with the Man of Ross or my Lord Mayor.
Some in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have still a secret bias to a knave:
To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out,
F. Then why so few commend?
P. Not so fierce;
Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.
But random praise—the task can ne'er be done:
Each mother asks it for her darling son:
Each widow asks it for *the best of men*;
For him she weeps, for him she weds again.
Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground:
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greatest of these days,
To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend—
What Richlieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain;
And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain?
No pow'r the Muse's friendship can command;
No pow'r, when virtue claims it, can withstand:
To Cato, Virgil pay'd one honest line;
O let my country's friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? *F.* 'Faith, the thought's no sin;
I think your friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow.
P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.
Cobham's a coward, Polwart is a slave;
And Lyttleton a dark, designing knave;
St. John has ever been a wealthy fool;
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull:
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.
But pray, when other praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
O all-accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?
What, shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay;
Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend;
Then wisely plead to me they meant no hurt;
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I spare the minister, no rules
Of honour bind me not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.
It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;
The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest:
Which not at present having time to do—
F. Hold, Sir, for God's sake, where's the affront to you?
Against your Worship when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?

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Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend
(In pow'r a servant, out of pow'r a friend)
To W—le guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?
The Priest whose flattery bedropp'd the crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?
P. 'Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same.
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly;
If one thro' nature's bounty, or his lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nozzles close behind:
From tail to mouth they feed and they carouse;
The last full fairly gives it the *House*.
F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
Quite turns my stomach—
P. So does flatt'ry mine:
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me farther—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read.
In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forg'd was not his own?
Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
Without a staring reason on his brows?
And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on man, but God!
Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
Mine, as a foe profest to false pretence,
Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
Mine, as friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine, as man, who feel for all mankind.
F. You're strangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no slave;
So impudent, I own myself no knave;
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud, I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God afraid of me?
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne;
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.
O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence;
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but Heaven-directed hands denied,
The Muse may give thee! but the gods must guide;
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumb'ring in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes saints of Queens, and gods of Kings,
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.
When black ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,
Not Weller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.
Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from Virtue's shrine,
Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of Eternity.
There other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as An tice casts into the grave;
Far other stars than — and — wear,
And may descend from Mornington to Stair;
(Such as on Hough's unsullied mitre shine,
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine);
Let Envy howl, while Heaven's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let Flatt'ry sick'ning see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.
Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law;
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read;
Are none, none living! let me praise the dead;
And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line.
F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Essays on Man*.

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IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'Tis true, my Lord, I gave my word
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to August; and, in short,
Have kept it—as you do at court.
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
And fun'rals black'ning all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a dust in ev'ry place!
And a thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W — and H — both in town!
"The dog-days are no more the case."
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
And you shall see the first warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.
My Lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with distinction you bestow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his plums.
"Pray, take them, Sir, enough's a feast:
"Eat some, and pocket up the rest."
What, rob your boys, those pretty rogues?
"No, Sir, you'll leave them to the hogs."
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude 's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for,
A wise man always is or shou'd
Be mighty ready to do good;
But make a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I'll say; you'll find it in me
A safe companion, and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one;
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my strain.

A weazel once made shift to slink
In at a corn-loft thro' a chink;
But, having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cried, "You 'scape not so;
"Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."
Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans:
Extremely ready to design.
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd,
Give me, I cried (enough for me),
My bread, and independency!
So bought an annual rent or two,
And liv'd—just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well;
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.
There died my father, no man's debtor—
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.
To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story:
"Harley, the nation's great support,"—
But you may read it, I stop short.

SATIRE VI.

THE FIRST PART IMITATED IN 1714 BY DR. SWIFT; THE LATTER PART ADDED AFTERWARDS.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;

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"But here a grievance seems to lie,
"All this is mine but till I die;
"I can't but think 't would sound more clever,
"To me, and to my heirs for ever.
"If I ne'er got or lost a groat
"By any trick or any fault;
"And if I pray by reason's rules,
"And not like forty other fools,
"As thus:—"Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
"To grant me this and t' other acre;
"Or if it be thy will and pleasure,
"Direct my plough to find a treasure;
"But only what my station fits,
"And to be kept in my right wits:
"Preserve, Almighty Providence!
"Just what you gave me, competence:
"And let me in these shades compose
"Something in verse as true as prose;
"Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
"Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen."
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
"Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found:
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
"Let my Lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his Honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green;
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud
"To jostle here among a crowd."
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit:
"So eager to express your love,
"You ne'er consider whom you shove,
"But rudely press before a Duke."
I own I am pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to shew
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This humbly offers me his case,
That begs my int'rest for a place:
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on;
"Without your help the cause is gone—"
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great affairs, at two—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
"To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
"Consider, 'tis my first request."
Be satisfied, I'll do my best:
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please;
"I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
"And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—."
'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock," and "How's the wind?"
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Staines;
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:
"How think you of your friend the Dean?
"I wonder what some people mean;
"My Lord and he are grown so great,
"Always together *tête-a-tête*;
"What, they admire him for his jokes—
"See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court:
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
"Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
"Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!
"'Tis now no secret"—I protest
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
"When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

La Belle Assemblée.—No. XLII.

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Thus, in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country-seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
Oh charming noons and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all a-row,
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And even the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what's in either of the Houses:
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to choose our friends
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all?
Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely *à-propos:*
Name a town life, and in a trice
He had a story of two mice.
Once on a time, so runs the fable,
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul:
Knew what was handsome, and would do 't,
On just occasion, *coute qui coute.*
He brought him bacon (nothing lean),
Pudding that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest tho' no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
But shew'd his breeding and his wit:
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cried: "I vow you're mighty neat.
"But, Lord! my friend, the savage scene!
"For God's sake, come and live with men:
"Consider, mice like men must die,
"Both small and great, both you and I:
"Then spend your life in joy and sport;
"This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court."
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn:
'Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their Lordships had sat late.
Behold the place where, if a poet
Shin'd in description he might shew it;
Tell how the moon beam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it, in a word, be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkin white, the carpet red:
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat, *tête-à-tête.*
Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"*Que ça est bon! Ah, goutez ça!*
"That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing;
"Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain?
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
"To eat so much—but all's so good!
"I have a thousand thanks to give—
"My Lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
"A rat! a rat! clap to the door."—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor!
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods, to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence, they think,
For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)
"An't please your Honour," quoth the peasant,
"This same desert is not so pleasant:
"Give me again my hollow tree,
"A crust of bread and liberty!"

ODE I. BOOK IV.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN! new tumults in my breast?
Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.
Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms!
Mother too fierce of dear desires!
Turn, turn, to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To *number five* direct your doves,
There spread round Murray all your blooming loves;
Noble and young, and strikes the heart
With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent, part;

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Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace
(Thy Grecian form), and Chloe lend the face:
His house embosom'd in the grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
Thither the silver sounding lyres
Shall call the smiling loves and young desires:
There ev'ry grace and muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There youths and nymphs, in concert gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu, fond hope of mutual fire!
The still-believing, still renew'd desire;
Adieu, the heart-expanding bowl!
And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
But why? Ah, tell me! ah, too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, drest in fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow thro' th' extended dream;
Now, now I cease, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah, cruel!) from my arms;
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the canal;
Now shewn by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

PART OF THE NINTH ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

A FRAGMENT.

LEST you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly,
Above the reach of vulgar song.

Tho' daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spenser native muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.

Sages and chiefs long since had birth,
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd;
These rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
And those new heavens and systems fram'd.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died;
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings,)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose;
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.
I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
The whole creation open to my eyes;
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen,
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green;
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes,
There trees and intermingled temples rise:
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore;
Then, gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;
The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd to distant sight of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdued;
Yet wide were spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some, fresh engrav'd, appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own with labour in their place;
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.

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Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of praise.
Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like crystal, faithful to the graving steel:
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storms invade.
There names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past,
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter, with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky:
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various structure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute th' diff'rent quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.
Westward a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:
Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound,
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!
Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.
The eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name:
There, in long robes, the royal Magi stand;
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand:
The sage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd.
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbodied shades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
Of talismans and sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, to be good.
But, on the south, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom sceptered slaves in golden harness drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold,
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.
Of gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride;
There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd;
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes;
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung),
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face:
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall;
For thus romantic fame increases all.
The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold;
Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd.

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Of bright transparent beryl wore the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage Historians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood heroes, who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.
High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The youth that all things but himself subdued;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head belyed the Lybian god.
There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought.
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy and less guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates;
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just but when he sign'd the shell;
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names;
Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore;
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first the mighty Homer shone,
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;
Tho' blind, a boldness in his look appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here drag'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unwearied art:
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre;
Æneas bending with his aged sire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold; and o'er the throne
Arms and the Man in golden cyphers shone.
Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring god.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace;
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run,
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone:
The champions, in distorted posture, threat:
And all appear'd irregularly great.
Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling loves and Bacchanals appear;
The Julian star, and great Augustus here.
The doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.
Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sat fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrite;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.
With equal rays immortal Tully shone;
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.

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These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great:
The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring head she rais'd.
With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew;
And ampler vistas open'd to my view:
Upwards the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet enfold;
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
A thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine;
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string:
With Time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last eternal thro' the length of days.
Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook;
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or settling seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same;
For good and bad alike are fond of fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;
Unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns:
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.
First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r:
Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow;
For fame is all we must expect below.
The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud:
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud;
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread:
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane:
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd
(Said Fame), but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.
This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenour of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of slander sounds!
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds,
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies;
In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
And gath'ring scandals drew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cried) amidst alarms and strife
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;

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For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen replied, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in deep oblivion drown'd:
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone;
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.
Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame;
But, safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue even for virtue's sake.
And live there men who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
She said; in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Even list'ning angels lean from Heaven to hear:
To furthest shores the ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.
Next these, a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd;
Hither, they cried, direct your eyes, and see,
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place, at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown Duchesses lewd tales we tell;
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name;
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.
The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honour dies.
Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers press'd
Around the shrine, and made the same request:
What! you (she cried) unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and even fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days—
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise!
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall;
The people's fable and the scorn of all!
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round;
Whispers are loud, with taunts reviling loud
And scornful hisses run thro' all the crowd.
Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp the throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics—
Of these a gloomy crowd surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long fleaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.
This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown,
Strait chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
Not less in number were the spacious doors
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the sky ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds, from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stones at first a circle makes;

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The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spread in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance, [dance:
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin
Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That in its turn impels the next above;
Thro' undulated air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death and life;
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store;
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore;
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air;
Of fires, and plagues, and stars with blazing hair;
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state;
The fall of favourites, projects of the great;
Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day;
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew;
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place;
And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark that kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thousand vents impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below;
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course, [force;
Their date determines, and prescribes their
Some to retain, and some to perish soon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around a thousand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.
There, at one passage, oft you may survey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent.
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd no mortal e'er shall find.
While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?
'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others' breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign;
Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure;
Be envied, wretched—and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless wits their enemies profest,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
As soothing folly, or exulting vice;
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where Fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name
But the fallen ruins of another's fame—
Then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays, [praise;
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

END OF THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

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THE BEAUTIES

OF

Dr. GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER; or, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. MR. H. GOLDSMITH.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door:
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Bless'd be that spot where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair;
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent, and care;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!
As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know;
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam:
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Continued from No. 42.]—*No. XLIII.*

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Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And tho' the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit, in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right, where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die:
These here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Tho' poor, luxurious; tho' submissive, vain;
Tho' grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state:
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies:
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en nature warm:
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
Till more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph, and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring by decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them—turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still e'en here content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feast tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal;
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;

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With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast;
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren states assign'd:
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy
To fill the languid pause, with finer joy;
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till buried in debauch the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit like falcons cow'ring on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way;
These far dispers'd on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn,—and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, tho' my harsh touch faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour!
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise:
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem;
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart:
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper-lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;

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Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. There much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here!
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves.
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride;
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide:
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd;
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great:
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right above control:
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms, that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by freedom ills annoy.
That independance Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependant lordlings stand alone;
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore;
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrensy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not thus, when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye pow'rs of truth that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flow'r, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fost'ring sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those who toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires,
Calm in my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;

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Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour;
When first ambition struck at regal pow'r,
And thus, polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore;
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers, bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call;
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?
E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim,
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind!
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In ev'ry government, tho' terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,
To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd;
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth when ev'ry sport could please,
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
And all the village train from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd:
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleits of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn,
Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:

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One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store;
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose;
And ev'ry want to luxury allied,
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess'd the tyrant's pow'r.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds;
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew;
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my grief, and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting my repose;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire, an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.
O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine!
How blest is he, who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angles around; befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!
Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I pass'd, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bend beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron! forc'd in age for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left, of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain:
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,

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There where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his sire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won. [to glow,
Pleas'd with his guests the good man learn'd
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new fledg'd offspring to the skies:
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood: at his controul
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their care distress'd; [given,
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, [spread,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,
For, even though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame: the very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye, [inspir'd,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound, [round.
And news much older than their ale went
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

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Vain transitory splendour! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found,
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor coy the maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train:
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art:
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere trifers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey,
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis your's to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, ev'n beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around;
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss: the man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies:
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when those charms are past (for charms are frail)
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But, verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise.
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave!

Where then, ah where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crouds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She, once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head;
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

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Ah, no! to distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far diff'rent there from all that charms before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling:
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around,
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far diff'rent these from ev'ry former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewel, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his hapless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O, luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldly woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the bus'ness of destruction done;
Ev'n now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride!
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou source of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well!
Farewel! and, oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torrio's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' incessant clime;
Aid slightest truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependant pow'r can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

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EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
"And guide my lonely way
"To where yon taper cheers the vale
"With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
"With fainting steps and slow;
"Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
"Seem length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
"For yonder phantom only flies
"To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
"My door is open still;
"And, tho' my portion is but scant,
"I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
"Whate'er my cell bestows;
"My rushy couch and frugal fare,
"My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
"To slaughter I condemn;
"Taught by that power that pities me,
"I learn to pity them:

"But from the mountain's grassy side
"A guiltless feast I bring;
"A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
"And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
"All earth-born cares are wrong:
"Man wants but little here below,
"Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket, op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answ'ring care oppress'd:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
"Reluctant dost thou rove?
"Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
"Are trifling and decay;
"And those who prize the paltry things
"More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
"A charm that lulls to sleep;
"A shade that follows wealth or fame,
"And leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
"The modern fair-one's jest;
"On earth unseen, or only found
"To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame! fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
"And spurn the sex!" he said:
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spreads alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

And, "ah! forgive a stranger rude,
"A wretch forlorn," she cried,
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
"Where Heaven and you reside!

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"But let a maid thy pity share,
"Whom love has taught to stray;
"Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
"Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
"A wealthy lord was he;
"And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
"He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms
"Unnumber'd suitors came;
"Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
"And felt, or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
"With richest proffers strove;
"Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
"But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
"No wealth or power had he;
"Wisdom and worth were all he had,
"But these were all to me.

"The blossom op'ning to the day,
"The dews of Heaven refin'd,
"Could nought of purity display
"To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
"With charms inconstant shine;
"Their charms were his, but, woe to me!
"Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
"Importunate and vain;
"And while his passion touch'd my heart,
"I triumph'd in his pain;

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
"He left me to my pride;
"And sought a solitude forlorn
"In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault!
"And well my life shall pay;
"I'll seek the solitude he sought,
"And stretch me where he lay!

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
"I'll lay me down and die;
"'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
"And so for him will I!"

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

"Turn Angelina, ever dear,
"My charmer, turn to see
"Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
"Restor'd to love and thee!

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
"And ev'ry care resign:
"And shall we never, never part,
"My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part;
"We'll live and love so true,
"The sigh that rends thy constant heart
"Shall break thy Edwin's too!"

AN ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But, when a pique began,
The dog to gain his private ends
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To ev'ry Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they ly'd;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that dy'd.

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RETALIATION.

A POEM.

The title and nature of this Poem shew that it owed its birth to some preceding circumstances of festive merriment, which from the wit of the company, and the very ingenious author's peculiar oddities, were probably enlivened by some strokes of humour. This piece was only intended for the Doctor's private amusement, and that of the particular friends who were its subject; and he unfortunately did not live to revise, or even finish it, in the manner which he intended. The public have, however, already shewn how much they were pleased with its appearance, even in its present state.

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our landlord * supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:
Our Dean † shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke ‡ shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;
Our Will § shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour;
And Dick || with his pepper shall heighten their savour;
Our Cumberland's ¶ sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas ** is pudding substantial and plain;
Our Garrick's †† a salad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner full certain I am
That Ridge ‡‡ is anchovy, and Reynolds §§ is lamb.
That Hickey's |||| a capon; and by the same rule
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool:
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least in six weeks I could not find them out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;

* The master of the St. James's Coffee house, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, held an occasional club.

† Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke, Member for Wendover, and one of the greatest orators in this kingdom.

§ Mr. William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway, and Member for Bedwin.

|| Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of Grenada, no less remarkable in the walks of wit and humour than his brother Edmund Burke is justly distinguished in all the branches of useful and polite literature.

¶ Author of the West Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

** Dr. Douglas, Canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes, or rather forgeries, of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

†† David Garrick, Esq. joint Patentee and acting Manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.

‡‡ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar, the relish of whose agreeable and pointed conversation is admitted by all his acquaintance to be very properly compared to the above sauce.

§§ Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy.

|||| An eminent attorney.

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Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend * to lend him a vote:
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining;
Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place, Sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't
The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home:
Would you ask for his merits, alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at,
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his, what wit and what whim,
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb; †
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that villainy directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks;
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines.
When Satire and Censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds shall be pious, or Kenricks shall lecture;
Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches; and I shall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover:
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can?
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine,
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;

* Mr. T. Townshend, Member for Whitechurch.

† Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

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Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man has his failings, a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty his colours he spread,
And be-plaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting:
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting;
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day;
Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was sure best to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies!
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature:
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had; and that one was a thumper;
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser:
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest?—Ah no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye,
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid: and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind:
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing;
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,
He shifted his * trumpet, and only took snuff.

* Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

END OF THE BEAUTIES OF GOLDSMITH.

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THE BEAUTIES

OF

J. PHILLIPS.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

"——Sing heavenly muse!
"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme;"
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling. He nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale:
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town Hall,* repairs;
Where mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye flames,
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous
Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or, from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent;
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Thro' sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!). Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
Erst have endued; if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont),
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him; till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
Beware ye debtors! when ye walk beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof; and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing),
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Portending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey

* Two noted ale-houses in Oxford.

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Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.
So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friends, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desp'rate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendant on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain: awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature—john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
A horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds,
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla or Charybdis (dang'rous rocks)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Amidst the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves rush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming! Horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They stare, they rave, they pump, they swear they pray;
(Vain efforts!) still the batt'ring waves rush in
Implacable; till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyss.

END OF THE BEAUTIES OF PHILLIPS.

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THE BEAUTIES
OF
GRAY.

AN ELEGY,
WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscapes on the sight
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-trees shade, [heap,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teams afield;
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise.
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath;
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extacy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes the living page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did n'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little-tyrant of his field withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest:
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd,
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Continued from No. 43.]—*No. XLIV.*

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Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
Ev'n from the tomb, the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

The next with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
Nor farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flow'rs that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws!
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and em'rald eyes,
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Thro' richest purple, to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw;
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize:
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulph between:
(Malignant Fate sat by and smil'd);
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, nor Nereid stirr'd;
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard:—
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that glitters, gold.

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ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way!

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from you blow
A momentary bliss bestow;
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to day:
Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
And shame that skulks behind;
Or pining love shall waste their youth,
Or jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless despair,
And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise;
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy.
The stings of falsehood those shall try,
And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years, beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That ev'ry labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! poverty, to fill the band,
That 'numbs the soul with icy hand:
And slow consuming age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

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THE BARD.—A PINDARIC ODE.

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
'Confusion on thy banners wait!
'Tho' fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
'They mock the air with idle state!
'Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
'Nor even thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
'To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air);
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak and desert cave
'Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms they wave,
'Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That hush'd the stormy main:
'Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whose magic song
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
'On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
'Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale;
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail:
'The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
'Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
'Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
'Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
'Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
'No more I weep. They do not sleep.
'On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
'I see them sit: they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land:
'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
'And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The winding-sheet of Edward's race:
"Give ample room, and verge enough
"The characters of hell to trace.
"Mark the year, and mark the night,
"When Severn shall re-echo with affright
"The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring:
"Shrieks of an agonizing king!
"She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
"That tear'st the bowels of my mangled mate,
"From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs [him wait!
"The scourge of heaven. What terrors round
"Amazement in his van with flight combin'd,
"And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord,
"Low on his fun'ral couch he lies!
"No pitying heart, no eye, afford
"A tear to grace his obsequies.
"Is the sable warrior fled?
"Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
"The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
"Gone to salute the rising morn. [blows,
"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr
"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
"In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
"Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
"Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
"That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
"The rich repast prepare,
"Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
"Close by the regal chair
"Fell thirst and famine scowl
"A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
"Heard ye the din of battle bray,
"Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
"Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course, [way.
"And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their
"Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's lasting shame,
"With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
"Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
"And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
"Above, below, the rose of snow,
"Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread;
"The bristled boar in infant gore
"Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
"Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom, [doom.
"Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his

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" Edward, lo! to sudden fate
" (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
" Half of thy heart we consecrate.
" (The web is wove. The work is done.")
' Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,
' Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn:
' In yon bright track that fires the western skies,
' They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
' But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
' Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll!
' Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
' Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
' No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
' All-hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, [hail!
' Girt with many a baron bold
' Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
' And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
' In bearded majesty, appear.
' In the midst a form divine!
' Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
' Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
' Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
' What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
' What strains of vocal transport round her play!
' Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
' They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
' Bright rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
' Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd wings.
' The verse adorn again
' Fierce war, and faithful love,
' And truth severe, by fairy fiction dress'd.
' In buskin'd measures move
' Pale grief, and pleasing Pain.
' With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
' A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
' Gales from blooming Eden bear;
' And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
' That lost in long futurity expire.
' Fond impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud, [day!
' Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of
' To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
' And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
' Enough for me: with joy I see
' The diff'rent doom our fates assign.
' Be thine despair, and sceptred care:
' To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke; and, headlong from the mountain's height, [night.
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless

ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear;
Disclose the long-expected flow'rs,
And wake the purple year!
The attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring;
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch—
A broader, browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade;
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the muse shall sit and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet, hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honey'd spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours dress'd:
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display;
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

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THE PROGRESS OF POESY.—A PINDARIC ODE.

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

O sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares
And frantic passions hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned loves are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic sports, and blue-eyed pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures:
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay,
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and penury, the racks of pain,
Disease, and sorrow's weeping train;
And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly muse?
Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam.
The muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers, wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursues, and gen'rous shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep;
Isles, that crown th' Egean deep;
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In ling'ring lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish!
Mute but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry shade and hollow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains:
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant pow'r,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother, did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd.
This pencil take, (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror, that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

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Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time,
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw: but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd and long resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But, ah! 'tis heard no more—
O lyre divine! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun,
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great!

THE DESCENT OF ODIN—AN ODE.

UPROSE the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed:
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied:
His shaggy throat he open'd wide;
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd.
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes),
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.
Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sat,
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms, presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller to thee unknown
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold:
'Tis the drink of Balder bold.
Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the sons of Heaven!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey;
Prophetess, arise, and say
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey;
Once again arise, and say
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the West,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress,
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,

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Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile,
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey;
Prophetess, awake and say
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their sorrows rose;
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou,
King of men, I know thee now!
Mightiest of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good,
But mother of the giant-brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home
That never shall enquirer come
To break my iron sleep again,
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain:
Never, till substantial Night
Has re-assum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

ODE TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain;
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse; thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learnt to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend,
When Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart;
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive;
Teach me to love, and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan;
What others are, to feel; and know myself a man.

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THE FATAL SISTERS.—AN ODE.

Now the storm begins to low'r
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare);
Iron sleet of arrowy show'r
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture glow!
('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoots the trembling cords along:
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, see!
Join in the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, jav'lins sing,
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war.)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Erin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death.
Sisters, cease! the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing:
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed!
Each her thund'ring falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry, to the field!

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flow'r of Roderic's stem
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of ev'ry regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.
Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Erin hiding;
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Locklin ploughs the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn
Thousand banners round him burn;
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop and shame to fly:
There Confusion, Terror's child;
Conflict fierce, and ruin wild;
Agony, that pants for breath;
Despair, and honourable Death.

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ODE ON THE INSTALLATION OF THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

" Hence, avaunt ('tis holy ground)!
" Comus, and his midnight crew,
" And Ignorance with looks profound,
" And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue.
" Mad Sedition's cry profane,
" Servitude that hugs her chain;
" Nor in these consecrated bow'rs
" Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in flow'rs.
" Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
" Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
" While bright-eyed Science watches round:
" Hence away, 'tis holy ground!"

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay:
There sit the sainted Sage, the Bard divine,
The few whom Genius gave to shine
Thro' ev'ry unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they;
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy,
To bless the place where on their op'ning soul
First the genuine ardour stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep ton'd shell;
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime, [rhyme.
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the

" Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
" That contemplation loves,
" Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
" Oft at the blush of dawn
" I trod your level lawn,
" Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
" In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
" With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melancholy."

But, hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth,
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn;
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding love; and princely Clare;
And Anjou's heroine; and the paler Rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes;
And either Henry there,
The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord
That broke the bonds of Rome
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save charity that glows beyond the tomb).
All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies:

" What is grandeur? what is pow'r?
" Heavier toil, superior pain.
" What the bright reward we gain?
" The grateful memory of the good.
" Sweet is the breath of vernal show'r,
" The bee's collected treasures sweet,
" Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
" The small still voice of gratitude."
Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud,
The venerable Margaret see!
" Welcome my noble son (she cries aloud),
" To this thy kindred train, and me;
" Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
" A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.
" Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,
" The flow'r unheeded shall descry.
" And bid it round heaven's altars shed
" The fragrance of its blushing head:
" Shall raise from earth the latent gem
" To glitter on the diadem.

" Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band:
" Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
" No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
" Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
" Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
" She reveres herself and thee.
" With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow
" The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she brings,
" And to thy just, thy gentle hand
" Submits the fasces of her sway,
" While spirits blest above, and men below,
" Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.
" Thro' the wild waves, as they roar,
" With watchful eye and dauntless mien
" Thy steady course of honour keep,
" Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore.
" The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
" And gilds the horrors of the deep."

END OF THE BEAUTIES OF GRAY.

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THE BEAUTIES

OF

DRYDEN.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

"The Poet speaks."

OLD as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The pow'r of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my wit.
If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine;
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous excess, a priestly race.
Suppose him free, and that I forge th' offence,
He shew'd the way, perverting first my sense;
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought,
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
The world will think that what we loosely write,
Though now arrang'd, he read with some delight;
Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain:
And teaching more in one explaining page
Than all the double meanings of the stage.
What needs he paraphrase on what we mean?
We were at worst but wanton; he's obscene.
I not my fellows nor myself excuse;
But love's the subject of the comic muse;
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry instruction view;
Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind;
Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul,
And, brushing-o'er, adds motion to the pool.
Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts.
Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
To liberal acts enlarg'd the narrow soul'd,
Soften'd the fierce, and made the coward bold;
The world, when waste, he peopled with increase,
And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
Ormond the first, and all the fair may find,
In this one legend, to their fame design'd,
When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind.

In that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
And ev'ry grace, and all the loves resort;
Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
And takes the best of pleasure from their birth:
There liv'd a Cyprian lord above the rest
Wise, wealthy, with a num'rous issue blest:
But, as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir.
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the rest in shape and outward shew;
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degen'rate mind.
His soul belied the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace:
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like nature's error; as the mind
And body were not of a piece design'd,
But made for two, and by mistake in one were join'd.
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair;
The more inform'd, the less he understood;
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
The people from Galesus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature suit.
His father, when he found his labour lost,
And care employ'd that answer'd not the cost,
Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
And loath'd to see what nature made him love.
So to his country farm the fool confin'd:
Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
A 'squire among the swains, and pleas'd with banishment.
His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight a country fair.
It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
That to the green-wood shade he took his way; [much to pray.
For Cymon shunn'd the church, and us'd not
His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought.

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By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
Where in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept thro' the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tir'd with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort:
The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And even in slumber a superior grace:
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymarr;
Her bosom to the view was only bare:
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,
For yet their places were but signified:
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose:
The fanning wind, and purling streams, continue her repose.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that testified surprise,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:
Long mute he stood, and, leaning on his staff,
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimm'ring sense
First found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Thro' the rude chaos thus the running light:
Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native light:
Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd:
Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
Illumin'd heaven and earth, and roll'd around the year.

So reason in this brutal soul began,
Love made him first suspect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound;
By love his want of words and wit he found;
That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a day.

What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,
The best instructor, love, at once inspir'd,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd:
Love taught him shame; and shame, with love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life;
His gross material soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind:
Exciting a desire till then unknown;
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone:
This made the first impression on his mind,
Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this or t'other face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar grace;
But love in gross, and stupidly admire:
As flies allur'd by light approach the fire.
Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
First likes the whole, then separates what he sees:
On sev'ral parts a sev'ral praise bestows:
The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd nose,
The skin, and raven-glossy hair,
The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,
And ev'n in sleep itself, a smiling air.
From thence his eyes descending view'd the rest,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving breast.
Long on the last he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.
Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
And wish'd his own could pierce within the lid:
He would have wak'd her, but restrain'd his thought,
And love new-born the first good manners taught,
And awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood.
For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race.
And things divine by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen at distant view:
So checking his desire, with trembling heart,
Gazing he stood, nor would nor could depart;
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day.

At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
(So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his care)
Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.
The slav'ring curden, propp'd upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping, with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake; nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
Then she: What makes you, Cymon, here alone?
(For Cymon's name was round the country known,
Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill sorted with his face).
But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,

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And in his breast receiv'd th' envenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart.
But conscious of her form, with quick distrust,
She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal lust:
This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew,
And, rising hasty, took a short adieu.
Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
With proffer'd service to the parting maid,
To see her safe; his hand she long denied,
But took at length, asham'd of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair;
But sought his father's house with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.
The father wonder'd at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.
Nor was he long delay'd: the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd,
And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest.
With ease his suit was granted by his sire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire:
His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With lib'ral arts to cultivate the mind:
He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhorr'd.
Thus the man-child advanc'd and learn'd so fast,
That in short time his equals he surpass'd;
His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd;
In ev'ry exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd:
Inspir'd by love, whose business is to please;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease;
More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.
What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which chok'd in ashes lay,
A load too heavy for his soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by love?
Love made an active progress thro' his mind,
The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,
The drowsy wak'd; and as he went, impress'd
The maker's image on the human breast.
Thus was the man amended by desire:
And tho' he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scann'd,
And lik'd an error of the better hand:
Excus'd the excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
So Cymon, since his sire indulg'd his will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still;
Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear
The name of fool, confirm'd, and bishop'd by the fair.

To Cipseus by his friends his suit he mov'd,
Cipseus the father of the fair he lov'd;
But he was pre-engaged by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavouring to be wise:
And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse:
Her sire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
Though both repenting, were by promise bound,
Nor could retract; and thus, as fate decreed,
Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.
The doom was past, the ship already sent
Did all his tardy diligence prevent:
Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:
The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind:
Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love
In rank shall place me with the blest above.
For mine by love, by force she shall be mine;
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design.
Resolv'd he said; and rigg'd with speedy care
A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war.
The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd;
And, bent to die or conquer, went aboard.
Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.
To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
And stopt her flight; then, standing on his prow,
In haughty terms he thus defied the foe:
Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war.
Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide;
Already were the vessels side by side;
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the bride.
But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid the press he pass'd.
Fierce was the fight; but, hast'ning to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way:
Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew.
Cheap conquest for his following friends remain'd;
He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.
His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,
And cast the weapons at the victor's feet,
Whom thus he cheer'd: O Rhodian youth, I fought
For love alone, nor other beauty sought:

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Your lives are safe; your vessel I resign;
Yours be your own, restoring what is mine:
In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you.
Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove,
The parent could not sell the daughter's love;
Or, if he could, my love disdains the laws,
And, like a king, by conquest gains his cause;
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain;
Love taught me force, and force shall love maintain;
You, what by strength you could not keep, release,
And at an easy ransom buy your peace.
Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd th' accord,
And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd:
While to his arms the blushing bride he took,
To seeming sadness she compos'd her look;
As if by force subjected to his will,
Tho' pleas'd dissembling, and a woman still.
And (for she wept) he wip'd her falling tears,
And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears;
For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd
Your love much better whom so long I serv'd,
Than he to whom your formal father tied
Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride.
Thus while he spoke, he sciz'd the willing prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.
Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her eyes confess'd
She rather would be thought, than was, dis-[tress'd.
Who now exults but Cymon in his mind?
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the present, to the future blind!
Secure of fate, while Cymon ploughs the sea,
And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was run,
When, like a fiery meteor, sunk the sun,
The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsake by fits, and fill the flagging sails;
Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands:
The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
And from the first they labour in despair.
The giddy ship, betwixt the winds and tides,
Forc'd back, and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the diff'rent blows; then shoots, amain,
Till, counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again,
Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
Plung'd from the height of heaven to deepest hell,
Than stood the lover of his love possest,
Now curs'd the more, the more he had been blest;
More anxious for her danger than his own,
Death he defies, but would be lost alone.
Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints;
Ev'n if she could, her love she would repent;
But, since she cannot, dreads the punishment:
Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
Augments her anger as her fears increase;
From her own back the burden would remove
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
Which interposing durst, in Heaven's despite,
Invade and violate another's right:
The pow'rs incens'd awhile deferr'd his pain,
And made him master of his vows in vain:
But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride;
That for his daring enterprise she died,
Who rather not resisted than complied.
Then, impotent of mind, with alter'd sense
She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave the offence.
Sex to the last: meantime, with sails declin'd,
The wand'ring vessel drove before the wind:
Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then below,
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
But every moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they view'd
The lands before them, and their fears renew'd;
The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.
A winding bay was near; to this they beat,
And just escap'd; their force already spent:
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey;
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising tow'rs of Rhodes at distant view:
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the ground.
The frighted sailors tried their strength in vain
To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main:
But the stiff wind withstood the lab'ring oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore!
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to land.
Yet still they might be safe, because unknown;
But, as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
The vessel they dismiss'd was driven before,
Already shelter'd on their native shore;

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Known each, they know, but each with change of cheer;
The vanquish'd side exults, the victors fear;
Not them but theirs, made pris'ners ere they fight,
Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.
The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands, maintain'd at vast expence,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
Stout once a month they march, a blust'ring band;
And ever, but in times of need, at hand;
This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.
The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themselves so many, and their foes so few:
But, crowding on, the last the first impel;
Till overborne with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon enslav'd, who first the war began;
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.
Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast;
His life was only spar'd at their request,
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd;
But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,
Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair;
While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast prepare.
Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But she must suffer what her fates assign'd;
So passive is the church of womankind.
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height;
The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the most)
Prepar'd th' amends for what by love he lost.
The sire of Pasimond had left a son,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormisda call'd, to whom, by promise tied,
A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride;
Cassandra was her name, above the rest
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply blest.
Lysimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,
Was then by choice their annual magistrate;
He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favour'd his desire;
Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapprov'd,
Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormisda lov'd:
So stood th' affair; some little hope remain'd,
That, should his rival chance to lose, be gain'd.
Mean time young Pasimond his marriage press'd,
Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feast;
And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun
Which would be double should he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.
Lysimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
Receiv'd the news, and studied quick relief;
The fatal day approach'd; if force were us'd,
The magistrate his public trust abus'd;
To justice liable, as law requir'd;
For, when his office ceas'd, his pow'r expir'd:
While pow'r remain'd, the means were in his hand,
By force to seize, and then forsake the land.
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move;
A slave to fame, but more a slave to love:
Restraining others, yet himself not free,
Made impotent by pow'r, debas'd by dignity.
Both sides he weigh'd; but after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magistrate.
Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a diff'rent way in diff'rent minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
This youth proposing to possess and 'scape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
Unprais'd by me, tho' heaven sometimes may bless
An impious act with undeserv'd success;
The great, it seems, are privileg'd alone
To punish all injustice but their own.
But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed;
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.
Resolv'd on force, his wit the prætor beat
To find the means that might secure th' event;
Nor long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he sought;
Th' example pleas'd; the cause and crime the same;
An injur'd lover, and a ravish'd dame.
How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd,
The less he had to lose, the less he car'd,
To manage loathsome life when love was the reward.
This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
In depth of night he for the pris'ner sent;
In secret sent, the public view to shun;
Then, with a sober smile, he thus begun:
The pow'rs above, who bounteously bestow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
To such as are not worthy to receive;
For valour and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but first they must be tried:
These fruitful seeds within your mind they sow'd;
'Twas yours t' improve the talent they be-

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They gave you to be born of noble kind,
They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
And purge the grosser parts; they gave you care
To please; and courage to deserve the fair.
Thus far they tried you, and by proof they found
The grain entrusted in a grateful ground;
But still the great experiment remain'd,
They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd,
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone;
And, when restor'd, to them the blessing own.
Restor'd it soon will be; the means prepar'd,
The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd;
Be but yourself, the cure to me resign,
Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine.
Your rival Pasimond pursues your life;
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife;
But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
And love our fortunes in one band has join'd;
Two brothers are our foes; Ormisda mine,
As much declar'd as Pasimond is thine;
To-morrow must their common vows be tied;
With love to friend, and fortune for our guide,
Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride.
Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead;
'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed;
Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight;
And let the losers talk in vain of right:
We with the fair will sail before the wind;
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
Speak thy resolves; if now thy courage droop,
Despair in prison, and abandon hope:
But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain
(For liberty without thy love were vain)
Then second my design to seize the prey,
Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st the way.
Said Cymon, overjoy'd, Do thou propose
The means to fight, and only shew the foes:
For from the first, when love had fir'd my mind,
Resolv'd I left the care of life behind.
To this the bold Lysimachus replied:
Let heaven be neuter, and the sword decide;
The sponsals are prepar'd, already play
The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day:
By this the brides are wash'd, their grooms are dress'd;
All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,
All but myself, the sole unbidden guest.
Unbidden though I am, I will be there;
And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.
Now hear the rest; when day resigns the light,
And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
Be ready at my call; my chosen few
With arms administer'd shall aid thy crew.
Then, eut'ring unexpected, will we seize
Our destin'd prey, from men disorder'd in ease,
By wine disabled, unprepar'd for fight;
And, hastening to the seas, auborn our flight:
The seas are ours, for I command the fort;
A ship well manu'd expects us in the port.
If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
Death shall attend the man who dares resist.
It pleas'd: the prisoner to his hold retir'd;
His troop with equal emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work requir'd.
The sun arose; the streets were throng'd around,
The palace open'd, and the posts were crown'd.
The double bridegroom at the door attends
Th' expected spouse, and entertains the friends;
They meet, they lead to church, the priests invoke
The pow'rs, and feed the flames with fragrant smoke.
This done, they feast, and at the close of night
By kindled torches vary their delight;
These lead the lively dance, and those the brimming bowls invite.
Now at th' appointed place and hour assign'd,
With souls resolv'd the ravishers were join'd;
Three bands are form'd; the first is sent before
To favour the retreat, and guard the shore;
The second at the palace gate is plac'd,
And up the lofty stairs ascend the last;
A peaceful troop they seem with shining vests,
But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.
Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feast renew'd, the table spread;
Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.
When, like the harpies rushing through the hall,
The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their smoking load is on the pavement thrown;
Each ravisher prepares to seize his own;
The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place.
Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.
But late is all defence, and succour vain;
The rape is made, the ravishers remain;
Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in safety to the shore:
The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
With forward faces not confessing fear;

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Backward they move, but scorn their pace to mend;
Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.
Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,
Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent;
The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle bent.
Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two
His rival's head with one descending blow;
And as the next is rank Ormisda stood,
He turn'd the point; the sword, inur'd to blood,
Bor'd his unguarded breast, which pour'd a purple flood.
With vow'd revenge, the gath'ring crowd pursues,
The ravishers turn head, the fight renews;
The hall is heap'd with corps; the sprinkled gore
Besmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.
Dispers'd at length the drunken squadron flies,
The victors to their vessel bear the prize;
And hear behind loud groans and lamentable cries.
The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh,
Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea,
While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the key.
What should the people do when left alone?
The governor and government are gone:
The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.
Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more;
Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval store;
They neither could defend, nor can pursue,
But grinn'd their teeth, and cast a helpless view:
In vain with darts a distant war they try,
Short, and more short, the missive weapons fly.
Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy,
And flying sails and sweeping oars employ:
The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost;
Jove's isle they seek, nor Jove denies his coast.
In safety landed on the Candian shore,
With gen'rous wines their spirits they restore;
There Cymon with his Rhodian friends resides,
Both court and wed at once the willing brides.
A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable laws;
Both parties lose by turns, and neither wins,
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
But a short exile must for show proceed;
The term expir'd, from Candia they remove
And happy each at home enjoys his love.

RELIGIO LAICI.

AN EPISTLE.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers,
Is reason to the soul: and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Nor light us here; so reason's glimm'ring ray
Was lent not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows reason at religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernat'ral light.
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause, to nature's secret head;
And found that one first principal must be:
But what, or who, that universal He;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;
Or various atoms, interfering dance,
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
Or this great all was from eternity;
Not e'en the Stagirite himself could see,
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he;
As blindly grop'd they for a future state;
As rashly judg'd of Providence and fate:
But least of all could their endeavours find
What most concern'd the good of human kind:
For happiness was never to be found,
But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.
One thought content the good to be enjoy'd:
This every little accident destroy'd:
The wiser madmen did for virtue toil;
A thorny, or at best a barren soil:
In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep:
But found their line too short, the well too deep;
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.

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Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
How can the less the greater comprehend?
Or finite reason reach Infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.
The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground;
Cries εὕρηκα the mighty secret's found:
God is that spring of good; supreme, and best,
We made to serve, and in that service blest.
If so, some rules of worship must be given,
Distributed alike to all by Heaven:
Else God was partial, and to some denied
The means his justice should for all provide.
This gen'ral worship is to praise and pray;
One part to borrow blessings, one to pay:
And when frail nature slides into offence,
The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet, since the effects of Providence, we find,
Are variously dispens'd to human kind;
That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
A brand that sov'reign justice cannot bear;
Our reason prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from fortune and from fate;
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;
The bad meet punishment, the good reward.
Thus man by his own strength to Heaven would soar;
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain wretched creature! how art thou misled,
To think thy wit these godlike notions bred!
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
And reason saw not till faith sprung the light.
Hence all thy nat'ral worship takes the source;
'Tis revelation, what thou think'st discourse.
Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to heathens did appear?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found;
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb;
Canst thou by reason more of godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Those giant wits in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no such system: no such piles could raise
Of nat'ral worship built on prayer and praise
To one sole God.
Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe;
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence;
And cruelty and blood were penitence.
If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!
And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile,
By off'ring his own creatures for a spoil!
Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And must the terms of peace be given by thee?
Then thou art justice in the last appeal;
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel;
And like a king, remote and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
But if there be a pow'r too just and strong
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong,
Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose;
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wisdom found the way,
And with celestial wealth supplied thy store;
His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.
See God descending in thy human frame;
Th' offended suffering in th' offender's name;
All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.
For, granting we have sinn'd, and that th' offence
Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be paid;
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deist lost; remorse for vice,
Not paid; or, paid, inadequate in price:
What farther means can reason now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That shews us sick; and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till Heaven reveal the cure:
If then Heaven's will must needs be understood, [good,
Which must, if we want cure, and Heaven be
Let all records of will reveal'd be shewn;
With scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one sacred book will be that one.
Proof needs not here: for whether we compare
That impious idle superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, off'rings which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With Christian faith and virtues; we shall find
None answ'ring the great ends of human kind,
But this one rule of life, that shews us best
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is scarce more ancient than the law;
Heaven's early care prescrib'd for ev'ry age;
First in the soul, and after in the page.
Or whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from Heaven, could men unskill'd in arts,
In sev'ral ages born, in sev'ral parts,

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Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lye;
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.
If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true;
The doctrine, miracles; which must convince;
For heaven in them appeals to human sense;
And tho' they prove not, they confirm the cause,
When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.
Then for the style, majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in ev'ry line;
Commanding words; whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beside or did by arms ascend,
Or since indulg'd has made mankind their friend,
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose,
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows;
Cross to our int'rests, curbing sense and sin:
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives thro' pain; its own tormentors tires;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can reason such effects assign
Transcending nature, but to laws divine;
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd?
But stay, the Deist here will urge anew,
No supernat'ral worship can be true;
Because a gen'ral law is that alone
Which must to all, and ev'ry where be known:
A style so large as not this book can claim,
Nor aught that bears reveal'd religion's name.
'Tis said, the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone thro' all the habitable earth;
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known:
And what provisions could from thence accrue
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new?
In other parts it helps, that ages past,
The Scriptures there were known, and were embrac'd
Till sin spread once again the shades of night:
What's that to these who never saw the light?
Of all objections this indeed is chief
To startle reason, stagger frail belief:
We grant, 'tis true, that Heaven from human sense
Has hid the secret paths of Providence:
But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
Find, ev'n for those bewilder'd souls, a way;
If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his name.
And though no name be for salvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone;
Who knows how far transcending goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead;
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great apostle has express'd:
"That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd,
By nature did what was by law requir'd,
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themselves both rule and law alone:
To nature's plain indictment they shall plead;
And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed."
Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
Then those who follow'd reason's dictates right
Liv'd up, and lifted high their nat'ral light;
With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
While thousand rubric-martyrs want a place.
Nor does it baulk my charity to find
Th' Egyptian bishop of another mind;
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd;
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to say,
This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;
Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high; and as his Christian fury rose
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.
Thus far my charity this path has tried;
A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide:
Yet what they are, e'en these crude thoughts were bred,
By reading that which better thou had read.
Thy matchless author's work; which thou my friend,
By well translating better dost commend;
Those youthful hours which of thy equals most
In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost;
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd,
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author, in the sifting care
Of rabbins old sophisticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can sort
May afterwards make algebra a sport.
A treasure, which if country curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy;
Save pains in various readings and translations;
And without Hebrew make most learn'd quotations.
A work so full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
As nature's height and art's last hand requir'd,
As much as man could compass, uninspir'd:

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Where we may see what errors have been made
Both in the copyer's and translator's trade;
How Jewish, Popish int'rests have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.
For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,
Have found our author not too much a priest:
For fashion's sake he seems to have recourse
To Pope, and councils, and tradition's force:
But he that old traditions could subdue,
Could not but find the weakness of the new:
If Scripture, tho' deriv'd from heav'nly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more
In fuller terms of heav'n assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare,
To keep this book untainted, unperplex'd,
Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions stopt the gaping fence,
Which ev'ry common hand pull'd up with ease,
What safety from such brushwood-helps as these?
If written words from time are not secur'd,
How can we think have oral sounds endur'd?
Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lyes on ages are entail'd:
And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain,
If we consider int'rest, church, and gain.
O but, says one, tradition set aside,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For since th' original Scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,
Or Christian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church tradition must be found.
Such an omniscient church we wish indeed;
'Twere worth both Testaments; cast in the creed:
But if this mother be a guide so sure
As can all doubts resolve, and truth secure,
Then her infallibility; as well
Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell;
Restore lost canons with as little pains,
As truly explicate what still remains:
Which yet no council dare pretend to do;
Unless, like Esdras, they could write it new:
Strange confidence still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
Is in the blest original contain'd.
More safe, and much more modest, 'tis to say,
God would not leave mankind without a way:
And that the scriptures, tho' not ev'ry where
Free from corruption, or entire or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the same glass better see,
'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me:
For my salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what others, but what I believe.
Must all tradition then be set aside?
This to affirm, were ignorance and pride.
Are there not many points, some needful sure
To saving faith, that Scripture leaves obscure?
Which ev'ry sect will wrest a sev'ral way;
For what one sect interprets all sects may:
We hold, and say we prove from Scripture plain,
That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
From the same Scripture urges he's but man.
Now what appeal can end th' important suit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.
Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
Assume an honest layman's liberty?
I think, according to my little skill,
To my own mother-church submitting still,
That many have been saved, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play.
Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to heav'n, and ne'er is at a loss:
For the strait gate would be made straiter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few by nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
Must study well the sacred page; and see
Which doctrine, this or that, does best agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine,
And plainliest points to Heaven's reveal'd design?
Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are useless here;
When gen'ral, old, disint'rested, and clear;
That ancient fathers thus expound the page,
Gives truth the reverend majesty of age;
Confirms its force by 'biding ev'ry test;
For best authorities next rules are best.
And still the nearer to the spring we go,
More limpid, more unsoil'd, the waters flow.
Thus first traditions were a proof alone;
Could we be certain, such they were, so known:
But since some flaws in long descent may be,
They make not truth but probability.
Ev'n Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
To what the centuries preceding spoke.
Such diff'rence is there in an oft-told tale:
But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority, than what from voice descends:
And this as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the sacred history:
Which from the universal church receiv'd,
Is tried, and after for itself believ'd.

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The partial Papists would infer from hence
Their church, in last resort, should judge the sense.
But first they would assume with wondrous art
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast frame the church; yet grant they were
The handers-down, can they from thence infer
A right t' interpret? or would they alone,
Who brought the present, claim it for their own?
The book's a common largess to mankind;
Not more for them than ev'ry man design'd:
The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known is plain.
In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance;
When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but priests were authoriz'd to know:
When what small knowledge was in them did dwell;
And he a god who could but read and spell;
The mother-church did mightily prevail;
She parcel'd out the Bible by retail:
But still expounded what she sold or gave,
To keep it in her power to damn or save.
Scripture was scarce, and as the market went,
Poor laymen took salvation on content;
As needy men take money good or bad:
God's word they had not, but the priest's they had.
Yet whate'er false conveyances they made,
The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well,
That by long use they grew infallible.
At last a knowing age began to enquire
If they the book, or that did them inspire:
And making narrower search they found, tho' late,
That what they thought the priest's was their estate:
Taught by the will produc'd, the written word,
How long they had been cheated on record.
Then ev'ry man who saw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share:
Consulted soberly his private good,
And saw'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.
'Tis true, my friend, and far be flatt'ry hence,
This good had full as bad a consequence:
The book thus put in ev'ry vulgar hand,
Which each presum'd he best could understand,
The common rule was made the common prey,
And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
The tender page with horny fists was gall'd:
And he was gifted most that loudest bawl'd;
The spirit gave the doctoral degree:
And ev'ry member of a company
Was of his trade and of the Bible free.
Plain truths enough for needful use they found;
But men would still be itching to expound:
Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,
No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace.
Study and pains were now no more their care;
Texts were explain'd by fasting and by pray'r:
This was the fruit the private spirit brought;
Occasioned by great zeal and little thought;
While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
About the sacred viands buz and swarm.
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
A thousand daily sects rise up and die;
A thousand more the perish'd race supply:
So all we make of Heaven's discover'd will,
Is not to have it, or to use it ill.
The danger's much the same; on sev'ral shelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.
What then remains, but waving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to stem?
Neither so rich a treasure to forego;
Nor proudly seek beyond our pow'r to know:
Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
The things we must believe are few and plain.
But since men will believe more than they need,
And ev'ry man will make himself a creed,
In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say:
For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
In search of heaven than all the church before;
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
The Scripture and the fathers disagree.
If after all they stand suspected still,
For no man's faith depends upon his will;
'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known
Without much hazard may be let alone:
And, after hearing what our church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
Than by disputes the public peace disturb;
For points obscure are of small use to learn;
But common quiet is mankind's concern.
Thus have I made my own opinions clear;
Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear:
And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose,
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose:
For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will serve.

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MAC FLECKNOE.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long:
In prose and verse was own'd without dispute,
Thro' all the realms of Nonsense absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And bless'd with issue of a large increase;
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state:
And pond'ring which, of all his sons, was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit:
Cried, 'Tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Sh——, alone, my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Sh——, alone, of all my sons, is he,
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence;
But Sh—— never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike thro' and make a lucid interval;
But Sh——'s genuine night admits no ray;
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
And spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of Tautology.
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare the way;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to King John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude of that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way.
With well-tim'd oars, before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And, big with hymn, commander of an host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets toss'd.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well sharpen'd thumb, from shore to shore,
The trebles squeak for fear, the basses roar:
Echoes from Pudding-alley Sh—— call,
And Sh—— they resound from Aston-hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not e'en the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme
Though they in number as in sense excel;
So just, so like Tautology they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
The lute and sword which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.
Here stopt the good old sire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind
(The fair Augusta, much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric, rais'd t' inform the sight,
There stood of yore and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tow'r once; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lew'd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
And undisturb'd by watch in silence sleep.
Near these a nursery erects its head,
Where queens are formed, and future heroes bred:
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads the buskins here,
Nor greater Johnson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simpkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:
Pure clinches the suburbian muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Sh——'s throne:
For ancient Decker prophesied, long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit; and flail of sense:
To whom true dulness should some Psyches owe,
But worlds of misers from his pen should flow;
Humourists and hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.

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Now empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Sh——'s coronation thro' the town.
Rous'd by report of fame, the nations meet,
From near Bun-hill, and distant Watling-street;
No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pyes, and relics of the b—m.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay;
But loads of Sh—— almost choak'd the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And H—n was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd,
At his right hand our young Ascanius sat,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
His brows, thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome;
So Sh—— swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he, till death, true dulness would maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung;
His temples last with poppies were o'erspread,
That, nodding, seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if fame not lye,
On his right hand twelve rev'rend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood.
"Heavens bless my son, from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his pen."
He paus'd, and all the people cried, Amen.
Then thus continued he: "My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach; learn thou, from me,
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuosos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage;
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And, in their folly, shew the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and diff'ring but in name.
But let no alien S—dl—y interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.
And, when false flow'rs of rhetoric thou wouldst cull,
Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull:
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, tho' unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part;
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
Where sold he bargains, whip-stitch, kiss my a—e;
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Eth'ridge dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfus'd, as oil and water flow;
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wond'rous way,
New humours to invent for each new play;
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd;
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ;
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic muse gives smiles; thy comic, sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.

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In thy felonious heart though venom lies
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou mayst wings display, and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
Or, if thou wouldst thy diff'rent talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute
He said; but his last words were scarcely heard;
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking, he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

How dull and how insensible a beast
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest!
Philosophers and poets vainly strove
In ev'ry age the lumpish mass to move:
But those were pedants, when compar'd with these,
Who know not only to instruct but please.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Mysterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; so that, as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too.
Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults;
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In satire too the wise took diff'rent ways,
To each deserving its peculiar praise.
Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,
Whilst others laugh'd, and scorn'd them into shame.
But of these two, the last succeeded best,
As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.
Yet if we may presume to blame our guides,
And censure those who censure all besides,
In other things they justly are preferr'd;
In this alone methinks the ancients err'd:
Against the grossest follies they declaim;
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game,
Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:
Besides, 'tis labour lost; for who would preach
Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach?
'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.
But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind;
That little speck which all the rest does spoil,
To wash off that would be a noble toil;
Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage;
Above all censure too, each little wit
Will be so glad to see the greater hit;
Who judging better, though concern'd the most,
Of such correction will have cause to boast.
In such a satire all would seek a share,
And ev'ry fool will fancy he is there.
Old story-tellers too must pine and die,
To see their antiquated wit laid by;
Like her, who miss'd her name in a lampoon
And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.
No common coxcomb must be mention'd here;
Not the dull train of dancing sparks appear;
Nor flutt'ring officers who never fight:
Of such a wretched rabble who would write?
Much less half wits: that's more against our rules,
For they are fops, the other are but fools.
Who would not be as silly as Dunbar?
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?
The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
Who with dull knav'ry makes so much ado;
Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too, too fast,
Like Æsop's fox, becomes a prey at last.
Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too easy, to be blam'd;
With whom each rhyming fool keeps such a pother,
They are as common that way as the other:
Yet saunt'ring Charles, between his beastly brace,
Meets with dissembling still in either place,
Affected humour, or a painted face.
In loyal libels we have often told him
How one has jilted him, the other sold him;
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep:
But who can rail so long as he can sleep?
Was ever prince by two at once misled,
False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill bred?
Earnely and Aylesbury, with all that race
Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place;

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At council sat as foils on Dorset's score,
To make that great false jewel shine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
Only for taking pains and telling lies.
But there's no meddling with such nauseous men;
Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:
'Tis time to quit their company and choose
Some fitter subject for a sharper muse.
First let's behold the merriest man alive
Against his careless genius vainly strive;
Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay,
'Gainst a set time; and then forget the day:
Yet he will laugh at his best friends; and be
Just as good company as Nokes and Lee.
But when he aims at reason or at rule,
He turns himself the best to ridicule.
Let him at bus'ness ne'er so earnest sit,
Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,
Though he left all mankind to be destroy'd.
So cat transform'd sat gravely and demure,
Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure;
But soon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did just as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good;
We must fall back to our old flesh and blood:
As, by our little Machiavel, we find
That nimblest creature of the busy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes;
Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes.
What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To see him drag his feeble legs about,
Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him still
Thro' hedges, ditches, and thro' all that's ill.
'Twere crime in any man but him alone,
To use a body so, tho' 'tis one's own:
Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,
That whilst he creeps his vig'rous thoughts can soar:
Alas! that soaring, to those few that know,
Is but a busy grov'ling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the sky,
Whilst on the ground th' entranced wretches lie:
So modern fops have fancied they could fly.
As the new Earl with parts deserving praise,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune slights;
Striving against his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a busy man.

No. XLV.

And what is that, at best, but one whose mind
Is made to tire himself and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go; 'faith, let him reign;
For if some odd fantastic Lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudg'ry do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other beast that lives,
Who his own harm so wittingly contrives?
Will any dog, that has his teeth and stones,
Refin'dly leave his fellow-dogs and bones
To turn a wheel? and bark to be employ'd,
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.
Though satire nicely writ no humour stings
But those who merit praise in other things:
Yet we must needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for folly Tropos sake,
Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing smoothly, and for rees'uing wrong.
As boys on holidays let loose to play,
Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way,
Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress
Some silly cit in her flower'd foolish dress;
So have I mighty satisfaction found,
To see his tinsel reason on the ground:
To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it,
By some who scarce have words enough to shew it:
For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
The finer, nay sometimes the wittiest speaker:
But 'tis prodigious so much eloquence
Should be acquir'd by such little sense;
For words and wit did anciently agree;
And Tully was no fool, though this man be:
At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolsack, fop at council-table.
These are the grievances of such fools as would
Be rather wise than honest, great than good.
Some other kind of wits must be made known,
Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone;
Excess of luxury they think can please,
And laziness call loving of their ease;
To live dissolv'd in pleasure still they feign,
Though their whole life's but intermitting pain:
So much of surfeits, head-achs, spleens are seen,
We scarce perceive the little time between;
Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake;
Each pleasure has its price; and when we pay
Too much of pain, we squander life away.
Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Married; but wiser puss ne'er thought of that;

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And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's mastiffs at his kindest time;
Then for one night sold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;
Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill restor'd him to his liberty!
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
Had fam'd for dullness in malicious rhymes.
Mulgrave had much ado to 'scape the snare,
Tho' learn'd in all those arts that cheat the fair;
For, after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the stocks;
Deluded parents dried their weeping eyes,
To see him catch a tartar for his prize;
Th' impatient town waited the wish'd-for change,
And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge;
Till Petworth plot made us with sorrow see,
As his estate, his person too was free;
Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there he keeps his freedom still,
Forc'd to live happily against his will:
'Tis not his fault, if too much wealth and pow'r
Break not his boasted quiet ev'ry hour.
And little Sid, for simile renown'd,
Pleasure has always sought, but never found:
Tho' all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.
The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong;
His meat and mistresses are kept too long.
But sure we all mistake this pious man,
Who mortifies his person all he can:
What we uncharitably take for sin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin:
For never hermit, under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common sense;
And 'tis a miracle, we may suppose,
No nastiness offends his skilful nose;
Which from all stink can with peculiar art
Extract perfume, and essence from a f—t:
Expecting supper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night:
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,
Till he takes Hewitt and Jack Hall for wits.
Rochester I despise for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For while he mischief means to all mankind,
Himself alone the ill effects doth find:
And so like witches justly suffer shame,
Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
False are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does aim, so seldom hit:
To ev'ry face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes ev'ry creature
A very Killigrew, without good nature.
For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd!
For there's the folly that's still mix'd with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear;
Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For ev'ry fault does prove his penance still:
Falsely he falls into some dang'rous noose,
And then as meanly labours to get loose:
A life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base injury and low submitting.
I'd like to have left out his poetry;
Forgot by all almost as well as me.
Sometimes he has some humour, never wit:
And if it rarely, very rarely hit,
'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
To find it out's the cinder-woman's trade;
Who, for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deserve no comments here;
Where one poor thought sometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulness must atone.
How vain a thing is man, and how unwise;
Ev'n he who would himself the most despise!
I, who so wise and humble seem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't see.
While the world's nonsense is so sharply shewn,
We pull down others but to raise our own:
That we may angels seem, we paint them elves,
And are but satires to set up ourselves.
I (who have all this while been finding fault,
Ev'n with my master, who first satire taught;
And did by that describe the task so hard,
It seem'd stupendous and above reward)
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time;
'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall;
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

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ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin;
When man on many multiplied his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confined!
When nature prompted, and no law denied
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;
Then Israel's monarch, after Heaven's own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves; and wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image thro' the land.
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear;
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care;
Not so the rest; for several mothers bore
To godlike David several sons before.
But since, like slaves, his bed they did ascend,
No true succession could their seed attend.
Of all the numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalom:
Whether inspired by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust;
Or that his conscious destiny made way,
By manly beauty to imperial sway,
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown:
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please:
His motions all accompanied with grace;
And paradise was open'd in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd:
To all his wishes nothing he denied;
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His father could not, or he would not see.
Some warm excesses which the law forbore,
Were construed youth that purg'd by boiling o'er,
And Ammon's murder by a specious name,
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.
Thus prais'd and lov'd the noble youth remain'd,
While David undisturb'd in Sion reign'd;
But life can never be sincerely blest:
Heaven punishes the bad and proves the best.
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,
As ever tried th' extent and stretch of grace;
God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease, [please.
No king could govern, nor no God could
Gods they had tried of every shape and size,
That godsmiths could produce, or priests devise:
These Adam-wits too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found
Of men by laws less circumscrib'd and bound,
They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
And thought that all but savages were slaves.
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;
Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
And with a gen'ral shout proclaim'd him king:
Those very Jews, who at their very best
Their humour more than loyalty express'd,
Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
An idol monarch which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf of state.
But these were random bolts: no form'd design,
Nor int'rest made the factious crowd to join:
The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And looking backward with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight:
In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
They curs'd the memory of civil wars.
The moderate sort of men thus qualified,
Inclin'd the balance to the better side:
And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our biass'd nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means;
And providently pimps for ill desires:
The good old cause reviv'd a plot requires.
Plots true or false are necessary things
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.
Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem
Were Jebusites; the town so call'd from them;
And theirs the native right——
But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And ev'ry loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government;
Impoverish'd, and depriv'd of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common wood.

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This set the heathen priesthood in a flame;
For priests of all religions are the same.
Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be,
Stock stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise:
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
T' espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decried;
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows denied;
Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude;
But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies;
To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd;
Where gods were recommended by their taste.
Such savoury deities must needs be good,
As serv'd at once for worship and for food.
By force they could not introduce these gods;
For ten to one in former days was odds;
So fraud was us'd the sacrificer's trade:
Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
And rak'd for converts ev'n the court and stews:
Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay
By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can know
How far the devil and Jebusites may go?
This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humour, which before
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
So sev'ral factions from this first ferment,
Work up to foam, and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
Oppos'd the pow'r to which they could not rise.
Some had in courts been great; and thrown from thence
Like fiends, were harden'd in impenitence.
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were rais'd in pow'r and public office high:
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeather'd two legg'd thing, a son;
Got while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.
To compass this the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then, seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge:
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been free'd
From cockle that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide not stand:
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,

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Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulk'd behind the laws.
The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes;
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of list'ning crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well,
Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews,
Tread the same track when she the prime renews;
And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.
Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But, for he knew his title not allowed
Would keep him still depending on the crowd:
That kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with studied arts to please
And sheds his venom in such words as these:
Auspicious prince! at whose nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky;
Thy longing country's darling and desire;
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire;
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shews the promis'd land;
Whose dawning day, in ev'ry distant age,
Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage;
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!
Thee Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfied with seeing, bless:
Swift unbespoken pomp thy steps proclaim,
And stamm'ring babes are taught to lisp thy name.
How long wilt thou the gen'ral joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign;
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of Virtue's fools that feed on praise;
Till thy fresh glories which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight?
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate;
Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,
For human good depends on human will,
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent:
But, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before you as she flies.
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
Not dar'd when fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And Heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his successful youth your hopes engage;
But shun th' example of declining age:
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows length'ning as the vapours rise.
He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand
The joyful people throng'd to see him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand;
But, like the prince of angels from his height,
Come tumbling downward with diminish'd light;
Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn;
Our only blessing since his curs'd return:
Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,
Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of wind,
What strength can he to your designs oppose,
Naked of friends, and round beset with foes?
If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,
A foreign aid would more incense the Jews:
Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring;
Foment the war, but not support the king:
Nor would the royal party e'er unite
With Pharaoh's arms t' assist the Jebusite;
Or, if they should, their int'rest soon would break,
And with such odious aid make David weak.
All sorts of men, by my successful arts,
Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts
From David's rule; and 'tis their gen'ral cry,
Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Israel hope, and what applause
Might such a gen'ral gain by such a cause?
Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flow'r
Fair only to the sight, but solid pow'r;
And nobler is a limited command,
Given by the love of all your native land,
Than a successive title long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.
What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When flatt'ry soothes, and when ambition blinds?
Desire of pow'r, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet sprung from high, is of celestial seed:
In God 'tis glory; and when men aspire,
'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.

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Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angel's metal in his frame,
Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praise.
Half loath, and half consenting to the ill,
For royal blood within him struggled still,
He thus replied:—And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unquestion'd right;
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight:
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;
And Heaven by wonders has espous'd his cause.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose!
Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good;
Inclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood.
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary sway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?
Were he the tyrant, who by lawless might
Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
Would curb my spirits, and restrain my hands:
The people might assert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire;
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that—but here he paus'd; then, sighing, said—
Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils shall rest,
And late augment the number of the blest,
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
Or the collateral line, where that shall end.
His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,
Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,
Of ev'ry royal virtue stands possest;
Still dear to all the bravest and the best.
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim,
His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
His mercy e'en th' offending crowd will find;
For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.
Why should I then repine at Heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet, oh that fate, propitiously inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind!
To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth;
And, made for empire, whispers me within,
Desire of greatness is a godlike sin.
Him staggering so when hell's dire agent found,
While fainting virtue scarce maintain'd her ground,
He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:
Th' eternal God, supremely good and wise,
Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain:
What wonders are reserv'd, to bless your reign!
Against your will your arguments have shewn,
Such virtue's only giv'n to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildness I contemn;
But manly force becomes the diadem.
'Tis true, he grants the people all they crave;
And more perhaps than subjects ought to have:
For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.
But when should people strive their bonds to break,
If not when kings are negligent or weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty sanhedrim shall keep him poor;
And ev'ry shekel which he can receive
Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots shall be my care,
Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;
Which when his treasure can no more supply,
He must, with the remains of kingship, buy.
His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears
Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners;
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to public scorn.
The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the state;
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
His right, for sums of necessary gold,
Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold;
Till time shall ever-wanting David draw
To pass your doubtful title into law:
If not, the people have a right supreme
To make their kings; for kings are made for them.
All empire is no more than pow'r in trust,
Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just.
Succession, for the general good design'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind;
If alt'ring that the people can relieve,
Better one suffer than a nation grieve.

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The Jews well know their pow'r: ere Saul they choose,
God was their king, and God they durst depose.
Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame;
The public good, that universal call,
To which e'en Heaven submitted, answers all.
Nor let his love enchant your gen'rous mind;
'Tis nature's trick to propagate her kind.
Our fond begetters, who would never die,
Love but themselves in their posterity.
Or let his kindness by th' effects be tried,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
God said, he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof than to anoint him king?
It surely shew'd, he lov'd the shepherd well,
Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
Would David have you thought his darling son,
What means he then to alienate the crown?
The name of godly he may blush to bear;
Is 't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
He to his brother gives supreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land;
Perhaps the old harp on which he thumps his lays,
Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
And marks your progress in the people's hearts;
Though now his mighty soul its grief contains:
He meditates revenge who least complains:
And like a lion, slumb'ring in the way,
Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground;
The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your case no tame expedients will afford:
Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
Which for no less a stake than life you draw;
And self-defence is nature's eldest law.
Leave the warm people no considering time;
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
Avail yourself of what occasion gives,
But try your title while your father lives:
And, that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;
Whose sacred life each moment would expose
To plots, from seeming friends and secret foes.
And, who can sound the depth of David's soul?
Perhaps his fear his kindness may controul.
He fears his brother, though he loves his son,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.
If so by force he wishes to be gain'd:
Like women's lechery to seem constrain'd.
Doubt not: but, when he most affects the frown,
Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
Secure his person to secure your cause:
They who possess the prince possess the laws.
He said: and this advice above the rest,
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Unblam'd of life, ambition set aside,
Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puff'd with pride,
How happy had he been, if destiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And blest'd all other countries but his own.
But charming greatness since so few refuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love:
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites;
Whose diff'ring parties he could wisely join,
For several ends, to serve the same design.
The best, and of the princes some were such,
Who thought the pow'r of monarchy too much;
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts;
By these the springs of property were bent,
And wound so high, they crack'd the government.
The next for int'rest sought t' embroil the state,
To sell their duty at a dearer rate,
And make their Jewish markets of the throne;
Pretending public good to serve their own.
Others thought kings an useless heavy load,
Who cost too much, and did too little good.
These were for laying honest David by,
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng,
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
Who follow next, a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the king.
The Solymæan rout; well vers'd of old
In godly faction, and in treason bold;
Cow'ring and quaking at a conqu'ror's sword,
But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd;
Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed these; who pull'd before
From th' ark, which in the judge's days they bore.
Resum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry
Pursued their old belov'd theocracy:
Where sanhedrim and priest enslav'd the nation,
And justified their spoils by inspiration:

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For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race,
If once dominion they could find in grace?
These led the pack, though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the government.
A num'rous host of dreaming saints succeed,
Of the true old enthusiastic breed;
'Gainst form and order they their pow'r employ,
Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
But far more num'rous was the herd of such
Who think too little, and who talk too much;
These out of mere instinct, they know not why,
Ador'd their fathers' God, and property;
And, by the same blind benefit of fate,
The devil and the Jebusite did hate:
Born to be sav'd, ev'n in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools: but a whole hydra more
Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman! who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy.
Railing and praising were his usual themes:
And, both to shew his judgment, in extremes:
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That ev'ry man with him was God or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but desert;
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.
Titles and names, 'twere tedious to rehearse,
Of lords below the dignity of verse.
Wits, warriors, commonwealths-men, were the best:
Kind husbands and mere nobles all the rest.
And therefore, in the name of dulness, be
The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free:
And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.
Let friendship's holy band some names assure;
Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.
Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
Whom kings no title gave, and God no grace:
Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw
To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The wretch who Heaven's anointed dar'd to curse;
Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God, and hatred to his king,
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath but for gain:
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus heaping wealth by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray;
The city, to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.
His hand a vase of justice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold;
During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Baliol had a glorious time;
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself.
When two or three were gather'd to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them;
And, if they curs'd the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company;
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews,
Whose fellow-feelings in the god-like cause
Would free the suffering saint from human laws.
For laws are only made to punish those
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from pow'r,
Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,
His business was, by writing to persuade
That kings were useless, and a clog to trade:
And, that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of wine.
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
The grossness of a city feast abhorr'd;
His cooks, with long disuse their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel:
And Moses' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the Mount.

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To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the plot.
Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
What though his birth were base yet comets rise
From earthly vapours ere they shine in skies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.
This arch attestor of the public good,
By that one deed, ennobles all his blood.
Who ever ask'd the witness's high race,
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite; and, as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud:
Sure signs he neither choleric was nor proud:
His long chin prov'd his wit; his saint-like grace
A church vermilion, and a Moses' face.
His memory, miraculously great,
Could plots, exceeding man's belief repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never such devise.
Some future truths are mingled in his book;
But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke;
Some things like visionary flights appear;
The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where;
And gave him his rabinical degree,
Unknown to foreign university.
His judgment yet his memory did excel;
Which pierc'd his wond'rous evidence so well,
And suited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.
Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call,
And rashly judge his writ apochryphal;
Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made:
He takes his life who takes away his trade.
Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to Heaven made him his prince despise,
And load his person with indignities.
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words:
And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
In terms as coarse as Samuel did to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
The best that could be had for love or coin,
In Corah's own predicament will fall;
For Witness is a common name for all.

Surrounded thus with friends of ev'ry sort,
Deluded Absalom forsakes the court:
Impatient of high hope, urg'd with renown,
And fir'd with near possession of a crown,
Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,
And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show;
On each side bowing popularly low:
His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar ease repeats their names.
Thus formed by nature, furnish'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
Then with a kind compassionating look,
And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
Few words he said; but easy those and fit,
More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.

I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate;
Though far unable to prevent your fate;
Behold a banish'd man, for your dear cause
Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!
Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a son!
Now all your liberties a spoil are made;
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
And Jebusites your sacred right invade.
My father, whom with rev'rence yet I name,
Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame;
And brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,
Is grown in Bethsheba's embraces old;
Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys;
And all his power against himself employs.
He gives, and let him give my right away:
But why should he his own and yours betray?
He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears (with that he wip'd his eyes),
'Tis all the aid my present pow'r supplies:
No court-informer can these arms accuse;
These arms may sons against their fathers use:
And 'tis my wish the next successor's reign
May make no other Israelite complain.

Youth, beauty, graceful action, seldom fail;
But common int'rest always will prevail;
And pity never ceases to be shown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own,
The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless:
Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train;
From east to west his glories he displays,
And like the sun, the promis'd land surveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar:

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Each house receives him as a guardian god,
And consecrates the place of his abode.
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.
This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise;
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom where it went;
The people's hearts, distinguish friends from foes,
And try their strength before they came to blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious love and duty to their prince,
Religion, and redress of grievances,
Two names that always cheat and always please,
Are often urg'd; and good king David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant show a plot is made;
And peace itself is war in masquerade.
Oh foolish Israel! never warn'd by ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease;
In midst of health imagine a disease;
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee;
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
What shall we think? Can people give away,
Both for themselves and sons, their native sway?
Then they are left defenceless to the sword
Of each unbounded arbitrary lord:
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestion'd can these laws destroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
And kings are only officers in trust,
Then this resuming cov'nant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
If those who gave the sceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own posterity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,
Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
Then kings are slaves to those whom they command,
And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.
Add, that the pow'r for property allow'd
Is mischievously seated in the crowd:
For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by might;
Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The most may err as grossly as the few;
And faultless kings run down by common cry,
For vice, oppression, and for tyranny,
What standard is there in a fickle rout,
Which flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
Nor only crowds, but sanhedrims may be
Infected with this public lunacy,
And share the madness of rebellious times,
To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they please,
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images;
But government itself, at length must fall
To nature's state, where all have right to all.
Yet, grant our lords the people kings can make,
What prudent man a settled throne would shake?
For whatsoe'r their suff'rings were before,
That change they covet makes them suffer more.
All other errors but disturb a state;
But innovation is the blow of fate.
If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
To patch their flaws, and buttress up the wall,
Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
For all beyond it, is to touch the ark.
To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue,
At once divine and human laws controul,
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tamp'ring world is subject to this curse,
To physic their disease into a worse.
Now what relief can righteous David bring?
How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
Who dares be such must be the people's foes.
Yet some there were e'en in the worst of days;
Some let me name, and naming is to praise.
In this short file Barzillai first appears;
Barzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.
Long since the rising rebels he withstood
In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood:
Unfortunately brave to buoy the state;
But sinking underneath his master's fate;
In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art:
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart,
Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,
The fighting warrior, and recorded Muse.
His bed could once a fruitful issue boast;
Now more than half a father's name is lost.
His eldest hope, with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
By me (so Heav'n will have it) always mourn'd
And always honour'd, snatch'd in manhood's prime
By unequal fates, and Providence's crime:
Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son:
Swift was the race, but short the time to run.
Oh narrow circle, but of pow'r divine,
Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!

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By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians propp'd;
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopp'd.
Oh ancient honour! oh unconquer'd hand,
Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand!
But Israel was unworthy of his name:
Short is the date of all immod'rate fame.
It looks as Heav'n our ruin had design'd,
And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.
Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul
Mounts up and leaves behind the clouds and starry pole: [bring,
From thence thy kindred legions may'st thou
To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight:
No pinions can pursue immortal height:
Tell good Barsillai thou canst sing no more,
And tell thy soul she should have fled before:
Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
To hang on her departed patron's hearse?
Now take thy steepy flight from Heaven and see
If thou canst find on earth another he:
Another he would be too hard to find;
See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning pow'r and place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.
With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
Of hospitable soul, and noble stem;
Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The prophet's sons, by such example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred:
For colleges on bounteous kings depend;
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To these succeed the pillars of the laws;
Who best can plead, and best can judge a cause.
Next them a train of loyal peers ascend;
Sharp judging Adriel, the Muse's friend,
Himself a Muse: in sanhedrim's debate
True to his prince, but not a slave of state;
Whom David's love with honours did adorn,
That from his disobedient son were torn.
Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought,
Endow'd by nature, and by learning taught,
To move assemblies, who but only tried
The worst a while, then chose the better side:
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too;
So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Hushai, the friend of David in distress;
In public storms of manly stedfastness;
By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
And join'd experience to his native truth.
His frugal care supplied the wanting throne:
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow;
But hard the task to manage well the low:
For sov'reign pow'r is so depress'd or high,
When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
For Amiel: who can Amiel's praise refuse?
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without title great:
The sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd:
So dext'rous was he in the crown's defence,
So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,
That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
So fit was he to represent them all.
Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,
Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:
They, like th' unequal ruler of the day,
Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way;
While he withdrawn at their mad labours smiles,
And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils.
These were the chief, a small but faithful band [stand,
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to
And tempt th' united fury of the land.
With grief they view'd such pow'rful engines bent
To batter down the lawful government:
A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
In sanhedrims to plume the regal rights;
The true successor from the court remov'd;
The plot by hireling witnesses improv'd.
These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
They shew'd the king the danger of the wound:
That no concessions from the crown would please,
But lenitives fomented the disease:
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down:
That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state;
The council violent, the rabble worse:
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.
With all these loads of injuries oppress,
And long revolving in his careful breast
Th' event of things, at last his patience tir'd,
Thus from his royal throne, by Heav'n inspir'd,
The godlike David spoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear:
Thus long have I, my native mercy sway'd,
My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd:

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So willing to forgive th' offending age;
So much the father did the king assuage.
But now so far my clemency they slight,
Th' offenders question my forgiving right:
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to rule; for that's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderness of blood my fear;
Tho' manly tempers can the longest bear.
Yet, since they will divert my native course,
'Tis time to shew I am not good by force.
Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring
Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
Kings are the public pillars of the state,
Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight:
If my young Samson will pretend a call
To shake the column, let him share the fall:
But, oh! that yet he would repent and live!
How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!
With how few tears a pardon might be won
From nature pleading for a darling son!
Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care
Rais'd up to all the height his frame could bear:
Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have given his soul another turn:
Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense
Is one that would by law supplant his prince;
The people's brave, the politician's tool;
Never was patriot yet but was a fool.
Whence comes it that religion and the laws
Should more be Absalom's than David's cause?
His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
Was never thought endow'd with so much grace.
Good heavens! how faction can a patriot paint!
My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
Would they impose an heir upon the throne,
Let sanhedrims be taught to give their own.
A king's at least a part of government;
And mine as requisite as their consent:
Without my leave a future king to choose,
Infers a right the present to depose.
True, they petition me t' approve their choice:
But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious subjects for my safety pray;
Which to secure, they took my pow'r away.
From plots and treasons Heaven preserve my years,
But save me most from my petitioners!
Unsatiate as the barren womb or grave,
God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous eye
To guard the small remains of royalty?
The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
And the same law teach rebels to obey:
Votes shall no more establish'd power controul,
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have pow'r to punish ere they prove;
For Gods and godlike kings their care express,
Still to defend their servants in distress.
Oh, that my pow'r to saving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, against my mind,
To make examples of another kind?
Must I at length the sword of justice draw?
Oh curst effects of necessary law!
How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
Beware the fury of a patient man.
Law they require, let law then shew her face;
They could not be content to look on grace,
Her hinder parts; but with a daring eye
To tempt the terror of her front, and die.
By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed,
Those dire artificers of death shall bleed;
Against themselves their witnesses will swear,
Till, viper-like, their mother plot they tear;
And suck for nutriment the bloody gore,
Which was their principle of life before.
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight:
Thus on my foes my foes shall do me right.
Nor doubt th' event: for factious crowds engage,
In their first onset, all their brutal rage.
Then let them take an unresisted course:
Retire, and traverse, and delude their force:
But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,
And rise upon them with redoubled might:
For lawful power is still superior found;
When long driv'n back, at length it stands the ground.
He said: th' Almighty nodding gave consent:
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Henceforth a series of new time began,
The mighty years in long procession ran:
Once more the godlike David was restor'd,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

PART II.

Since men, like beasts, each other's prey were made;
Since trade began, and priesthood grew a trade;
Since realms were form'd, none sure so curst as those
That madly their own happiness oppose;
There Heaven itself, and godlike kings in vain
Show'r down the manna of a gentle reign;
While pamper'd crowds to mad ambition run,
And monarchs by indulgence are undone.

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Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy faction aw'd the wanting throne;
For now their sovereign's orders to contemn
Was held the charter of Jerusalem;
His rights t' invade, his tributes to refuse,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;
As if from heavenly call this licence fell,
And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel!
Achitophel with triumph sees his crimes
Thus suited to the madness of the times;
And Absalom, to make his hopes succeed,
Of flatt'ring charms no longer stand in need;
While fond of change, tho' ne'er so dearly bought,
Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious thought,
His swiftest hopes with swifter homage meet,
And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet.
Thus to his aid while pressing tides repair,
He mounts and spreads his streamers in the air:
The charms of empire might his youth mislead,
But what can our besotted Israel plead?
Sway'd by a monarch whose serene command
Seems half the blessing of our promis'd land,
Whose only grievance is excess of ease;
Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease!
Yet, as all folly would lay claim to sense,
And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they'd make their treason good,
And righteous David's self with slanders load:
That arts of foreign sway he did affect,
And guilty Jebusites from law protect,
Whose very chiefs, convict, were never freed;
Nay, we have seen their sacrifices bleed!
Accusers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of sense they did contain;
But soon they launch'd into the unfathom'd tide,
And in the depths they knew disdained to ride.
For probable discoveries to dispense
Was thought below a pension'd evidence;
Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the port
Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.
No less than wonders now they will impose,
And projects void of grace or sense disclose.
Such was the change on pious Michal brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel even in thought,
The best of queens, and most obedient wife,
Impeach'd of curs'd designs on David's life!
His life the theme of her eternal pray'r,
'Tis scarce so much his guardian angel's care.
Not summer morns such kindness can disclose,
The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon rose.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high:
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heaven sometimes to bless the world below:
Where, cherish'd by her bounty's plenteous spring,
Reviving widows smile, and orphans sing.
Oh! when rebellious Israel's crime at height
Are threaten'd with her lord's approaching fate,
The piety of Michal then remain
In Heaven's remembrance, and prolong'd his reign!
Less desolation did the pest pursue
That from Dan's limits to Beersheba flew,
Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And less Jerusalem's avenging fire;
With gentler terror these our state o'er ran,
Than since our evidencing days began!
On ev'ry cheek a pale confusion sat,
Continued fear beyond the worst of fate!
Trust was no more; art, science, useless made;
All occupations lost but Corah's trade.
Meanwhile a guard on modest Corah wait,
If not for safety, needful yet for state.
Well might he deem each peer and prince his slave,
And lord it o'er the tribes which he could save:
Ev'n vice in him was virtue—what sad fate
But for his honesty had seiz'd our state!
And with what tyranny had we been curst,
Had Corah never prov'd a villain first!
T' have told his knowledge of th' intrigue in gross,
Had been, alas! to our deponent's loss:
The travell'd Levite had th' experience got,
To husband well, and make the best of 's plot;
And therefore, like an evidence of skill,
With wise reserves secur'd his pension still;
Not quite of future pow'r himself bereft,
But limbos large for unbelievers left,
And now his writ such reverence had got,
'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.
Some were so well convinc'd, they made no doubt
Themselves to help the founder'd swearers out,
Some had their sense impos'd on by their fear,
But more for interest sake believe and swear;
Even to that height with some the phrenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.
Yet, than all these a viler crew remain,
Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
Not urg'd by fear, nor thro' misguided sense—
Blind zeal and starving need had some pretence—
But for the good old cause that did excite
Th' original rebel's wiles—revenge and spite.
These raise the plot to have the scandal thrown
Upon the bright successor of the crown.
Whose virtues with such wrongs they had pursued,
As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.

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Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
The cheated crowd applaud and share their guilt.
Such practices as these, too gross to lie
Long unobserv'd by each discerning eye,
The more judicious Israelites unspell'd,
Though still the charm the giddy rabble held.
Even Absalom, amidst the dazzling beams
Of empire, and ambition's flatt'ring dreams,
Perceives the plot, too foul to be excus'd,
To aid designs, no less pernicious, us'd:
And, filial sense yet striving in his breast,
Thus to Achitophel his doubts express'd:
Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd,
Which once obtain'd can be but half enjoy'd?
Not so when virtue did my arms require,
And to my father's war I flew entire.
My regal pow'r how will my foes resent,
When I myself have scarce my own consent!
Give me a son's unblemish'd truth again,
Or quench the sparks of duty that remain.
How slight to force a throne that legions guard
The task to me; to prove unjust, how hard!
And if th' imagin'd guilt thus wound my thought,
What will it when the tragic scene is wrought?
Dire war must first be conjur'd from below,
The realm we'd rule we first must overthrow;
And when the civil furies are on wing,
That blind and undistinguish'd slaughters fling,
Who knows what impious chance may reach the king?
Oh! rather let me perish in the strife,
Than have my crown the price of David's life!
Or, if the tempest of the war he stand,
In peace, some vile officious villain's hand
His soul's anointed temple may invade;
Or, press'd by clam'rous crowds, myself be made
His murderer—rebellious crowds, whose guilt
Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt.
Which if my filial tenderness oppose,
Since to the empire by their arms I rose,
Those very arms on me shall be employ'd,
A new usurper crown'd, and I destroy'd.
The same pretence of public good will hold,
And new Achitophels be found as bold
To urge the needful change, perhaps the old.
He said: the statesman with a smile replies,
A smile that did his rising spleen disguise:
My thoughts presum'd our labours at an end,
And are we still with conscience to contend,
Whose want in kings as needful is allow'd
As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd?
For in the doubtful passage you are gone,
And only can be safe by pressing on.
The crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise,
Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes;
Your person's charms, your more prevailing arts,
And mark'd your progress in the people's hearts,
Whose patience is th' effect of stinted pow'r,
But treasures vengeance for the fatal hour;
And, if remote the peril he can bring,
Your present danger's greater from the king.
Let not a parent's name deceive your sense,
Nor trust the father in a jealous prince!
Your trivial faults if he could so resent,
To doom you little less than banishment,
What rage must your presumption since inspire!
Against his orders you return from Tyre.
Nor only so, but with a pomp more high,
And open court of popularity,
The factious tribes—And this reproof from thee?
The prince replies, O statesman's winding skill!
They first condemn that first advis'd the ill!
Illustrious youth, return'd Achitophel,
Misconstrue not the words that mean you well.
The course you steer I worthy blame conclude,
But 'tis because you leave it unpursued.
A monarch's crown with fate surrounded lies;
Who reach, lay hold on death that miss the prize.
Did you for this expose yourself to show,
And to the crowd bow popularly low?
For this your glorious progress next ordain,
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train;
With fame before you like the morning star,
And shouts of joy saluting from afar?
Oh, from the heights you've reach'd, but take a view,
Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!
And must I here my shipwreck'd arts bemoan?
Have I for this so oft made Israel groan?
Your single int'rest with the nation weigh'd;
And turn'd the scale where your desires were laid?
Even when at helm a course so dang'rous mov'd,
To land your hopes as my removal prov'd?
I not dispute, the royal youth replies,
The known perfection of your policies;
Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame
The privilege that statesmen ever claim;
Who private int'rest never yet pursued,
But still pretended 'twas for others' good:
What politician yet e'er scap'd his fate,
Who saving his own neck not sav'd the state?
From hence on ev'ry humorous wind that veer'd,
With shifted sails a several course you steer'd.
What from a sway did David e'er pursue,
That seem'd like absolute, but sprang from you?

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Who at your instance quash'd each penal law,
That kept dissenting factious Jews in awe;
And who suspends fix'd laws may abrogate;
That done, form new, and so enslave the state.
Even property, whose champion now you stand,
And seem for this the idol of the land,
Did ne'er sustain such violence before,
As when your counsel shut the royal store;
Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
But secret kept till your own banks secur'd.
Recount with this the triple cov'nant broke,
And Israel fitted for a foreign yoke;
Nor here your counsel's fatal progress staid,
But sent our levied pow'rs to Pharaoh's aid.
Hence Tyre and Israel low in ruins laid,
And Egypt, once their scorn, their common terror made,
Even yet of such a season can we dream,
When royal rights you made your darling theme,
For pow'r unlimited could reasons draw,
And place prerogative above the law;
Which on your fall from office grew unjust,
The laws made king, the king a slave in trust:
Whom with state-craft, to int'rest only true,
You now accuse of ills contriv'd by you.
To this hell's agent—Royal youth, fix here,
Let int'rest be the star by which you steer;
Hence to repose your trust in me was wise,
Whose int'rest most in your advancement lies:
A tie so firm as always will avail,
When friendship, nature, and religion fail.
On ours the safety of the crowd depends;
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends;
Whom I will cause so far our guilt to share,
Till they are made our champions by their fear.
What opposition can your rival bring,
When sanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His strength as yet in David's friendship lies,
And what can David's self without supplies?
Who with exclusive bills must now dispense,
Debar the heir, or starve in his defence;
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's justice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if succession once to nought they bring,
Their next advance removes the present king:
Persisting else his senates to dissolve,
In equal hazard shall his reign involve.
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's pow'r so much alarms,
Shall rise without their prince t' oppose his arms,
Nor boots it on what cause at first they join,
Their troops once up are tools for our design.
At least such subtile cov'nants shall be made,
Till peace itself is war in masquerade.
Associations of mysterious sense,
Against, but seeming for, the king's defence—
Even on their courts of justice fetters draw,
And from our agents muzzle up the law:
By which a conquest if we fail to make,
'Tis a drawn game at worst, and we secure our stake.
He said; and for the dire success depends
On various sects, by common guilt made friends; [creed,
Whose heads, tho' ne'er so diff'ring in their
I' th' point of treason yet were well agreed.
'Mongst these, extorting Ishban first appears,
Pursued by meagre troops of bankrupt heirs.
Blest times, when Ishban, he whose occupation
So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
Ishban of conscience suited to his trade,
As good a saint as usurer ever made.
Yet Mammon has not so engrossed him quite,
But Belial lays as large a claim of spite;
Who, for those pardons from his prince he draws,
Return reproaches, and cries up the cause.
That year in which the city he did sway,
He left rebellion in a hopeful way.
Ye his ambition once was found so bold,
To offer talents of extorted gold;
Could David's wants have so been brib'd, to shame
And scandalize our peerage with his name;
For which, his dear sedition he'd forswear,
And ev'n turn loyal to be made a peer.
Next him, let railing Rabsheka have place,
So full of zeal he has no need of grace;
A saint who can both flesh and spirit use,
Alike haunt conventicles and the stews:
Of whom the question difficult appears,
If most i' th' preacher's or the bawd's arrears.
What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treasure of Jerusalem!
Let David's brother but approach the town,
Double our guards, he cries, we are undone!
Protesting that he dares not sleep in 's bed,
Lest he should rise next morn without his head
Next these a troop of busy spirits press,
Of little fortunes, and of conscience less;
With them the tribe whose luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd:
Who rich and great by past rebellion grew,
And long to fish the troubled streams anew.
Some future hopes, some present payment draws,
To sell their conscience and espouse the cause.
Such stipends those vile hirelings best befit,
Priests without grace, and poets without wit.
Shall the false Hebronite escape our curse,
Judas that keeps the rebels' pensive purse;

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Judas that pays the treason-writer's fee,
Judas that well deserves his namesake's tree;
Who at Jerusalem's own gates erects
His college for a nursery of sects;
Young prophets with an early care secures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures?
What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Israel's promis'd land have you?
Here Phaleg the lay-Hebronite is come,
'Cause like the rest he could not live at home;
Who from his own possessions could not drain
An omer even of Hebronitish grain,
Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injur'd subjects, alter'd property:
An emblem of that buzzing insect just, [dust.
That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises
Can dry bones live? or skeletons produce
The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?
Slim Phaleg could, and at the table fed,
Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
A waiting man to travelling nobles chose,
He his own laws would saucily impose;
Till bastinadoed back again he went,
To learn those manners he to teach was sent.
Chastis'd he ought to have retreated home;
But he read politics to Absalom.
For never Hebronite, tho' kick'd and scorn'd,
To his own country willingly return'd.
But leaving famish'd Phaleg to be fed,
And to talk treason for his daily bread.
Let Hebron, nay let hell, produce a man
So made for mischief as Ben-Jochanan;
A Jew of humble parentage was he,
By trade a Levite, though of low degree:
His pride no higher than the desk aspir'd;
But for the drudgery of priests was hir'd,
To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
And pick up single shekels from the grave.
Married at last, but finding charge come faster,
He could not live by God, so chang'd his master:
Inspir'd by want, was made a factious tool;
They got a villain, and we lost a fool.
Still violent, whatever cause he took,
But most against the party he forsook.
For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.
So this prose-prophet took most monstrous pains,
To let his masters see he earn'd his gains.
But, as the devil owes all his imps a shame,
He chose th' apostate for his proper theme;
With little pains he made the picture true,
And from reflection took the rogue he drew.
A wond'rous work, to prove the Jewish nation
In every age a murmuring generation;
To trace them from their infancy of sinning,
And shew them factious from their first beginning,
To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
Much to the credit of the chosen flock:
A strong authority, which must convince,
That saints owe no allegiance to their prince.
As 'tis a leading card to make a whore,
To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless
The son that shew'd his father's nakedness:
Such thanks the present church thy pen will give
Which proves rebellion was so primitive.
Must ancient failings be examples made?
Then murderers from Cain may learn their trade. [drawn,
As thou the heathen and the saint hast
Methinks th' apostate was the better man;
And thy hot father, waving my respect,
Not of a mother church, but of a sect:
And such he needs must be of thy inditing;
This comes of drinking asses milk, and writing.
If Balak should be call'd to leave his place,
As profit is the loudest call of grace,
His temple, dispossess'd of one, would be
Replenish'd with seven devils more by thee.
Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
And shew rebellion bare, without a gown:
Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhyme below ev'n David's Psalms translated.
Some in my speedy pace I must out-run,
As lame Mephibosheth, the wizard's son;
To make quick way, I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox;
And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse;
Who by my Muse to all succeeding times
Shall live, in spite of their own doggrel rhymes.
Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blundering kind of melody:
Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd thro' thick and thin,
Thro' sense and nonsense, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And in one word heroically mad:
He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But fagotted his notions as they fell,
And, if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well;
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature;
He needs no more than birds and beasts to think,
All his occasions are to eat and drink.
If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
He means you no more mischief than a parrot;
The words for friend and foe alike were made;
To fetter them in verse, is all his trade.
For almonds he'll cry whore to his own mother;
And call young Absalom king David's brother.

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Let him be gallows free by my consent,
And nothing suffer since he nothing meant;
Hanging supposes human soul and reason;
This animal's below committing treason;
Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
That's a preferment for Achitophel.
The woman that committed buggery
Was rightly sentenc'd by the law to die;
But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led
The dog that never heard the statute read.
Railing in other men may be a crime,
But ought to pass for mere instinct in him:
Instinct he follows, and no farther knows;
For, to write verse with him is to transpose.
'Twere pity treason at his door to lay,
Who makes heaven's gate a lock to its own key:
Let him rail on, let his invective Muse
Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse;
Which, if he jumbles to one line of sense,
Indict him of a capital offence.
In fire-works give him leave to vent his spite;
Those are the only serpents he can write;
The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be master of a puppet-show;
On that one stage his works may yet appear:
And a month's harvest keeps him all the year.
Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
For here's a tun of midnight work to come,
Og from a treason tavern rolling home.
Round as a globe, and liquor'd ev'ry chink,
Goodly and great he sails behind his link;
With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og;
For every inch that is not fool, is rogue:
A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
He curses God, but God before curs'd him;
And, if man could have reason, none has more,
That made his paunch so rich, and him so poor.
With wealth he was not trusted, for Heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
That e'en on tripe and carrion could rebel?
But tho' Heaven made him poor, with rev'rence speaking,
He never was a poet of God's making;
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
With this prophetic blessing—"Be thou dull;
Drink, swear, and roar; forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk; do any thing but write:
Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
A strong nativity—but for the pen!

No. XLVI.

Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink:
I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane:
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:
Why should thy metre good king David blast?
A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade:
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
A poet is, tho' he's the poet's horse.
A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull
For writing treason, and for writing dull:
To die for faction is a common evil;
But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil.
Hadst thou the glories of thy king express'd,
Thy praises had been satire at the best;
But thou in clumsy verse, unlick'd, unpointed,
Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed:
I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
But of king David's foes be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Absalom!
And for my foes, may this their blessing be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee!"
Achitophel each rank, degree, and age,
For various ends neglects not to engage
The wise and rich for purse and council brought,
The fools and beggars for their numbers sought:
Who yet not only on the town depends,
For ev'n in court the faction had its friends;
These thought the places they possess'd too small,
And in their hearts wish'd court and king to fall:
Whose name the Muse disdaining, holds i' th' dark,
Thrust in the villain herd without a mark;
With parasites, and libel spawning imps,
Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps.
Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue;
Their set cabals are yet a viler crew:
See where involv'd in common smoke they sit;
Some for our mirth, some for our satire fit:
These gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief bent,
While those for mere good fellowship frequent
Th' appointed club, can let sedition pass,
Sense, no sense, any thing, t'employ the glass;
And who believe in their dull honest hearts,
The rest talk treason but to shew their parts;

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Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a set.
But, in the sacred annals of our plot,
Industrious Arod never be forgot:
The labours of this midnight magistrate
May vie with Corah's to preserve the state,
In search of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On war's most powerful, dangerous weapon, gold.
And last, to take from Jebusites all odds,
Their altars pillag'd, stole their very gods.
Oft would he cry, when treasure he surpris'd,
'Tis Baalish gold in David's coin disguis'd:
Which to his house with richer relics came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame:
For our wise rabble ne'er took pains to inquire
What 'twas he burnt so 't made a rousing fire.
With which our elder was enrich'd no more
Than false Gehazi with the Syrian's store;
So poor, that when our choosing tribes were met,
Ev'n for his stinking votes he ran in debt;
For meat the wicked, and, as authors think,
The saints he chous'd for his electing drink;
Thus ev'ry shift and subtle method past,
And all to be no Zaken at the last.
Now, rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
Soar'd high, his legions threat'ning far and wide.
As when a battering storm engender'd high,
By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the sky,
Is gaz'd upon by ev'ry trembling swain;
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
For blooming plants, and flow'rs new opening, these,
For lambs yean'd lately, and far labouring bees:
To guard his stock each to the gods does call,
Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall.
Ev'n so the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terror each expecting his alarms.
Where, Judah, where was now the lion's roar,
Thou only couldst the captive lands restore:
But thou, with inbred broils and faction prest,
From Egypt need'st a guardian with the rest.
Thy prince from sanhedrims no trust allow'd,
Too much the representers of the crowd,
Who for their own defence give no supply,
But what the crown's prerogative must buy:
As if their monarch's right to violate
More needful were, than to preserve the state!
From present dangers they divert their care,
And all their fears are of the royal heir;
Whom now the reigning malice of his foes,
Unjudg'd would sentence, and ere crown'd depose;
Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith shall be!
By sanhedrims and clam'rous crowds thus prest,
What passions rent the righteous David's breast!
Who knows not how t'oppose or to comply,
Unjust to grant, and dang'rous to deny!
How near in this dark juncture Israel's fate,
Whose peace one sole expedient could create,
Which yet the extremest virtue did require,
Ev'n of that prince whose downfall they conspire!
His absence David does with tears advise
T' appease their rage: undaunted he complies.
Thus he who, prodigal of blood and ease,
A royal life expos'd to winds and seas,
At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forsakes his native sand,
And, like an exile, quits the promis'd land!
Our monarch scarce from pressing tears refrains,
And painfully his royal state maintains;
Who now embracing on th' extremest shore
Almost revokes what he enjoin'd before:
Concludes at last more trust to be allow'd
To storms and seas than to the raging crowd!
Forbear, rash Muse, the parting scene to draw,
With silence charm'd as deep as theirs that saw!
Not only our attending nobles weep,
But hardy sailors swell with tears the deep!
The tide restrain'd her course, and more amaz'd
The twin stars on the royal brothers gaz'd:
While this sole fear———
Does trouble to our suffering hero bring
Lest next the popular rage oppress the king!
Thus parting, each for th' other's danger griev'd, [receiv'd.
The shore the king, and seas the prince
Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales,
Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails;
Well may she trust her beauties on a flood,
Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode!
Safe on thy breast reclin'd her rest be deep,
Rock'd like a Nereid by waves asleep;
While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elysian fields convert the main!
Go, injur'd hero, while the shores of Tyre
At thy approach so silent shall admire,
Who on thy thunder still their thoughts employ,
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.
On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
Admir'd by ev'ry nation but their own;
Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
Their aching conscience gives their tongue the lie.
Ev'n in the worst of men the noblest parts
Confess him, and he triumphs in their hearts,

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Whom to his king the best repects commend
Of subject, soldier, kinsman, prince, and friend.
All sacred names of most divine esteem,
And to perfection all sustain'd by him;
Wise, just, and constant, courtly without art,
Swift to discern and to reward desert;
No hour of his in fruitless ease destroy'd,
But on the noblest subjects still employ'd:
Whose steady soul ne'er learnt to separate
Between his monarch's int'rest and the state;
But heaps those blessings on the royal head,
Which he well knows must be on subjects shed.
On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
Against his worth and native rights engage?
Religious fears their argument are made,
Religious fears his sacred rights invade!
Of future superstition they complain,
And Jebusitic worship in his reign:
With such alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
With dangers fright which not themselves believe.
Since nothing can our sacred rights remove,
Whate'er the faith of the successor prove:
Our Jews their ark shall undisturb'd retain,
At least while their religion is their gain;
Who know, by old experience, Baal's commands
Not only claim'd their conscience but their lands;
They grudge God's tithes, how therefore shall they yield
An idol full possession of the field?
Grant such a prince enthron'd, we must confess
The people's sufferings than that monarch's less,
Who must to hard conditions still be bound,
And for his quiet with the crowd compound;
Or, should his thoughts to tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compass the design?
Our crown's revenues are too short a store,
And jealous sanhedrims would give no more.
As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid,
Not so has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade;
Nor ever with such measures can comply,
As shock the common rules of policy;
None dread like him the growth of Israel's king,
And he alone sufficient aids can bring;
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law;
That on our stubborn tribes his yoke could draw,
At such profound expence he has not stood,
Nor dyed for this his hands so deep in blood;
Would ne'er thro' wrong and right his progress take,
Grudge his own rest, and keep the world awake,
To fix a lawless prince on Juda's throne,
First to invade our rights, and then his own:
His dear-gain'd conquests cheaply to despoil,
And reap the harvests of his crimes and toil.
We grant his wealth vast as our ocean's sand,
And curse its fatal influence on our land,
Which our brib'd Jews so num'rously partake,
That ev'n an host his pensioners would make;
From these deceivers our divisions spring,
Our weakness, and the growth of Egypt's king;
These, with pretended friendship to the state,
Our crowd's suspicion of their prince create;
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious cry,
To guard their sacred rights and property;
To ruin thus the chosen flock are sold,
While wolves are ta'n for guardians of the fold;
Seduc'd by these we groundlessly complain,
And loath the manna of a gentle reign:
Thus our forefathers' crooked paths are trod;
We trust our prince no more than they their God.
But all in vain our reas'ning prophets preach
To those whom sad experience ne'er could teach,
Who can commence new broils in bleeding scars,
And fresh remembrance of intestine wars;
When the same household mortal foes did yield,
And brothers stain'd with brothers' blood the field,
When sons' curst steel the fathers' gore did stain,
And mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers slain!
When thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand
Our tribes lay slaughter'd thro' the promis'd land,
Whose few survivors with worse fate remain,
To drag the boudage of a tyrant's reign:
Which scene of woes, unknowing, we renew,
And madly, ev'n those ills we fear, pursue;
While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils,
And safely crowds his tents with nations' spoils.
Yet our fierce sanhedrim in restless rage
Against our absent hero still engage;
And chiefly urge, such did their phrensy prove,
The only suit their prince forbids to move;
Which till obtain'd they cease affairs of state,
And real dangers wave for groundless hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring,
With all th' indulgence of a lawful king,
Expecting still the troubled waves would cease,
But found the raging billows still increase.
The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells,
While he forgives too far, almost rebels.
At last his deep resentment silence broke,
Th' imperial palace shook while thus he spoke:
Then Justice wake, and Rigour take her time,
For, lo! our mercy is become our crime.

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While halting Punishment her stroke delays,
Our sov'reign right, heaven's sacred trust, decays!
For whose support ev'n subjects' interest calls,
Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls!
That prince who yields the least of regal sway,
So far his people's freedom does betray.
Right lives by law, and law subsists by pow'r;
Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.
Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race,
Which Heaven itself in vain has tried with grace!
When will our reason's long charm'd eyes unclose,
And Israel judge between her friends and foes?
When shall we see expired deceivers sway,
And credit what our God and monarchs say?
Dissembled patriots, brib'd with Egypt's gold,
Ev'n sanhedrims in blind obedience hold;
Those patriots falsehood in their actions see,
And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree;
If aught for which so loudly they declaim,
Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim;
Our senates in due methods they had led,
T' avoid those mischiefs which they seem'd to dread,
But first ere yet they propp'd the sinking state,
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate;
Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they press'd,
But barb'rously destroy'd the nation's rest!
O! whither will ungovern'd senates drive,
And to what bounds licentious votes arrive?
When their injustice we are press'd to share,
The monarch urg'd t' exclude the lawful heir;
Are princes thus distinguish'd from the crowd,
And this the privilege of royal blood?
But grant we should confirm the wrongs they press,
His sufferings yet were than the people's less;
Condemn'd for life the murdering sword to wield,
And on their heirs entail a bloody field:
Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
And for th' oppression which they fear make way;
Succession fix'd by Heav'n, the kingdom's bar,
Which once dissolv'd admits the flood of war:
Waste, rapine, spoil, without, th' assault begin;
And our mad tribes supplant the fence within.
Since then their good they will not understand,
'Tis time to take the monarch's pow'r in hand;
Authority and force to join with skill,
And save the lunatics against their will.
The same rough means that 'suage the crowd, appease
Our senates raging with the crowd's disease.
Hence forth unbiass'd measures let them draw
From no false glass but genuine text of law;
Nor urge those crimes upon religion's score,
Themselves so much in Jebusites abhor.
Whom laws convict, and only they, shall bleed;
Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be freed.
Impartial justice from our throne shall show'r;
All shall have right, and we our sov'reign pow'r.
He said: th' attendants heard with awful joy,
And glad presages their fix'd thoughts employ;
From Hebron now the suffering heir return'd,
A realm that long with civil discord mourn'd;
Till his approach, like some arriving God,
Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode;
The deluge check'd that to Judea spread,
And stopp'd sedition at the fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
And, chas'd from Israel, Israel's peace contrives.
The field confess'd his pow'r in arms before,
And seas proclaim'd his triumphs to the shore;
As nobly has his sway in Hebron shewn,
How fit t' inherit godlike David's throne.
Through Sion's streets his glad arrival's spread,
And conscious faction shrinks her snaky head;
His train their sufferings think o'erpaid, to see
The crowd's applause with virtue once agree.
Success charms all, but zeal for worth distrest
A virtue proper to the brave and best;
'Mongst whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent
To serve the crown, and loyal by descent;
Whose constancy so firm, and conduct just,
Deserv'd at once two royal masters' trust;
Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withstood
On seas, and gather'd laurels from the flood;
Of learning yet no portion was denied,
Friend to the Muses, and the Muses' pride.
Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
Of steady soul when public storms were high;
Whose conduct, while the Moor fierce onsets made,
Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.
Such were the chiefs who most his sufferings mourn'd,
And view'd with silent joy the prince return'd;
While those that sought his absence to betray,
Press first their nauseous false respects to pay:
Him still th' officious hypocrites molest,
And with malicious duty break his rest.
While real transports thus his friends employ,
And foes are loud in their dissembled joy,
His triumphs, so resounded far and near,
Miss'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
And as when joyful hunter's clamorous train
Some slumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,
Who oft had forc'd the bold assailants yield,
And scatter'd his pursuers through the field,

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Disdaining, furls his mane and tears the ground.
His eyes inflaming all the desert round,
With roar of seas directs his chasers' way,
Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray;
Such rage storm'd now in Absalom's fierce breast,
Such indignation his fir'd eyes confess'd;
Where now was the instructor of his pride?
Slept the old pilot in so rough a tide?
Whose wiles had from the happy shore betray'd, [vey'd.
And thus on shelves the credulous youth con-
In deep revolving thought he weighs his state,
Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle fate;
At least, if his storm'd bark must go adrift,
To baulk his charge, and for himself to shift,
In which his dext'rous wit had oft been shewn,
And in the wreck of kingdoms sav'd his own
But now with more than common danger prest,
Of various resolutions stands possest,
Perceives the crowd's unstable zeal decay,
Lest their recanting chief the cause betray;
Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
And for his pardon with their heads compound.
Him therefore, ere his fortune slip her time,
The statesman plots t' engage in some bold crime,
Past pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
Or threat with open arms the royal head,
Or other daring method, and unjust,
That may confirm him in the people's trust.
But failing thus t' ensnare him, nor secure
How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by, as past his date,
And try some new pretender's luckier fate;
Whose hopes with equal toil he would pursue,
Nor cares what claimer's crown'd except the true.
Wake Absalom, approaching ruin shun,
And see, oh see, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,
The property of desperate villains made!
Lost pow'r and conscious fears their crimes create,
And guilt in them was little less than fate
But why shouldst thou, from ev'ry grievance free,
Forsake thy vineyards for their stormy sea?
For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow;
Love dress'd thy bow'rs, and laurels sought thy brow;
Preferment, wealth, and pow'r, thy vassals were,
And of a monarch all things but the care.
Oh should our crimes again that course draw down,
And rebel-arms once more attempt the crown,
Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalom,
Alike by conquest or defeat undone;
Who could relentless see such youth and charms
Expire with wretched fate in impious arms?
A prince so form'd with earth's and heaven's applause
To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cause:
Or, grant him victor, still his hopes must fail,
Who conquering, would not for himself prevail;
The faction whom he trusts for future sway,
Him and the public would alike betray;
Amongst themselves divide the captive state,
And found their hydra-empire in his fate!
Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
The pitied youth, with sceptres in his sight,
So have their cruel politics decreed,
Must, by that crew that made him guilty bleed!
For could their pride brook any prince's sway,
Whom but mild David would they choose t'obey?
Who once at such a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itself design;
From hate to that their reformations spring,
And David not their grievance, but the king.
Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lies,
Lest this clear truth strike Absalom's charm'd eyes,
Lest he perceive, from long enchantment free,
What all beside the flatter'd youth must see.
But whate'er doubts his troubled bosom swell,
Fair carriage still became Achitophel;
Who now an envious festival enstals,
And to survey their strength the faction calls,
Which fraud, religious worship too must gild;
But oh, how weakly does sedition build!
For, lo! the royal mandate issues forth,
Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and mirth!
So have I seen disastrous chance invade,
Where careful emmets had their forage laid,
Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
Had seiz'd, engender'd by some careless swain;
Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made,
And to their cell of store his flood convey'd;
The commonwealth broke up, distracted go,
And in wild haste their loaded mates o'erthrow:
E'en so our scatter'd guests confus'dly meet,
With boil'd, bake, roast, all justling in the street;
Dejecting all, and ruefully dismay'd,
For shekel without treat or treason paid.
Sedition's dark eclipse now fainter shews,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,
In kind conjunction of assisting stars.

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Here, lab'ring Muse, those glorious chiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate;
The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,
Immortaliz'd in laurel'd Asaph's verse:
Hard task! yet will not I thy flight recal;
View Heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.

First write Bezaliel, whose illustrious name
Forestals our praise, and gives his poet fame.
The Kenites' rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;
Which for its generous natives yet could be
Held worthy such a president as he!
Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught.
Serene his looks, serene his life and thought;
On whom so largely nature heap'd her store,
There scarce remain'd for arts to give him more!
To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal,
His second care that service to conceal:
Of dues observant, firm to ev'ry trust,
And to the needy always more than just:
Who truth from specious falsehood can divide,
Has all the gownsmen's skill without their pride;
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour won,
See all his glories copied in his son,
Whose forward fame should ev'ry Muse engage,
Whose youth boasts skill denied to others age.
Men, manners, language, books of noblest kind,
Already are the conquest of his mind;
Whose loyalty before its date was prime,
Nor waited the dull course of rolling time:
The monster Faction early he dismay'd,
And David's cause long since confess'd his aid.
Brave Abdael o'er the prophet's school was plac'd;
Abdael with all his father's virtue grac'd;
A hero, who, while stars look'd wond'ring down, [crown,
Without one Hebrew's blood restor'd the
That praise was his; what therefore did remain
For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That crown restor'd? and in this rank of fame,
Brave Abdael with the first a place must claim.
Proceed, illustrious, happy chief! proceed,
Foreseize the garlands for thy brow decreed,
While th' inspir'd tribe attend with noblest strain
To register the glories thou shalt gain:
For sure the dew shall Gilboah's hills forsake,
And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's lake;
Or seas retir'd their secret stores disclose,
And to the sun their scaly brood expose;
Or swell'd above the clifts their billows raise,
Before the Muses leave their patron's praise.
Eliab our next labour does invite,
And hard the task to do Eliab right:
Long with the royal wanderer he rov'd,
And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd!
Such ancient service, and desert so large,
Well claim'd the royal household for his charge;
His age with only one mild heiress blest,
In all the bloom of smiling nature drest,
And blest again to see his flow'r allied
To David's stock, and made young Othniel's bride!
The bright restorer of his father's youth,
Devoted to a son's and subject's truth:
Resolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,
So bravely sought, while sought by Absalom.
Ah prince! th' illustrious planet of thy birth,
And thy more pow'rful virtue, guard thy worth!
That no Achitophel thy ruin boast!
Israel too much in one such wreck has lost.
Ev'n envy must consent to Helon's worth,
Whose soul, though Egypt glories in his birth,
Could for our captive ark its zeal retain,
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain:
To slight his gods was small, with nobler pride,
He all th' allurements of his court defied.
Whom profit nor example could betray,
But Israel's friend, and true to David's sway.
What acts of favour in his province fall,
On merit he confers, and freely all.
Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,
Whose merits claim'd the Abethdin's high place;
Who with a loyalty that did excel,
Brought all th' endowments of Achitophel.
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
But Israel's sanctions into practice drew;
Our laws, that did a boundless ocean seem,
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him.
No rabbin speaks like him their mystic sense,
So just, and with such charms of eloquence;
To whom the double blessing does belong,
With Moses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue.
Then Sheva none more loyal zeal have shewn,
Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown,
Who for that cause still combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious priests the cant revive;
In vain seditious scribes with libel strive
T' inflame the crow'd; while he with watchful eye
Observes and shoots their treasons as they fly;
Their weekly frauds, his keen replies detect;
He undeceives more fast than they infect.

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So Moses, when the pest on legions prey'd,
Advanc'd his signal, and the plague was stay'd.
Once more, my fainting Muse, thy pinions try,
And strength's exhausted store let love supply,
What tribute, Asaph, shall we render thee?
We'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree!
Thy laurel grove no envy's flash can blast:
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
With wonder late posterity shall dwell
On Absalom and false Achitophel:
Thy strain shall be our slumb'ring prophet's dream,
And when our Sion virgins sing their theme,
Our jubilees shall with thy verse be grac'd;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
How fierce his satire loos'd! restrain'd, how tame!
How tender of th' offending young man's fame!
How well his worth and brave adventures styl'd!
Just to his virtues, to his error mild.
No page of thine, that fears the strictest view,
But teems with just reproof or praise as true.
Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield;
All paradise without one barren field:
Whose wit the censure of his foes has past,
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
What praise for such rich strains shall we allow?
What just rewards the grateful crown bestow?
While bees in flow'rs rejoice, and flow'rs in dew,
While stars and fountains to their course are true;
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock stand fast,
The song of Asaph and the fame shall last.
Still Hebron's honour'd happy soil retains
Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains;
Who now sails off with winds nor wishes slack,
To bring his suff'rings' bright companion back,
But ere such transport can our sense employ,
A bitter grief must poison half our joy;
Nor can our coasts restor'd those blessings see
Without a bribe to envious destiny!
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where, by inglorious chance, the valiant died!
Give not insulting Askalon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!
No sailor with the news swell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant died!
Weep Arnon! Jordan weep thy fountains dry,
While Sion's rock dissolves for a supply.
Calm were the elements, night's silence deep,
The waves scarce murmuring, and the winds asleep;
Yet fate for ruin takes so still an hour,
And treach'rous sands the princely bark devour,
Then death unworthy seiz'd a generous race,
To virtue's scandal, and the stars disgrace!
Oh! had the indulgent pow'rs vouchsaf'd to yield,
Instead of faithless shelves, a listed field;
A listed field of Heaven's and David's foes,
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppose;
Each life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely and unconquering thus expir'd:
But destiny is now their only foe,
And dying e'en o'er that they triumph too;
With loud last breaths their master's 'scape applaud,
Of whom kind force could scarce the fates defraud;
Who for such followers lost, O matchless mind!
At his own safety now almost repin'd!
Say, royal Sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praise in peace, and by Urania's charms,
If all your suff'rings past so nearly press'd,
Or pierc'd with half so painful grief, your breast?
Thus some diviner Muse her hero forms,
Not sooth'd with soft delights, but toss'd in storms;
Nor stretch'd on roses in the myrtle grove,
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with love;
But far remov'd in thund'ring camps is found,
His slumbers short, his bed the herbless ground:
In tasks of danger always seen the first,
Feeds from the hedge, and slakes with ice his thirst.
Long must his patience strive with fortune's rage,
And long opposing gods themselves engage:
Must see his country flame, his friends destroy'd,
Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd:
Such toils of fate must build a man of fame,
And such to Israel's crown, the godlike David came.
What sudden beams dispel the clouds so fast,
Whose drenching rains laid all our vineyards waste!
The spring so far behind her course delay'd,
On th' instant is in all her bloom array'd;
The winds breathe low, the element serene;
Yet mark what motion in the waves is seen!
Thronging and busy as Hyblaen swarms,
Or straggled soldiers summon'd to their arms.
See where the princely bark in loosest pride,
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
High on her deck the royal lovers stand,
Our crimes to pardon ere he touch'd our land.

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Welcome to Israel and to David's breast!
Here all your toils, here all your suff'rings rest.
This year did Zilonh rule Jerusalem,
And boldly all seditious syrtes stem.
Howe'er encumbered with a viler pair
Than Ziph or Shimei to assist the chair;
Yet Zilonh's loyal labours so prevail'd,
That faction at the next election fail'd;
When ev'n the common cry did justice sound,
And merit by the multitude was crown'd:
With David then was Israel's peace restor'd;
Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their lord.

KEY TO ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Abdael, ...	General Monk.
Abethdin, ...	A Lord Chancellor.
Absalom, ...	Duke of Monmouth.
Achitophel, ...	The Earl of Shaftsbury.
Adriel, ...	Earl of Mulgrave.
Agag, ...	Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.
Amiel, ...	Mr. Seymour.
Amri, ...	Earl of Winchelsea.
Annabel, ...	Duchess of Monmouth.
Arod, ...	Sir William Waller.
Asaph, ...	Character drawn for Dryden.
Balaam, ...	Earl of Huntingdon.
Balaak, ...	Barnet.
Barzillai, ...	Duke of Ormond.
Bathsheba, ...	Duchess of Portsmouth.
Benaiah, ...	General Sackville.
Ben Jochanan, ..	Rev. Mr. Sam. Johnson.
Bezaliel, ...	Duke of Beaufort.
Caleb, ...	Lord Grey.
Corah, ...	Dr. Oates.
David, ...	Charles II.
Doeg, ...	Elkanah Settle.
Egypt, ...	France.
Eliab, ...	Bennet, Earl of Arlington.
Ethnic Plot, ...	The Popish-Plot.
Gath, ...	Brussels, the land of exile.
Hebron, ...	Scotland.
Hebrew Priests, ...	The Ch. of England Clergy.
Helon, ...	Earl of Feversham.
Hushai, ...	Hyde, Earl of Rochester.
Jebusites, ...	Papists.
Jerusalem, ...	London.
Jews, ...	English.
Jonas, ...	Sir William Jones.
Jordan, ...	Dover.
Jotham, ...	Marquis of Hallifax.
Jothram, ...	Lord Dartmouth.
Ishbosheth, ...	Richard Cromwell.
Israel, ...	England.
Issachar, ...	Thomas Thynne, Esq.
Judas, ...	Mr. Fergusson, a teacher.
Ishban, ...	Sir Robert Clayton.
Mephibosheth, ..	Pordage.
Michal, ...	Queen Catharine.
Nadab, ...	Lord Howard of Escrick.
Og, ...	Shadwell.
Phaleg, ...	Forbes.
Pharaoh, ...	King of France.
Rabsheka, ...	Sir Thomas Player.
Sagan of Jerusalem,	Compton, Bp. of London.
Sanhedrin, ...	Parliament.
Saul, ...	Oliver Cromwell.
Shimei, ...	Sheriff Bethel.
Sheva, ...	Sir Roger Lestrange.
Solymean Rout, ..	London rebels.
Tyre, ...	Holland.
Uzza, ...	Jack Hall.
Zadoc, ...	Archbishop of Canterbury.
Zaken, ...	A Member of Parliament.
Zimri, ...	Duke of Buckingham.
Ziloah, ...	Sir John Moor.

END OF THE BEAUTIES OF DRYDEN.

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